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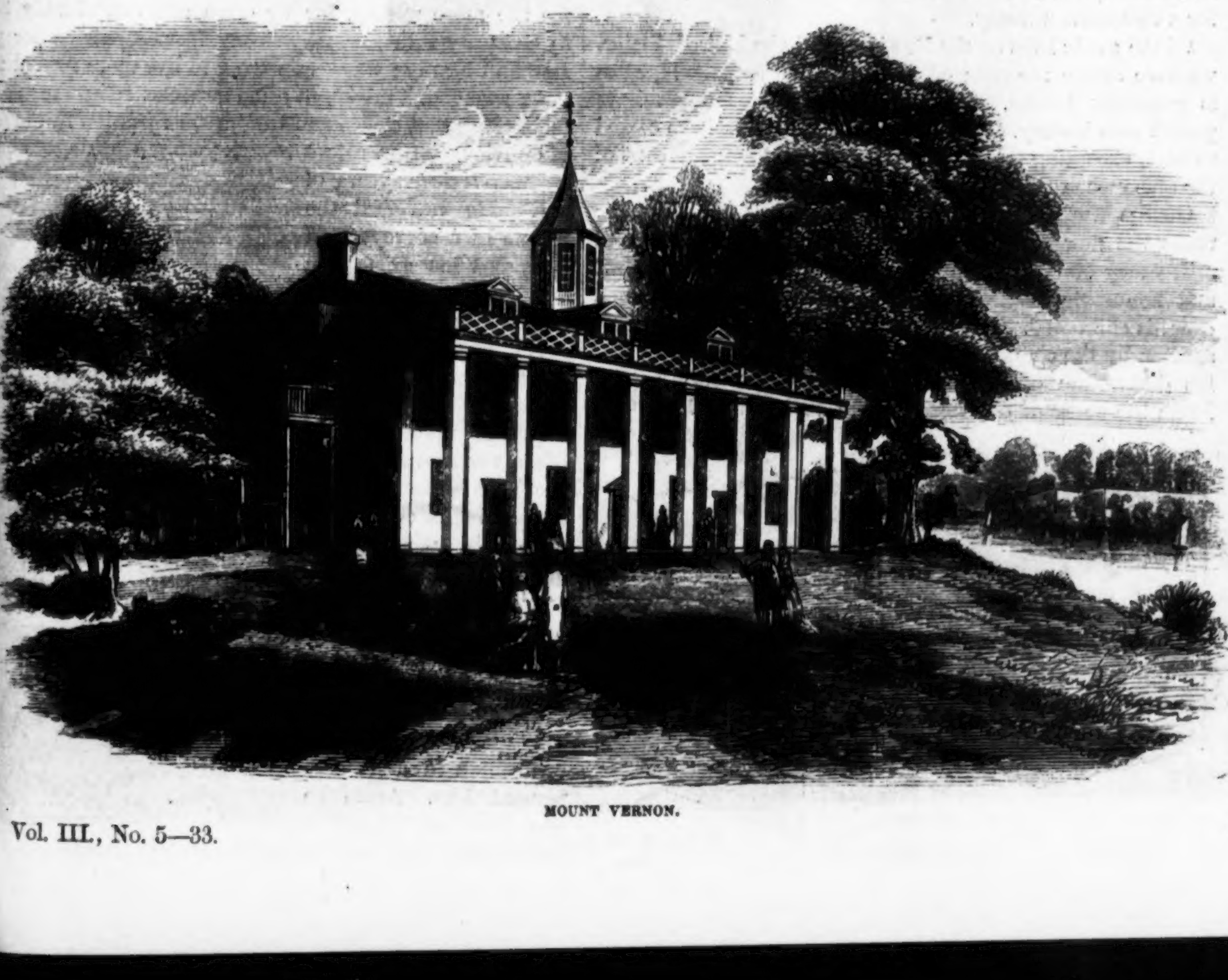
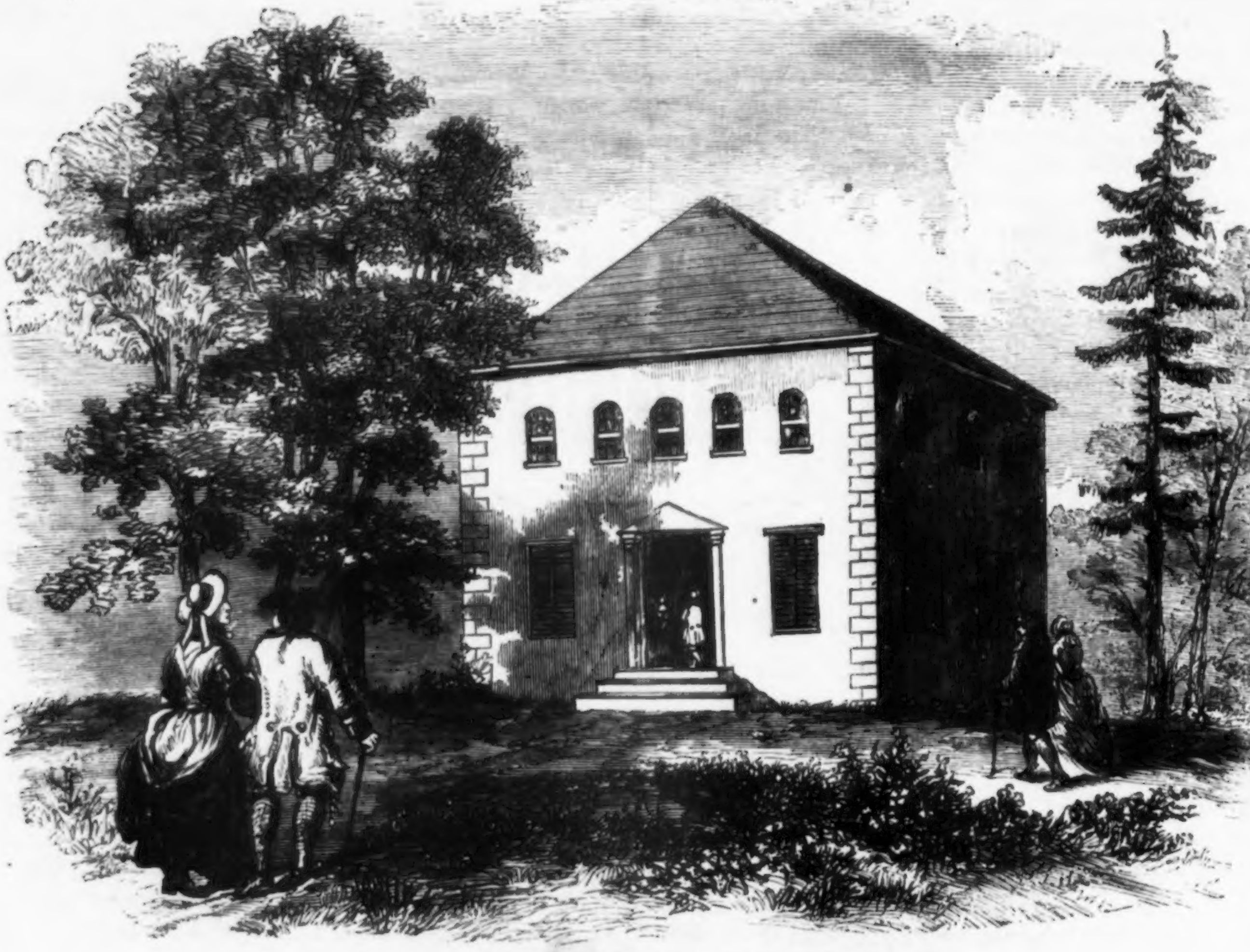
THE PRESIDENTS AT HOME.

By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D.

Our Republic is a little more than a hundred years of age; the Nation has existed less than ninety years. In its infancy it was only a weak league of States. The central government did not possess inherent sovereignty, and the performance of its functions of sovereignty was controlled by thirteen independent legislatures that were swayed by local rather than by general interests. During that infancy, from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence to the ratification of our present Constitution, the chief council was presided over, from time to time, by members of the central legislature, who bore the title of "President of Congress." With the advent of the new government under the National Constitution, the famous Continental Congress and the feeble Confederacy expired, and a *Nation*, full of vitality and commanding the respect of the civilized world, sprang into existence. The King of Great Britain, who, until then, believed the dismembered fragments of his empire would speedily be reunited to the realm, and refused to send a



MOUNT VERNON.

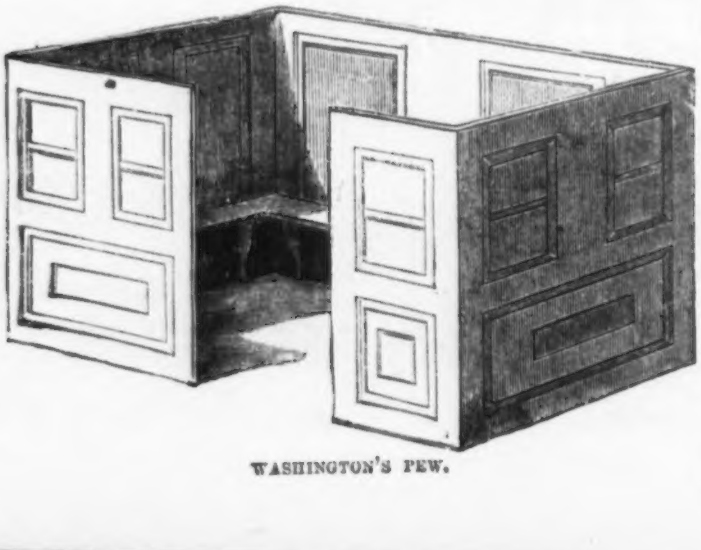


POHICK CHURCH, WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED.

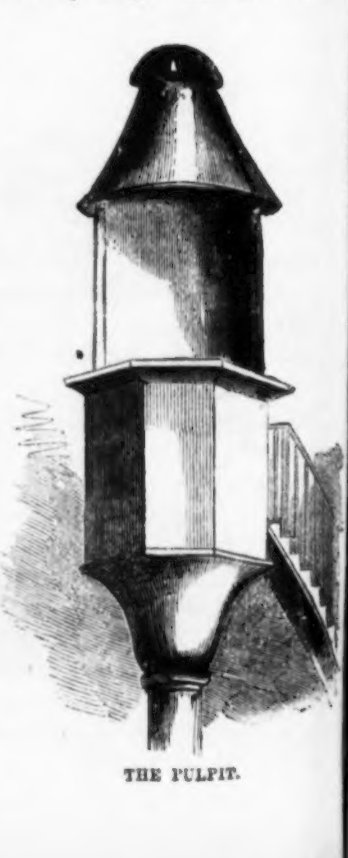
representative hither of higher rank than a consul, or to make a fair commercial arrangement with us, now hastened to place a minister plenipotentiary near the republican court in Philadelphia, and to solicit the opening of negotiations for a commercial treaty.

Of the *public* lives of the Presidents of the United States, we have ample records; of their *domestic* characters far less is generally known. They and their public deeds have passed into history. The hearts of all of them have ceased to beat, excepting that of President Grant, the incumbent of the office when this paper was prepared.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic under the new order of things, was a scion of the landed aristocracy of Virginia, and was descended from an ancient and honorable English family. A good mother watched over his childhood. His heart, like that of most youths, was smitten by the charms of a damsel at a susceptible age, and his declaration of love was requited by a polite refusal. From the house of old Lord Fairfax he wrote to his young friend "Robin," that he ought to pass the time very pleasantly there, as "a very agreeable young lady," the sister of Colonel George Fairfax's wife, lived in the same house; "but as that is only adding fuel to fire," he writes, "it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might, in some measure, relieve my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion." So wrote love-sick young Washington before he was sixteen years of age. He traversed the forests as a surveyor and dismissed his grief. In very young manhood he gained renown by the performance of a delicate diplomatic service for the Governor of Virginia. Entering upon military life at twenty-two years of age, he won undying fame on the banks of the Monongahela, where Braddock was slain. Venus and Mars met and contended, and the former was victor. The charms of Mary Philipse, an attractive New York heiress, captivated him, but a companion in arms supplanted him. Again he was afloat on the sea of uncertainty; but at the



WASHINGTON'S PEW.

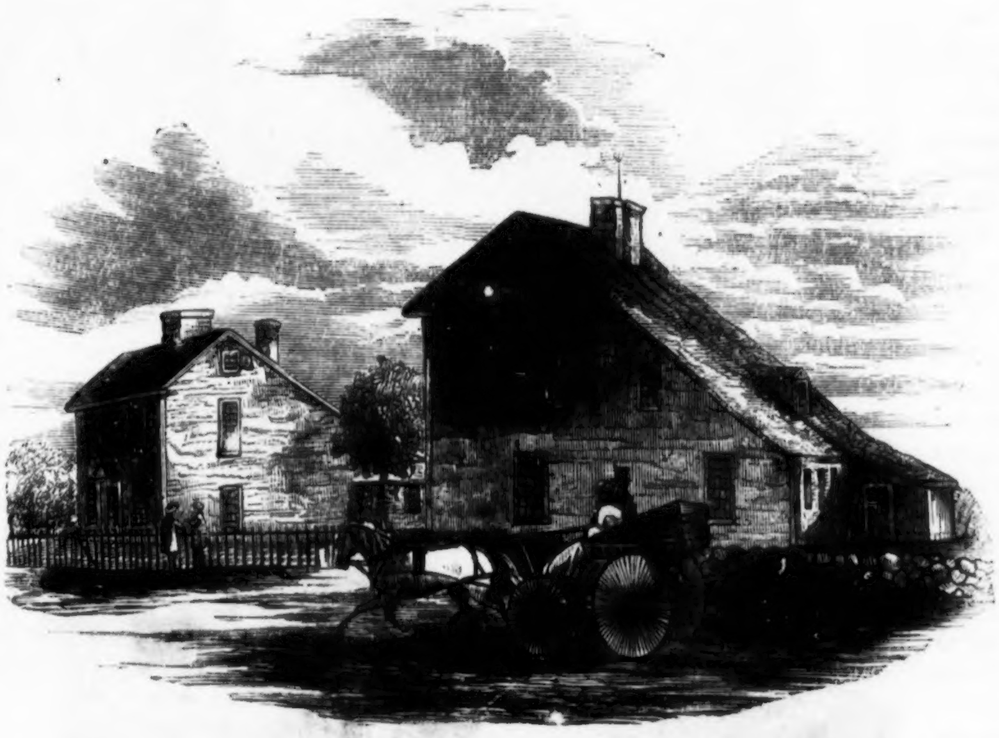


THE PULPIT.

age of twenty-seven years, he married a charming widow three months younger than himself, who possessed a beautiful person, a loving heart, and a large fortune.

A valuable estate, lying on the Virginia side of the broad Potomac River, called Mount Vernon, had been bequeathed to Washington by his half-brother, and there, with ample means for indulgence in social pleasures such as the country then afforded, and surrounded by some of the best society in Virginia, this happy couple began their sweet domestic life. Soon after his wedding, Washington wrote to a kinsman, in London: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in all the wide and bustling world." All through the forty years of his after life, Washington found his purest and most exquisite enjoyments in his delightful home at Mount Vernon.

Washington was over six feet and two inches in height, and admirably proportioned. I was told by his adopted son, the late Mr. Custis, that in the line of his body, from his armpits to his hips, there was scarcely a visible depression, and that his hand was larger than any Mr. Custis had ever seen. Washington's body and limbs were indicative of great physical strength. Concerning the exercise of that strength, many anecdotes have been told; one must suffice. He caught a poacher among his ducks in a cove near Mount Vernon. Seizing the fellow's gun, Washington ruined it by bending the barrel into a curve over his knee.



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN ADAMS.

The face of this sturdy Virginian glowed with the ruddiness of high health. His hair was thick, and a rich, dark brown in color; his eyes, expressive of deep thought, were a grayish-blue, and his features were regular and rather heavy. He possessed strong passions, but kept them under perfect control. Only one or two instances of violent outbursts of his anger are recorded. He was calmness itself. In aspect he was grave, and in deportment exceedingly dignified. Personal familiarities he never allowed. Gouverneur Morris once attempted such familiarity by slapping the General on the shoulder. "The look he gave me," said Morris, "I would not encounter again for the world." He never joked, even with his most familiar friends. Once he did permit an assault upon his dignity to pass unrebuked. "Legion Harry" Lee, son of the "Lowland Beauty" who captivated the heart of young Washington, was one of the General's most cherished friends. One day at table, at Mount Vernon, Lee made a bantering reply to Washington about a span of horses, which caused Mrs. Washington to laugh heartily. Her parrot imitated her, when the General merrily remarked, "Ah, Lee, you're a funny fellow; see, that bird is laughing at you!"

Mrs. Washington was a small, plump, and elegantly formed woman. Her eyes were expressive of the most kindly good nature; her voice was musical; her complexion was fair; her features were regular and beautiful, and her whole face beamed with intelligence. She had a quick, but sweet and placable, temper, and her manners were extremely winning. She and her husband dressed with scrupulous neatness, and in the best fashions of the day.

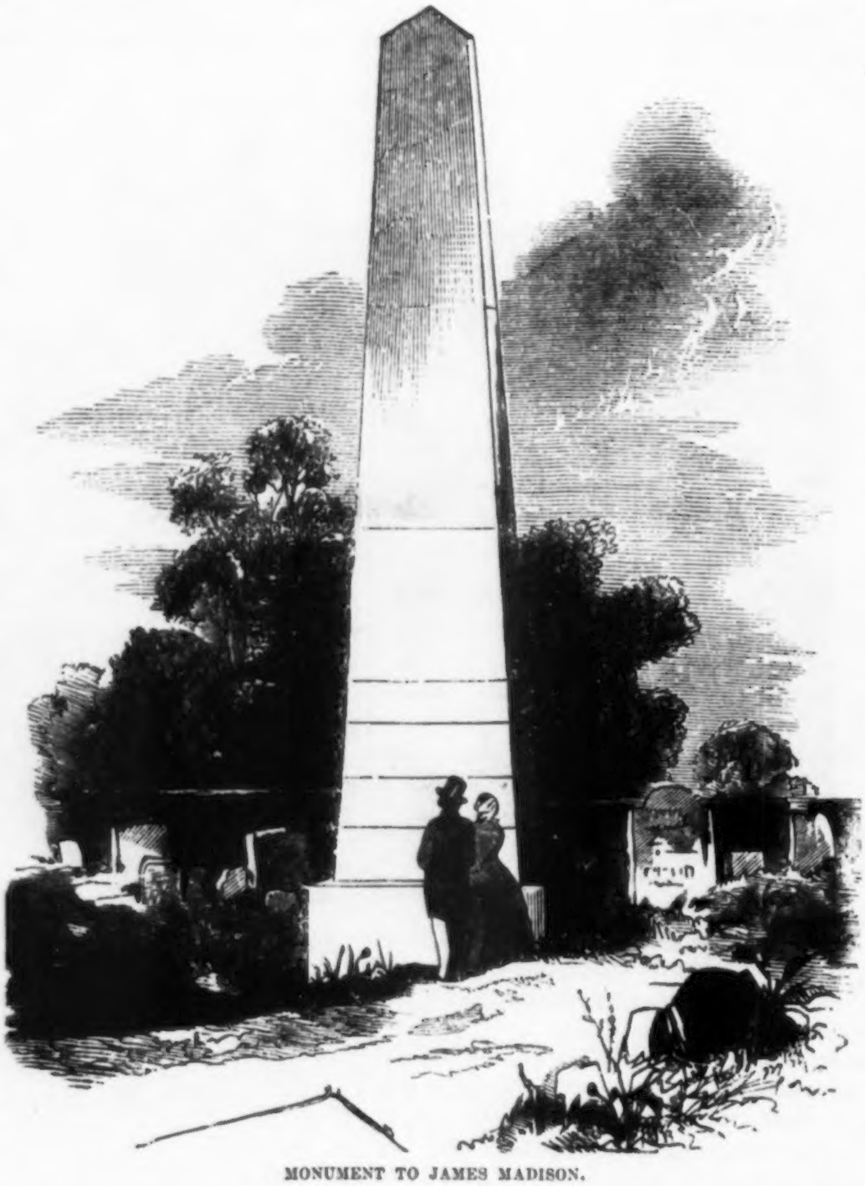
The master and mistress of Mount Vernon were very fond of the company of their friends. Nowhere in Virginia was hospitality more generously dispensed than at Mount Vernon, which was seldom without a guest. Pleased with field sports, Washington's diaries, kept in interleaved almanacs, abounded in entries like this: "Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson and Phil. Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and catched a fox with them, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax—all of whom, with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England, dined here." The hospitalities of the house were kept up in a style which none but a wealthy planter could afford. "Would one believe," he wrote in his diary in 1768, "that with a *hundred and one cows* actually reported at a late enumeration of the cattle, I should still be obliged to buy butter for my family?" But cows, then and there, were poor affairs.

Washington, like President Grant, was passionately fond of fine horses, and in his stable were several of purest blood. He kept a chariot and four fine horses for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. These were driven by a black postillion in livery, accompanied by a liveried footman. There was also an extensive kennel of hounds for the chase, at Mount Vernon; and these dogs, like the horses, were all named and registered in a book. He also kept a handsome barge on the Potomac, which, on special occasions, was manned by black oarsmen in livery.

Washington and his wife attended balls and parties at Williamsburg, Alexandria, and Annapolis, and the former was a graceful dancer of the minuet; but after the Revolution he was never known to dance. They frequently attended the theatre opened by Hallam, at Williamsburg, a few years after their marriage; and they were both fond of the drama, in books and on the boards.

These were some of the pleasures of Washington's earlier domestic life, but they were not allowed to interfere with his duties. He looked after his farms, and managed his great estate with singular method and industry. All his accounts were kept by his own hand. At home or abroad, he was an early riser, shaved himself, a favorite servant powdered and tied his hair when that was the prevailing fashion, and his toilet was always plain and simple. His table was always generously provided for guests, but the host was extremely abstemious.

It is related that when he visited Rochambeau, in Rhode Island, a country tavern-keeper and his family made great preparations for a dinner for the General and his staff. Game and other delicacies were provided. Washington sat at the loaded table, and calling for milk and hasty-pudding, dined wholly upon this simple food. "Your work is so hard," said the disappointed landlady, "we should suppose you would need something more hearty." Placing his hand on his head, the general replied, "Here is my work."



MONUMENT TO JAMES MADISON.

Although public affairs during the administration of Washington were conducted with more state and ceremony than they were afterward, his domestic arrangements, his hours of rising from and retiring to his bed, and other habits, continued to be those of the simple farmer at Mount Vernon. When a purveyor for his table sent in the first shad of the season, which cost two dollars, he ordered it away because he would not "encourage such extravagance," and it was eaten in the kitchen.

His State dinners were, however, elegant and profuse; and on some occasions he made an ostentatious display out of doors, such as riding in his handsome English coach, drawn by six horses, attended by servants in livery. His stable in Minor Street, Philadelphia, was a model of neatness, wherein his grooms polished the hoofs of his horses every morning with "black-ball," and made them to shine on the streets like the boots of men. Even when pressed with the cares of State, Washington kept a minute account of the operations of his estate, directing them in writing, and requiring a weekly report from his manager.

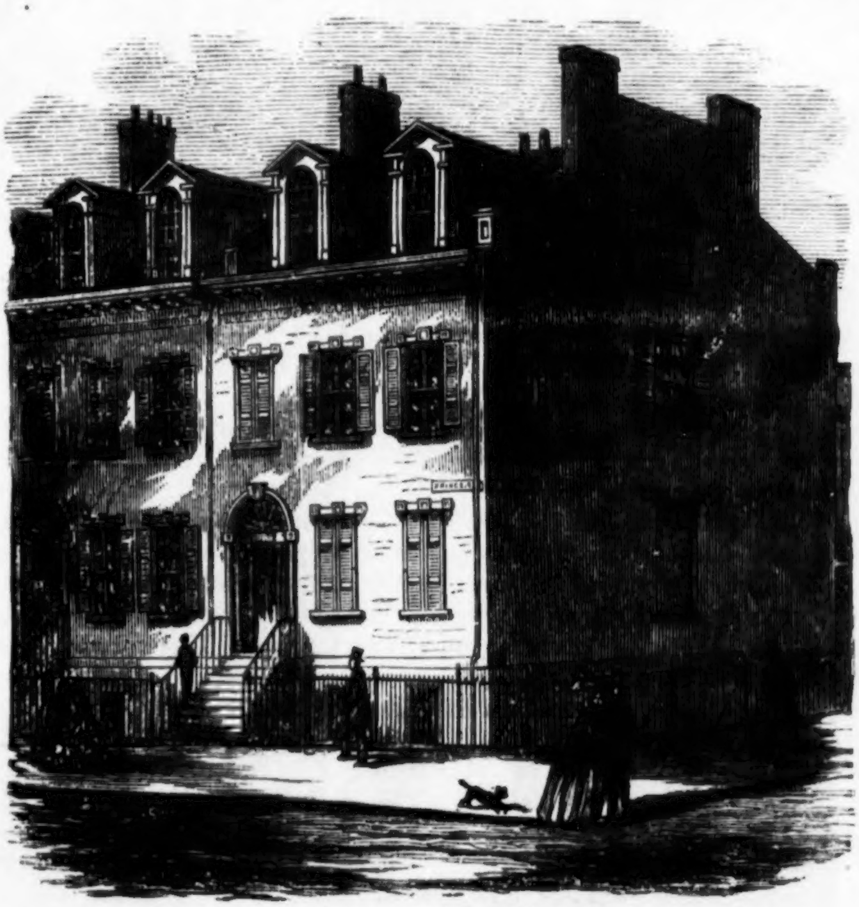
After his retirement from the Presidency of the Republic, Washington gratefully indulged in the joys of domestic life at his beloved Mount Vernon. The most generous hospitality still prevailed there, and the table was seldom without a guest; but the sports of his earlier life were exchanged for grave discussions of the public affairs of the nation he had helped to create. His stable was well supplied with fine horses, but he broke up his kennel, gave away his hounds, bade adieu to the chase for ever, and for his own amusement he formed a fine deer park below the mansion, upon a slope that extended to the river.

Labors at his desk and a visit to his stables usually occupied Washington's time before breakfast. After making a frugal meal of Indian cakes, honey, and tea or coffee, he would mount his horse and visit every part of his home estate where his presence was needed, sometimes riding a dozen miles, unattended, opening and shutting the gates and bars with his own hand. Meanwhile, his guests would be left to enjoy themselves with books and newspapers, or otherwise, according to their tastes. On his farm he wore plain, drab-colored clothes and a broad-brimmed, white hat. On horseback, he carried in his hand a small hickory switch, and over his head was a large umbrella, in hot or rainy weather, supported by a staff fixed to his saddle-bow. His breakfast hour was seven o'clock in Summer and eight o'clock in Winter; and he dined at three, when he usually ate heartily. His beverage at dinner was small beer or cider, and Madeira wine. Tea and toast or well-baked bread composed his early evening meal, after which he conversed with or read to his family, when there were no guests; and usually, whether there was company or not, he retired to bed at about nine o'clock. This habit he practiced when he was President, leaving the guests at Mrs. Washington's evening levees to enjoy themselves for an hour longer.

Washington invariably, at home or abroad, asked a blessing before partaking of food at a stated meal, whether with his family standing around the home table or when alone in his tent or a strange house. An old lady living at Croton Landing, on the Hudson, many years ago, told me that when she was a little girl she saw Washington one day dismount before her father's house, when he was on his way to Verplanck's Point, and ask for some refreshments. Her mother had only some boiled ham, brown bread, and cold water to offer. These she put upon a small deal table and retired, when Washington, standing before his simple meal, closed his eyes and "said grace" audibly before partaking of it. In his public letters and his private deportment, he always exhibited a sense of dependence upon God for every blessing of life. He was a punctual attendant upon public worship, while at home and in the army, and partook of the Lord's Supper when occasion offered.

Mrs. Washington was a fit life-companion for such a man. She was a notable Virginia housewife of colonial days, industrious, methodical, and neat. She arose at dawn at all seasons, and immediately engaged in domestic avocations. After breakfast she invariably retired to her chamber, where she remained an hour engaged in reading the Scriptures and in other devotional exercises. The wife of Colonel Edward Carrington, in a letter to her sister, written after a visit at Mount Vernon, just before Washington's death, gave the following picture of domestic life there:

"Let us repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely in the style of our good old aunt's, that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other, a little beloved pet learning to sew. An old, decent woman is there with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' Winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair, half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume the domestic habits that prevail in our country."



LAST RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT MONROE, PRINCE STREET, NEW YORK.

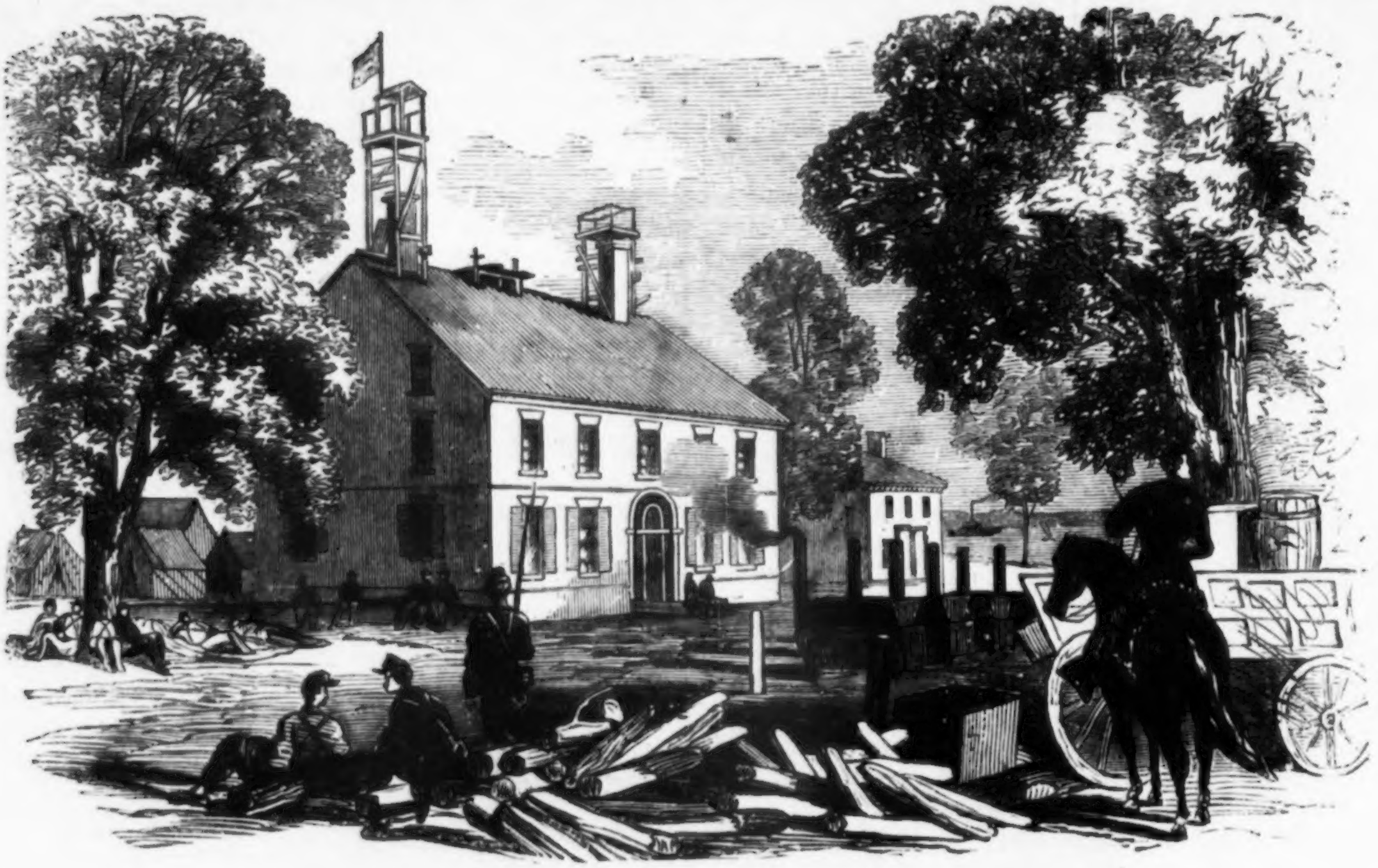
Washington left a well-selected library of about 1,200 books and pamphlets, 100 maps, charts, and plans, and a considerable number of engravings. Each volume contained his engraved "book-mark" (the Washington arms), and his autograph signature. The whole collection was appraised after his death, at about $2,600. The remains of this library, consisting of 138 books, pamphlets, and maps, were sold at auction, in Philadelphia, late in 1876, at an average of $8 a piece.

When Washington retired from the Presidential chair in 1797, it was filled by John Adams, of Massachusetts, whose character appears to the close student as a sort of enigma—a paradox—a problem hard to solve. We first behold him on the canvas of history as a thoughtful graduate of Harvard College, teaching a grammar-school in Worcester, studying law there, and uttering, in letters to his friends, remarkable political prophecies, which have since been fulfilled. He caught the revolutionary spirit from the fiery James Otis, when that patriot vehemently denounced Writs of Assistance, and young Adams became a leader among the "Sons of Liberty" in Boston for a while.

At the age of twenty-nine years, Mr. Adams married Abigail, daughter of Rev. William Smith, with whom he lived fifty-four years. She was nine years younger than her husband, and was ever his "good angel" in all the vicissitudes of his ever-busy public and private life, for she possessed a strong and thoroughly cultivated intellect, a sweet temper, a loving and faithful heart, and a sound judgment. Through life her influence over Mr. Adams was remarkable and salutary, regulating his impulsive nature, soothing his often wounded sensibilities, and yielding gracefully to his foibles, which she well understood. The world may never know how much John Adams was indebted to his wife for his fame.

We are all familiar, in a general way, with the public services of Mr. Adams, but few have any idea of the prodigious labors which he performed. He was a Hercules among the leaders of the Revolution, and he entered upon the duties of President of the Republic at a critical time in our history. War with our recent ally, France, seemed inevitable, and faction in our own country had grown into two strong, antagonistic parties, known as *Federalists* and *Republicans*. The former supported Mr. Adams; the latter party was led by Mr. Jefferson, a learned, popular, and adroit politician. Adams was self-reliant, egotistical, and stubborn, and was seldom influenced by the opinions of others. Differences with other party leaders were irreconcilable. The consequence was, a fatal division in the Federal Party, which resulted in its defeat at the election in the Fall of 1800, and the elevation of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency. Mr. Adams was held responsible for the disaster. Irritated by censures which he felt he did not deserve, he retired abruptly to his farm at Quincy, determined never to enter upon public life again. He refused to be present at the installation of his successor, or to exercise the usual courtesy in the transfer of the high office. Under a cloud of unmerited obloquy at the end of a stormy administration, Mr. Adams seemed totally neglected for a while. His privacy was most profound. During the last year of his administration, the letters he received might have been counted by thousands; during the first year of his retirement he did not receive a hundred.

In his domestic, as in his public life, Mr. Adams was somewhat imperious in his deportment, sometimes fitful and irritable, but always faithful to his convictions of duty. His affections were warm, but not always demonstrative; and his anger, when aroused, was extremely violent and unreasonable. With its subsidence, no trace of the storm appeared; all malice had vanished. Impatient of cant, contradiction, or injustice, his irritation often made him vehement in expression, and he would be overbearing and tyrannical; but his nature was keenly susceptible to kindness and sympathy.



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Mr. Adams was a Unitarian in theological views, and was highly moral in all his thoughts and actions. In his writings there was sometimes crudeness in composition, but never a lack of force. He was naturally controversial, opinionated, and vain. In his habits of life he was extremely simple, never indulging in any extravagance; and he passed the remainder of his days, from 1801 until 1826, chiefly on his farm at Quincy, seldom yielding to calls to even temporary public duty. There he indulged in the use of the pen, chiefly in correspondence, for the drudgery of authorship, notwithstanding he wrote so much, was always distasteful to him. He was fond of the society of his friends, and delighted in the vivacity of young people, even in his extreme old age.

In person, Mr. Adams was a little above medium height, with a stout, well-built frame, and inclining, in his later years, to corpulency. His head was large and round, with a wide forehead and expanded brows. In repose, his eye was mild and benignant, but fiery in expression when affected by anger or other excitement. He delighted in social conversation, in which he was often vivacious and sometimes humorous. Sometimes he indulged in sarcasm, but generally avoided leaving a sting behind.

Mr. Adams's chief personal ambition through life was to excel in the minds of men, and to acquire an honorable and enduring fame. In this he succeeded; and at the great age of ninety-one years, and on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the form of which he had helped to fashion, and which he advocated and signed, he expired. His wife had departed this life seven years before, at the age of seventy-four.

Thomas Jefferson appears most conspicuous in history as the author of the Declaration of Independence. He was of Welsh descent, and belonged to the landed aristocracy of Virginia, though his tastes led him to associate more with the class known in England as yeomanry. After passing two years in the college of William and Mary, he studied law, and entered upon its practice. While he was a student he heard the famous speech of Patrick Henry against the Stamp Act, which kindled an undying flame of patriotism in the soul of the young Virginian that expired only with his earthly existence.

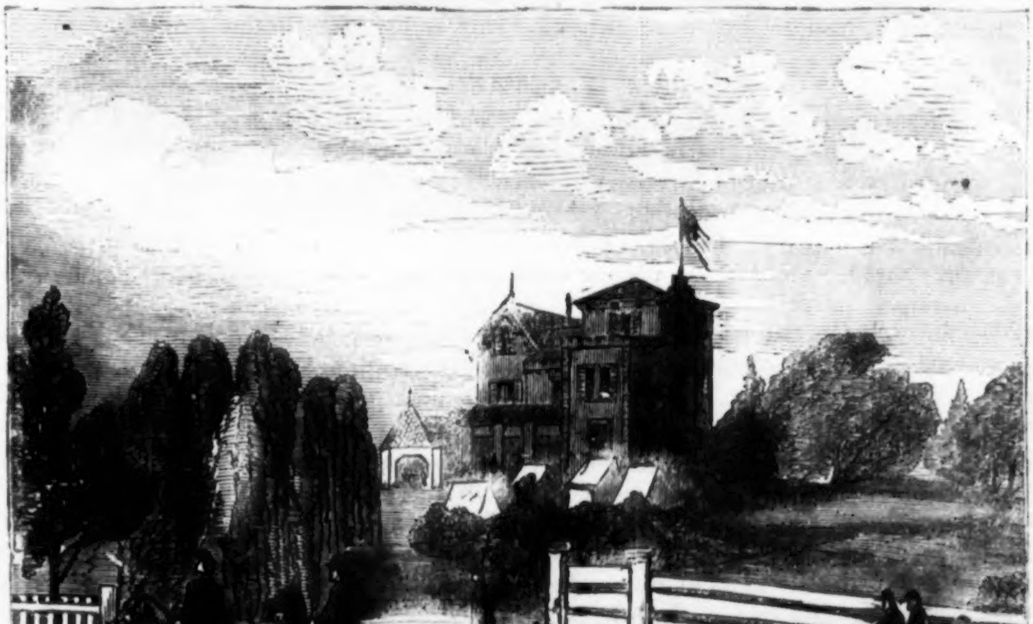
Mr. Jefferson entered public life when he was only twenty-six years of age, as a member of the House of Burgesses. He was an assiduous worker, silent in debate, but industrious and eloquent with his pen. He was silent because of a defect in his organs of speech, the sensibility of which was so extreme that his voice, instead of rising with the ardor of his feelings and his conceptions, would sink into guttural and almost inarticulate utterances. Therefore he never participated in public debates. Because he was a facile and elegant writer, he was chosen by his colleagues on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, to write that important document.

Mr. Jefferson practiced law and cultivated his patrimonial estate of Shadwell (afterward Monticello), near Charlottesville, Va. He was passionately fond of fine horses and horseback riding all his life; and at Monticello he kept several blooded brood mares. So particular was he about the appearance of his horses, that when one was brought out for him to ride, if he saw a spot on the animal that did not shine like a mirror, he would rub it with a white handkerchief. Mr. Jefferson seldom rode or drove any but the Virginia race-horse; but he was not a special patron of the turf, never having run but one race himself. An opportunity to see a race was seldom missed by him; and when he was President of the United States he attended the races in the vicinity of Washington. A bold and easy rider, he always made his horses subject to his will; and Mr. Randolph, his son-in-law, says that "the only impatience he ever exhibited was with his horse." Mr. Jefferson continued his equestrian habits all through life, riding a spirited horse only three weeks before his death, when he was in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

When Mr. Jefferson was almost twenty-nine years old he married Martha Skelton, a beautiful young widow of twenty-three, who brought him a fortune about equal to his own. He had just completed his mansion at Monticello, and to it he took his bride. They left her father's house in a chaise, the snow gently falling, for it was in January, 1772. The storm increased, and they were compelled to abandon the carriage and proceed on horseback. At sunset they left the house of a friend and traversed mountain paths where the snow lay almost two feet deep. Late at night they reached their mansion, which they found cold and deserted, for the servants had retired to their houses. It was a dreary beginning of married life at Monticello, which ever afterward glowed with the sunlight of domestic happiness, and was seldom without a guest.

Mr. Jefferson was six feet two inches in height, thin in flesh, but erect and well formed. His eyes were light, and beamed with intelligence; his hair, in young manhood, was a yellowish red, and remained abundant through life; his complexion was fair, his forehead broad, and the general contour of his face was square. The expression of his countenance betokened good will and kindness; his strength and agility were marvelous; he loved children, and played with them when he could; his voice was sweet and persuasive; in conversation he was vivacious, and from his lips flowed streams of great learning and knowledge, for he was a philosopher as well as a statesman. In his habits of life, Mr. Jefferson was always simple, and he was quite careless in his dress. A stranger calling upon him one day, when he was President, mistook the Chief Magistrate for a servant when he entered the room clad in a snuff-brown coat, red flannel waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and gray stockings.

Mrs. Jefferson was slightly but exquisitely formed; a little above the medium height in stature, her complexion was brilliant, her large, expressive eyes were of the richest hazel shade, and her abundant hair was of the finest auburn tinge. She was an accomplished musician and dancer, but she was more distinguished as an excellent housekeeper. At the time of their marriage, Mr. Jefferson's profession and his farm gave him an income on which they lived at Monticello, generously but not extravagantly. The war for independence spread desolation over that region, but a greater calamity befell Mr. Jefferson, just as the beams of peace appeared. In the early Autumn of 1782 his beloved wife died, and he remained a widower until his death, forty-four years afterward.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN TYLER IN 1861.

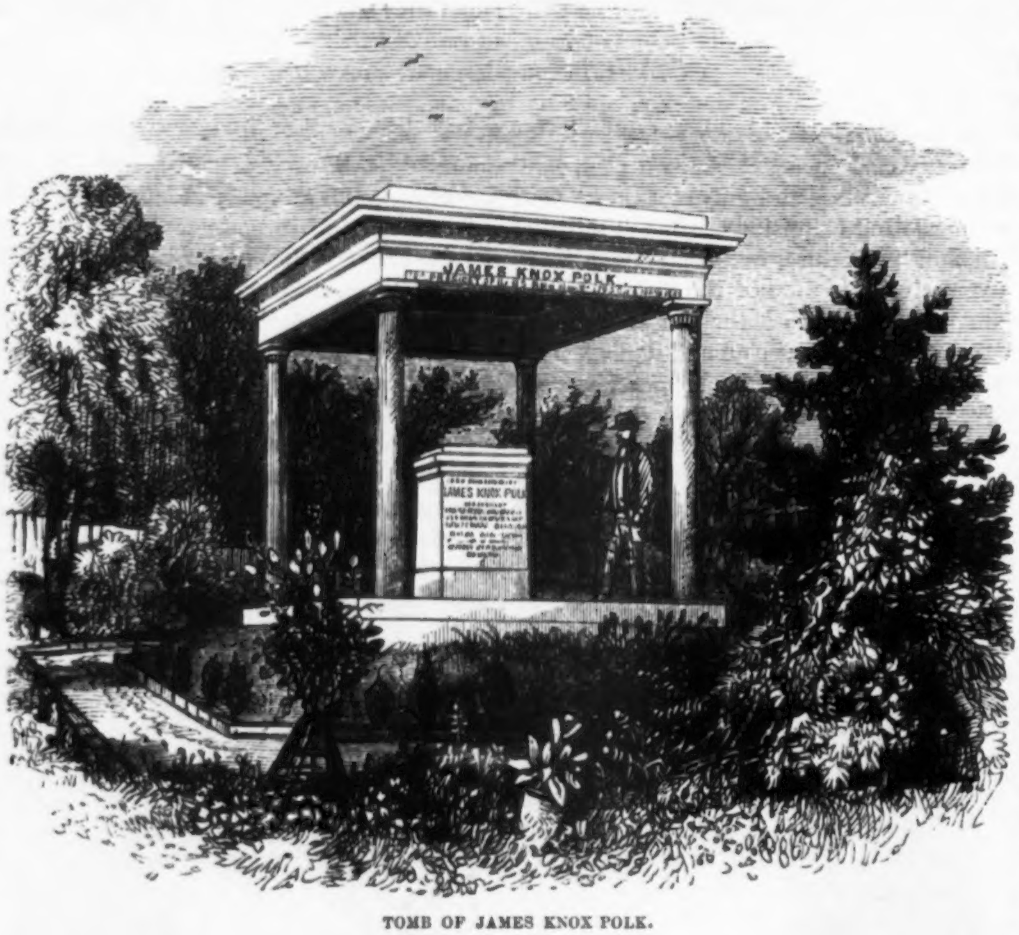
Mr. Jefferson having served his country faithfully at home and abroad during the Revolution and Confederacy, was called from his ministry at the Court of France to the Cabinet of Washington as Secretary of State. He had been a witness of the first outbreak of the French Revolution, before the Reign of Terror began. Sympathizing with the avowed principles of that revolution, he wished to enlist his countrymen in the cause. The apparent coldness of Washington and his associates shocked his ardent feelings, and he believed there was a strong party in the United States favorable to monarchy. Crystallizing the anti-federalists (opposers of the new Constitution) and others, he soon found himself at the head of a powerful opposition party calling themselves *Republicans*, with Alexander Hamilton as his chief opponent. At length fatal divisions occurred in the Federal Party (already noticed), and in the Spring of 1801 Mr. Jefferson succeeded Mr. Adams as President of the United States.

The administration of Mr. Jefferson covered an important period in our social and political history. In various ways he introduced more economy and republican simplicity into the workings of our government; and he lived as frugally at the Presidential mansion as at Monticello. Affable and kind to everybody, Mr. Jefferson was personally very popular; and when he retired to private life, in 1809, that popularity caused him much annoyance.

Mr. Jefferson's daughter Martha (Mrs. Randolph) presided over the household at Monticello. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, whom the cynic, John Randolph of Roanoke, though a bitter enemy of her father, toasted as "the sweetest woman in Virginia." The learning, the statesmanship, the generous hospitality, and the unbounded popularity of Mr. Jefferson, made Monticello a sort of caravanserai many months in the year. Thither scientists, scholars, divines, students, the "common people," and personal friends flocked. Once fifty people slept under the roof at Monticello; and it usually took more than thirty servants and the entire products of the farm to entertain the guests. Mr. Jefferson did entertain them, and he was as kind and considerate to the most humble guest as he was to the most learned sage and statesman of the two hemispheres who frequently entered his door. But there was a class of intruders which annoyed him. These were uncultivated and oftentimes vulgar strangers, who came around his house and sometimes entered it uninvited, merely for the sake of gratifying their curiosity in looking upon the great man. Sometimes, these men, women, and children, would stand in a group and gaze at him as he sat in his portico toward evening, as if he were a lion in a menagerie. One woman actually punched a hole through a window-pane with her parasol, that she might have a better sight of Mr. Jefferson! The philosopher endured these annoyances with great equanimity.

In 1814, Mr. Jefferson conceived the idea of establishing a college at Charlottesville, near Monticello. It became a pet project. He developed its plan, found cheerful co-operation, superintended the erection of the buildings, and was made happy by the vision of its future usefulness. It was not opened until the year before his death, but he clearly foresaw the future grandeur of the University of Virginia, as his monument. In an inscription for his tombstone found among Mr. Jefferson's papers, after his death, he referred to this institution as one of the three greatest achievements of his life. It reads: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence; of the statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia."

Mr. Jefferson's private life was much devoted to scientific studies and the cultivation and improvement of his estate. His forenoons were spent in his own employments exclusively; the hours after dinner were given to his guests. Before retiring to bed, he read extracts from the Bible for an hour or more; and every day, when leisure would afford, he read ancient history and the classics, with avidity.



TOMB OF JAMES KNOX POLK.

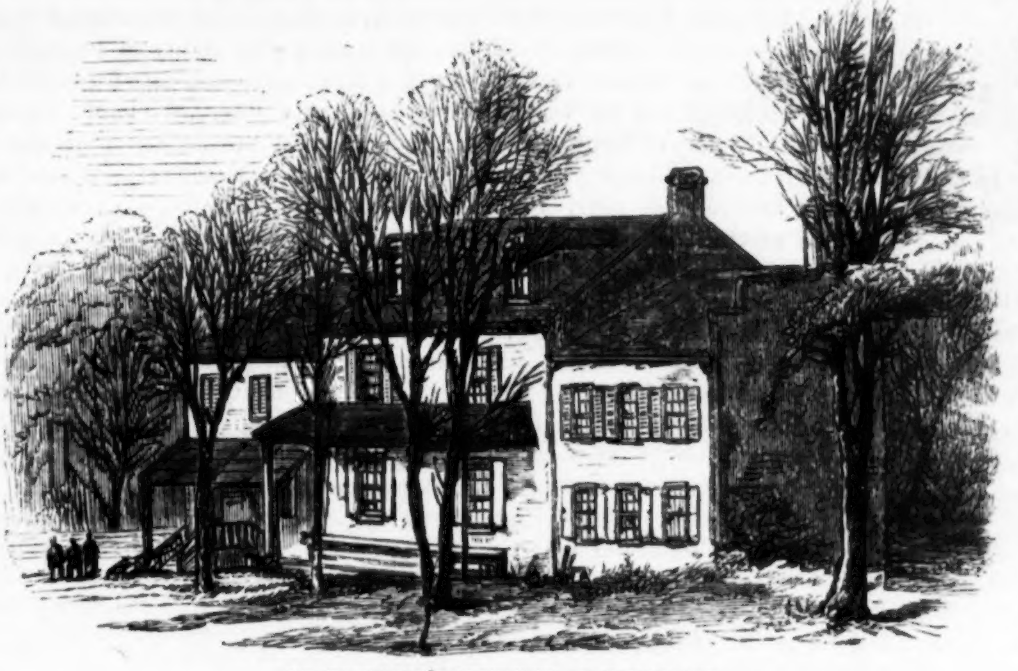
In theological views, Mr. Jefferson was exceedingly liberal, and bigots called him an infidel. If he embraced any "doctrine," it was Unitarian. He habitually spoke reverently of God, the Saviour, and the great truths of Christianity; but he withheld his religious views, giving to his family this reason: "If I inform you of mine, they influence yours—I will not take the responsibility of directing any one's judgment on this subject." On the 4th of July, 1826, and almost at the same hour when John Adams died, Thomas Jefferson expired.

Within a comparatively few miles from Charlottesville, Virginia, three Presidents of the United States were born: Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. In a plain brick house at the foot of the Blue Ridge, James Madison, the successor of Mr. Jefferson, as President of the Republic and Rector of the University of Virginia, first saw the light of life. The air was pure, and the surrounding scenery was picturesque; and there Mr. Madison made his home, during his long and eventful life. Educated at Princeton College, under the moral and political tuition of Dr. Witherspoon, he early imbibed an ardent love for freedom, and he took an active part in the scenes of the Revolution, which speedily followed.

Mr. Madison entered public life as a member of the Virginia Legislature, at the age of twenty-five years, and was rarely out of public employment for forty years afterward. Extremely modest, he did not attempt to speak in the Assembly, but worked with ability in committees. The next year he was defeated as a candidate for re-election, partly because he was not an orator, but chiefly because he refused, on principle, to treat the electors to strong drink; but his services were given elsewhere. By practice afterward, Mr. Madison became one of the most effective public speakers of his day. He served his country ably, in his State Assembly, the Continental Congress, the Convention to frame the Constitution, the National Congress, and as Secretary of State in the cabinet of Mr. Jefferson during his administration. It was during Mr. Madison's public career, from the adoption of the Constitution until his retirement from the Presidency, that he produced those able and voluminous writings which place him in the front rank of publicists in modern times.

In 1794, when he was a bachelor of forty-five, Mr. Madison married the charming young widow of Mr. Todd, a lawyer of Philadelphia, and a member of the Society of Friends, in the strictness of whose discipline she, too, had been educated. That amiable and accomplished woman, beautiful in person, sweet in temper, strong in intellect, was a fitting companion for the good Madison; and all through his after life, in public or in private, she was his best counselor and friend. When, in 1809, her husband succeeded Mr. Jefferson as President, she presided over the household in Washington with great dignity, and was very popular. Their private social circle there was charming; and the simplicity, rare ability, good nature, kindliness and sturdy virtue of the President, made their departure for their home in Virginia, in 1817, seem like a social calamity. "From three-and-thirty years' trial," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "I can say, conscientiously, that I do not know in the world a man of purer integrity, more dispassionate, disinterested, and devoted to pure republicanism, than Mr. Madison; nor could I, in the whole scope of America and Europe, point out an abler head."

While he was President, Mr. Madison was made the target for the fiercest shafts of calumny and abuse by his political enemies. But personal attacks never moved him. He was serene in his conscious integrity, patient with his adversaries, true to his friends, and ever gentle and kind to all. He was, nevertheless, firm in the performance of his duty; yet, when



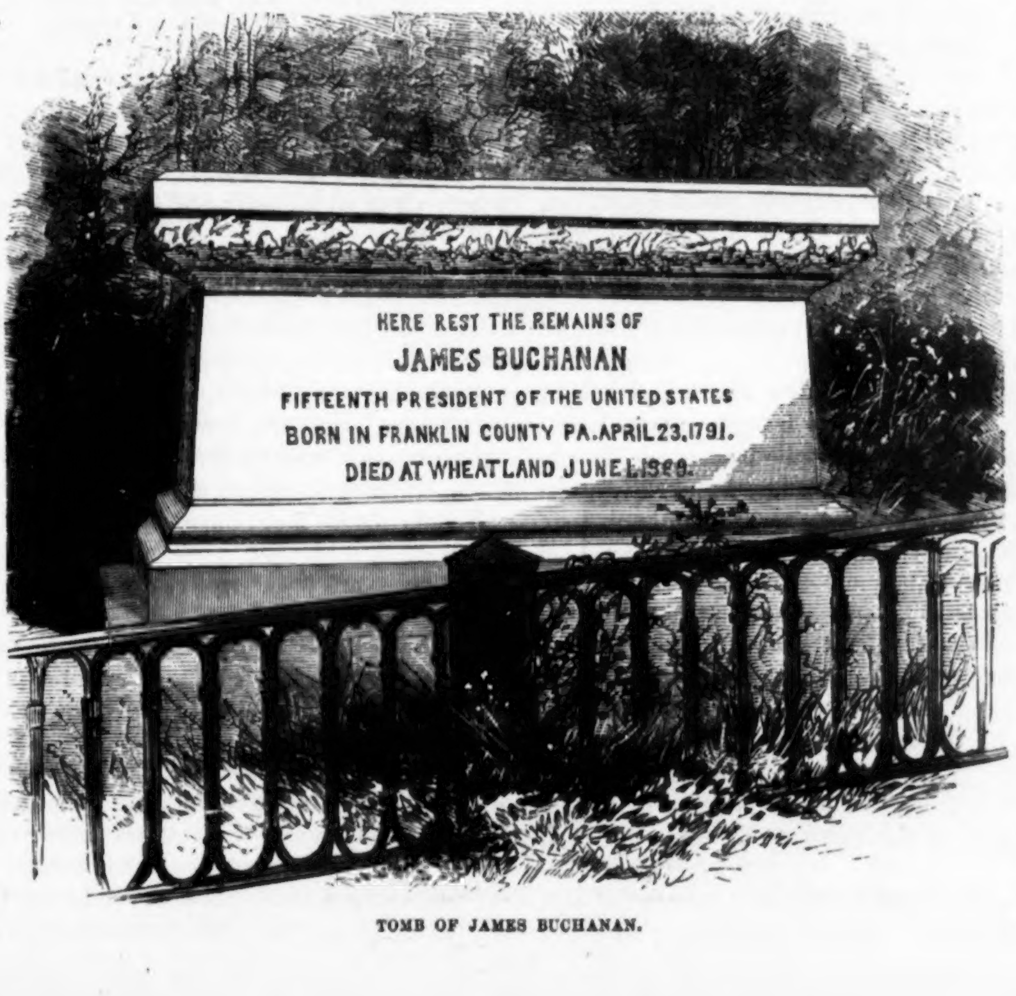
MR. BUCHANAN'S RESIDENCE AT WHEATLAND.

necessity compelled him to dismiss a public officer, it was with great delicacy. When he left the modest house in which he lived in unostentatious simplicity after the President's Mansion was burned by the British in 1814, and returned to his delightful home in Virginia, he carried with him the profound respect of all classes of citizens. He had revived the practice of holding public levees, which Mr. Jefferson had adopted; and at these Mrs. Madison was ever brilliant and attractive.

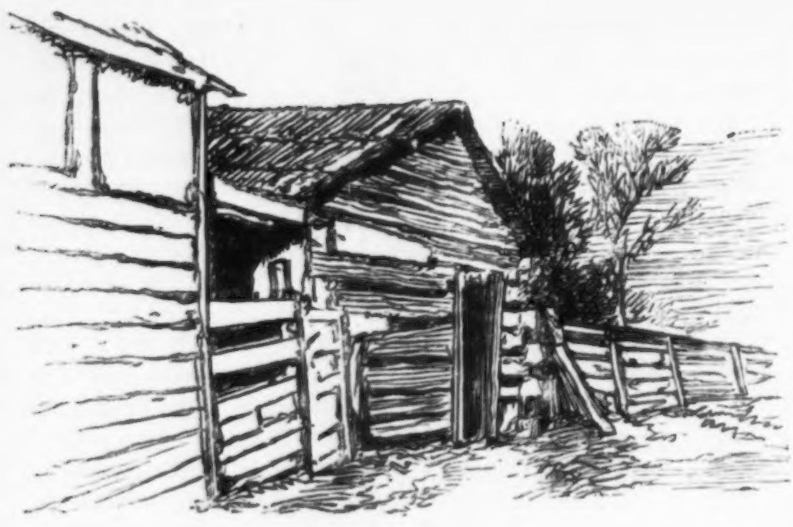
Mr. Madison had named his patrimonial estate Montpelier, and changed the plain brick house into a pleasant mansion by additions and porticoes. In one half of it resided Mr. Madison's aged mother, who kept up a separate establishment, such as table, servants, and garden, and perpetuated the ancient simplicity of Virginia rural life. The visitor might open the door between the two families, and, at a glance, see the amazing contrast between the old, plain, and quiet methods of living, and the elegant and gay fashions of more modern society. To that home Mr. Madison retired, and left public life for ever. His favorite pursuit of agriculture, his books, his pen, and the society of his friends, were his delight in his declining years. In public life he was taciturn, but with his friends he was talkative, playful, fond of sallies of wit and humor, and was a good story-teller. He sometimes indulged in puns. On one occasion, in his extreme old age, when some friends came to see him, he sank back in his chair, and said, "I always talk more easily when I *lie.*" During his last illness, when the family and the doctor were at dinner, he called out feebly but cheerily from his sick-room, "Doctor, are you pushing about the glasses? Do your duty, doctor, or I shall cashier you."

In personal appearance, Mr. Madison was of small stature, and rather inclined to be corpulent. His expression was calm, his speech was slow and grave in general society, and his eyes were blue and penetrating. When he left the Presidency, at the age of sixty-six, his head was bald on top, and he still wore his hair powdered. In costume, he was uniformly neat and fashionable, and the color of his clothes was generally black. Mr. Madison died at his seat, in Virginia, in June, 1836, at the age of eighty-five years.

The private life of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, was very much like his administration as Chief Magistrate for eight years—calm and useful. It occupied only a comparatively brief period of his adult existence, having been almost continually in public life forty-nine of the seventy-two years that he lived. He was descended from one of the first patentees of the county of Westmoreland, Va. At the age of eighteen years he left William and Mary College, and entered the army as a cadet, under General Mercer, but left it in 1777, and began the study of law in the office of Mr. Jefferson. He was elected to the Virginia Assembly at the age of twenty-three years, and the next year he was a delegate to the Continental Congress, wherein he served until 1786. While in attendance upon that body, Mr. Monroe


HERE REST THE REMAINS OF
JAMES BUCHANAN
FIFTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
BORN IN FRANKLIN COUNTY PA. APRIL 23.1791.
DIED AT WHEATLAND JUNE 1.1868.

TOMB OF JAMES BUCHANAN.



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

married Miss Kortright, of New York City, an accomplished young lady, whose beauty and talents had produced a sensation in the fashionable circles of London and Paris.

In his own State, in the Congresses, as Ambassador to France and Spain, and as Secretary of State for Mr. Madison, Monroe discharged his duties with ability and fidelity; and when, in 1817, he took the Presidential chair, he had held more public offices than any man in the Union. The period of his Presidency was called the "era of good feeling." The people were too busily engaged repairing the losses of the war and preparing for the future to engage in political strifes, and at his second election, in 1820, Mr. Monroe received all of the electoral votes excepting those of New Hampshire. He retired to private life in 1825, with the profound respect of his fellow-citizens. He was of a mind "patient of inquiry, patient of contradiction; anxious and unwearied in the pursuit of truth and right; courteous even in the collision of sentiment; sound in its ultimate judgment, and firm in its final conclusion."

Mr. Monroe retired to his home in Loudon County, Virginia, deeply in debt, where he accepted the office of justice of the peace. His wife died in 1830, when he took up his abode with his affectionate daughter, the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York, where he also died on the 4th of July, 1831, in the seventy-third year of his age. In his personal appearance, Mr. Monroe was tall and well formed, being about six feet in height; his eyes were blue, and his countenance did not indicate very superior intellect. Laborious, industrious, slow of thought, honest and true, President Monroe passed a highly honorable life, and was a good type of a Virginian gentleman of the old school.

John Adams had a son (John Quincy Adams) of whom he was justly proud, and he lived to see him in the chair of State a quarter of a century after his father had left it. While he was yet a boy, he was his father's companion in Europe, where he learned by observation many of the arts of diplomacy, which he was afterward called upon to practice. At the age of twenty-seven years he was appointed, by Washington, Minister to Portugal. From that time until his death, in the year 1848, he was almost continually in public office, at home or abroad. Having served as Secretary of State during the whole of Mr. Monroe's administration, he became his successor in the Presidency in the year 1825.

Mr. Adams's administration was marked by national serenity and repose, and the general prosperity of the people. As President, he lived elegantly but not ostentatiously. The wise and the learned were more frequently seen at his table than politicians. He and his accomplished wife were the centre of cultivated society in Washington, for he was justly regarded as the finest scholar America had yet produced.

Mr. Adams had been thoroughly educated in Europe and at Harvard College, and the atmosphere in which his whole life was spent stimulated the mental faculties. In his domestic relations his best affections were cultivated. While he was Minister at the Court of Berlin, in 1797, he married Louisa Catharine, the accomplished daughter of Joshua Johnson, then American Consul in London, and their married life was a happy one, for Mr. Adams, though generally in public employment, was domestic in his tastes, affectionate and indulgent, though possessing some of the imperiousness of his father. Enjoying good health, his temperament was sunny, and he often exercised a delightful playfulness of disposition. This was exhibited in a poetical epistle which he wrote to his wife, while he was in Congress in 1807, beginning:

"Friend of my bosom, would'st thou know,
 How, far from thee, the days I spend,
And how the passing moments flow,
 To this short, simple tale attend."

Then, in twenty-six more stanzas, he gave her the history of his employments and his amusements for a day, closing with these words:

"Louisa, thus remote from thee,
 Still something to each joy is wanting;
While thy dear presence can to me,
 Make the most dreary scene enchanting."

Mr. Adams was fond of classical literature, and read, during leisure hours, the best productions in the original Greek and Latin. In theological views, he was like his father, and was a devout practical Christian. His daily practice of reading the Bible is alluded to in the epistle, in which he wrote:

"Yes!—wherefore should I not confess?
 This book of sacred inspiration
Yields to my bosom, in distress,
 Both fortitude and consolation."

Mr. Adams was of middle stature and full person; his eyes were dark, piercing, and beaming with intelligence. His life was always active, and good health of body and mind was his greatest blessing. He always rose early; was temperate in all his ways, and led a most exemplary life. Of four children, only one—Hon. Charles Francis Adams—survives. Soon after his retirement from the Presidency, and his settlement in private life with an ample fortune, Mr. Adams yielded to the wishes of his constituents, took his seat in the House of Representatives in 1831, and kept it until the close of his life. In that seat he was prostrated by paralysis in February, 1848, and died in the Speaker's room, being then in the eighty-first year of his age. His last words were, "This is the last of earth."

A man of fiery spirit, inflexible honesty and iron will succeeded Mr. Adams. His stormy administration was in conspicuous contrast with the serene one of his predecessor, which was an illustration of the saying—"a calm before a tempest." Andrew Jackson, that successor, was a rough-hewn specimen of a really great man, who received his earliest instruction in letters and morals at his mother's knee, and his after knowledge in the hard school of experience. He was, from babyhood, a sort of frontiersman, battling in the arena of a rude civilization. His first hard struggles were among the privations of the Revolutionary period, when his personal courage was put to the test, and triumphed. He became a lawyer in the remote regions of Tennessee, where he was frequently engaged in personal encounters with rough fellows, and became a terror to evil-doers. The Indian on the frontier, who had felt his hand, called him "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

In 1791, when he was twenty-four years of age, Jackson married Rachel Donaldson, a plain but most excellent young woman, who had been divorced from a brutal husband. They lived together nearly forty years, with a mutual affection almost unparalleled; she died, when the shouts of victory were just ceasing, after her husband's election to the Presidency, in 1829.

We are all familiar with Jackson's public life in the field, the forum and the Presidency. His administration of eight years was stormy for he fought the disloyalists of the South, and the powerful United States Bank, with the moral forces at his command; and in the Spring of 1837, he left the uneasy chair of State to his political friend, Martin Van Buren. During all that tempestuous time, his love for his lost wife and her memory was like sweet incense to his troubled spirit. He wore her miniature next his heart, day and night, until his death; and that picture was always before him in his secret devotions. That rough, stern old man, who, in the battle of life, seemed to care for neither God nor man—a roaring lion—was a prayerful Christian long before his lips made a public profession. Every night before he retired to rest, that iron man, with *her* prayer-book open before him, and with *her* miniature leaning against it, drew consolation from the wells of eternal life which he found in *her* Bible: and he was as tender and meek as a little child in that presence. Mrs. Jackson was eminent for her piety and good deeds. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, and to the prosperous an ornament.

From the lips of the wife of Jackson's adopted son, I once heard some pleasing reminiscences of life at the White House, where she, a recent bride, assumed the duties of its mistress while Jackson was President. There gentleness and good-nature ever reigned; and the President's private dinners with a few friends were delightful occasions. On one of these, when only Webster and Van Buren and the family were present, Van Buren proposed to Webster to sing a song. "I will," he said, "if the President and you will join me." Jackson, with queer notes, struck up "Auld Lang Syne," when the other two joined him. "That discord and fun I shall never forget," said the lady. "Auld Lang Syne" was a favorite with Jackson. The brilliant daughter of one of his Secretaries of the Treasury informed me that she never entered the private apartment at the White House, when Jackson was in, but he would insist upon her singing or playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Life at the Hermitage—Jackson's home, near Nashville—was simplicity itself, before and after he was President. He was fond of horses, and kept many fine ones. Horse-racing was his chief out-of-door amusement. Indoors, the hero and the sage was always susceptible of the tenderest emotions. He loved the society of his friends, but he loved the inmates of his house more. Touching examples are numerous; one must suffice. Colonel Benton said he once entered the Hermitage on a chilly twilight, in 1814. He saw Jackson sitting by the fire with a lamb, and a child ten years of age, between his knees. They were removed, and Jackson explained that the child (his adopted son) had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done. That tenderness at home he exercised on all occasions; and when Jackson died, in June, 1845, his servants, who loved him most sincerely, were among his most grief-stricken mourners. Jackson was buried in his garden, by the side of his beloved Rachel.

Jackson was six feet one inch in height, erect in figure, but so slim that he weighed only one hundred and forty-six pounds. He was not physically robust. His eyes were a dark-blue, and when he was excited they beamed with a peculiar lustre. His features were strongly marked; in manners he was pleasing, in address commanding and easy, and affable and familiar in his deportment with his friends. His moral character was without reproach, and benevolence was his most prominent virtue.

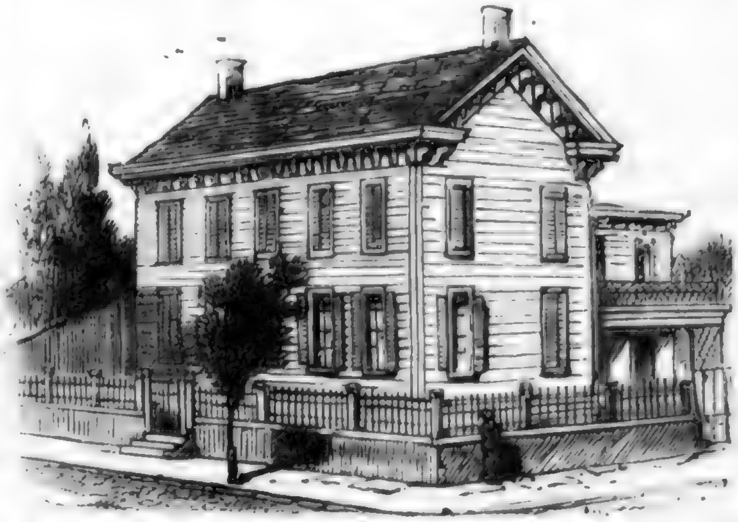
Martin Van Buren was the first President who had not participated in the struggle for independence, or was descended from an emigrant of the British Isles. His ancestor was a Hollander, and one of the first settlers of the Province of New York, in which State, near the banks of the Hudson, Van Buren was born. The early education of the future statesman was limited, for his father's means were small. At an early age he was distinguished for a gift of speech, and at eighteen he made harangues for the Democracy. The law was his chosen profession, and his training as a Democratic politician was under the tutelage of Aaron Burr.

In 1806, when he was twenty-four years of age, Mr. Van Buren married Miss Hannah Hoes, a distant blood relation. Their married life was a happy one, but it was terminated in 1818, when Mrs. Van Buren died, leaving four sons. From that time Mr. Van Buren lived a widower. He had entered public life in 1812, as State Senator, and continually rose in his profession and as a statesman, until his ambition was satisfied, in 1837, by his accession to the Presidency. His administration was marked by great financial crises, owing to the bursting of a bubble of wild speculation and a vicious credit system; and at the end of it, the business atmosphere of our country was more serene and wholesome.

In private life, Mr. Van Buren was most exemplary; his moral character was above suspicion. In the relations of husband, father, brother, and friend, he always displayed traits which most adorn human nature. His personal friends were almost innumerable, for there was something so winning in his deportment, that they were held in perpetual attachment to him.

By fortunate speculations in land, Mr. Van Buren was enabled to retire from the Presidency to his estate of Lindenwold, near his birthplace at Kinderhook, with a competent fortune; and there he lived in elegant ease, enjoying the society of his friends and his books, until his death, in July, 1862, when he was eighty years of age. The late civil war was then raging, and Mr. Van Buren, at the outbreak, had declared himself warmly in favor of the Government.

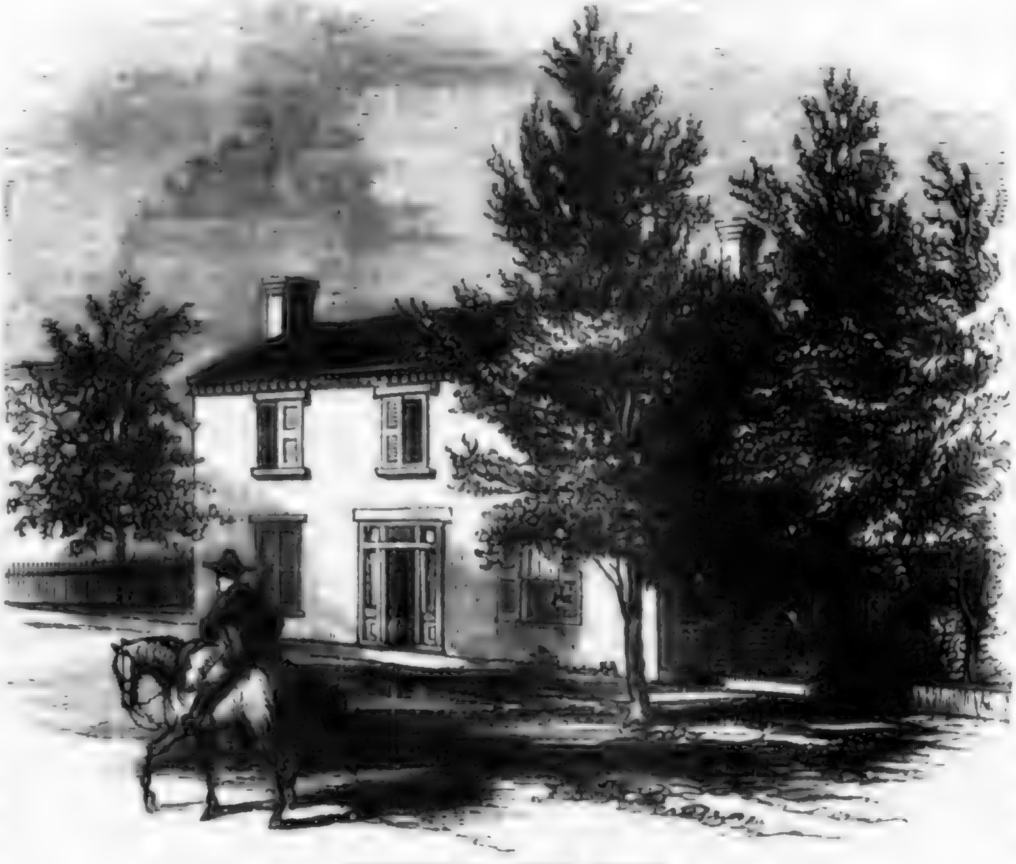
In person, Mr. Van Buren was of middle height; in young manhood slender, but corpulent in old age. His hair and eyes were light—the latter mild but penetrating; his



RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN 1861.

features were animated and expressive, and his broad forehead indicated great intellectual strength. In manners he was easy and frank, felicitous in powers of conversation, and his amiableness made him an ornament of the social circle, whether at home or at the Court in London, where he was American Minister for a while. Mr. Van Buren's career illustrates the flexibility of our free institutions.

The election for President in 1840, resulted in the choice of William Henry Harrison, a tried soldier and wise civilian, who was born at "Berkeley," the estate of his father (Governor of Virginia, in 1782), on the left bank of the James River, in 1773. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and studied for a physician, but in early life he entered the army as an ensign, and was on the staff of General Wayne in the Northwest, with the rank of captain. In 1795, Captain Harrison was in command of a blockhouse at the "North Bend" of the Ohio River. There he wooed and won the heart and hand of Anna Symmes, daughter of Judge Symmes, of New Jersey, who had purchased a vast tract of land in that vicinity. Judge Symmes had consented to this marriage, but hearing a slanderous report about Captain Harrison, he withdrew his permission. They were married, however, during his absence, and when, on his return, he said sternly to his son-in-law, "Well, Sir, I understand you have married Anna; how do you expect to support her?" The young soldier promptly answered, "By my sword and my own right arm." Pleased with the reply, the father was satisfied, and the "lovely Anna" lived happily with her husband until his death, forty-six years afterward. She also remained his widow twenty-three years longer, dying at North Bend in 1864.



RESIDENCE OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

In civil life in the Northwestern Territory and the State of Ohio; in the army as a general, in the war of 1812; as United States Senator, and Foreign Minister, Harrison discharged his duties with honesty and fidelity. After a most exciting canvass known as the "Hard Cider Campaign," in 1840, he was elected President by a very large majority; but he held the office only one month. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841, and died on the 4th of April, at the age of sixty-eight years. His official mantle fell upon the Vice-President, John Tyler, of Virginia.

President Harrison was tall and slender. Lacking a robust constitution, he preserved health by exercise and temperance. His fine, dark eye was remarkable for keenness, fire, and intelligence. His mind was vivacious; his impulses were benevolent; his features beamed with intellectual vigor; he was a bold and eloquent speaker; his temper was mild and forbearing; a sense of justice was conspicuous in his conduct, and his manners were plain, easy, unostentatious, and winning. In public and private life, William Henry Harrison was a model man.

On the day after the death of President Harrison, Vice-President John Tyler took the oath of office, as his successor. He was a courteous, well-educated gentleman, well-bred and affable in manners, plain and dignified in his deportment, and every way exemplary in his private and domestic life. In person, he was tall and thin, with light complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, and prominent features, expressive of much force of character.

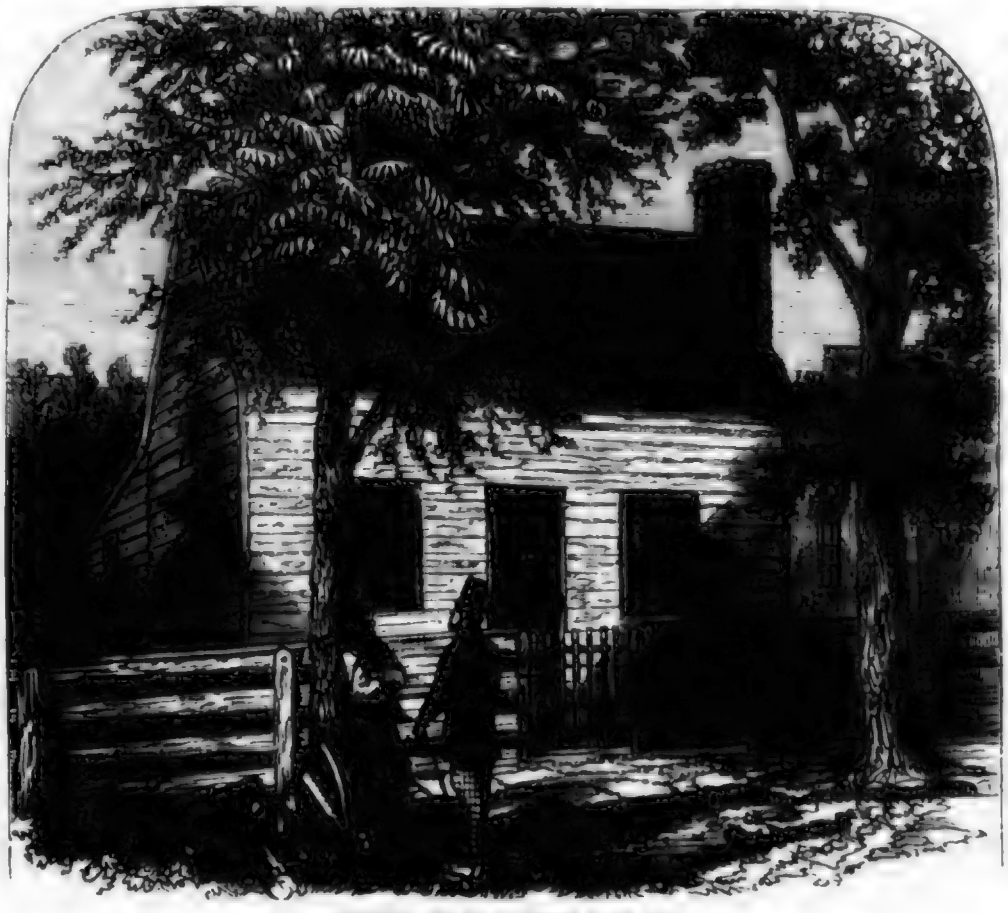
Mr. Tyler was born on the banks of the James River, near the birthplace of Harrison. In childhood he was noted for his love of books, and at the early age of twelve years he entered the College of William and Mary, where he became a favorite of the Faculty. At seventeen, he graduated, when his address on "Female Education" was pronounced by that Faculty the best Commencement oration they had ever heard there. At the age of nineteen years young Tyler was admitted to the Bar, and he entered public life as a member of the Virginia Legislature when he was twenty-one. At the age of twenty-three, he married Miss Letitia Christian, an estimable young lady, with whom he lived happily almost thirty years. She died at Washington in 1842, leaving six children.

Mr. Tyler was almost continually in public life in his State and in the National Legislature, until he became President. His administration was chiefly conspicuous for proceedings concerning the re-chartering of the United States Bank, which he opposed by his veto, and preparations for the annexation of Texas. Having, by his unwise course, alienated the confidence of both political parties, he left office under a cloud, similar to that which shadowed the elder Adams for a time.

While Mr. Tyler was yet President, he married Miss Julia, daughter of David Gardiner, of New York; and when he left the Presidential chair, he retired, with his bride, to his estate called "Sherwood Forest," near Charles City Court House. There he cultivated his estate in quiet seclusion, and with a competent fortune, until near the time of his death in January, 1862, when he was a member of the Confederate Congress, and an open enemy of his Government.

Soon after his retirement, Mr. Tyler's constituents around him, who were his political opponents, intending to mortify him, elected him overseer of the highways. He good-naturedly accepted the office, and when these neighbors were all busy in their harvests, he compelled them to turn out and work the roads. Nobody favored his re-election.

Six Virginians had now administered the National Government, and that "Mother of Presidents" produced only one more. The eleventh President of the Republic was James Knox Polk, a native of Mecklenburg County, N. C., and a resident of Tennessee after he was eleven years of age. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, a race to which our country is indebted for some of its most distinguished benefactors. Graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1818, he became a lawyer. Extremely studious, industrious, and persevering, he obtained a thorough education. Popular with all classes, because of his sound common sense, his thorough republicanism, simplicity of manners, sincerity and affability, he was called to the stormy sea of politics in 1823, by an election to the Legislature of Tennessee. Mr. Polk was in public life ever afterward, serving fourteen consecutive years in Congress, two years as Governor of his State, and four years as President of the United States. His administration covered a very important period of our history. During that time the Oregon boundary dispute was settled, Texas was annexed to our Union, and the consequent war with Mexico, and a vast accession to our territory occurred.



BIRTHPLACE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Mr. Polk scarcely enjoyed a *private* life, for he was continually in the public service. His domestic life was a happy one. At about the time when he was first elected to Congress, he married Miss Sarah, daughter of Joel Childers, a merchant of Rutherford County, Tenn., who yet survives him, occupying the mansion in which her husband died. She was a beautiful girl, and no feminine occupant of the White House ever adorned the station more than she.

When, in the Spring of 1849, they left Washington, they made their residence in the city of Nashville, where they intended to spend the remainder of their days in the quiet of private life. Only three months after they were seated there, Mr. Polk died of chronic diarrhœa, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in an inclosure in front of his house, and over his remains is a handsome, modest monument.

President Polk was of middle stature, with a full, angular brow, and a quick, penetrating gray eye. The expression of his countenance was grave, almost sad, when he left the chair of State. When he entered it, his dark hair was grizzled; when he left it, it was almost white, and his appearance was careworn.

Mrs. Polk is a member of the Presbyterian Church. Just before his death, President Polk received the ordinance of baptism from a clergyman of the Methodist Church. They were childless, and the wife remains his widow.

We, as a nation, are not exempt from the foible of being dazzled by military glory. Obedient to that foible, the people of the United States elected Major-General Zachary Taylor President of the United States, in 1848, because he had been a successful leader in the war with Mexico. He was a native of Orange County, Va., and was taken by his father to Kentucky when he was an infant. On a farm near Louisville he was nurtured into a vigorous young man, scantily educated, but well-grounded in solid virtues, which influenced his whole life.

In 1809, young Taylor entered the army as lieutenant, and remained in it until he became President of the Republic, about forty years afterward; doing good service against the Indians in the Northwest, in the war of 1812, in Florida, and in Mexico. His character as a soldier was expressed in the title of "Rough and Ready," which his followers gave him.

At the age of twenty-four years, Lieutenant Taylor married Miss Margaret Smith, of Maryland, who survived him. They had four children—one son and three daughters. One of the latter was the first wife of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Taylor had been a most affectionate life-companion of the soldier, and she presided with simplicity, but with dignity, over the domestic affairs of the White House.

When Taylor became President, he was slightly corpulent, and his height was five feet eight inches. His complexion was dark; his forehead high; his eyes keen and penetrating; his face was careworn, but lighted up by habitual good humor. In his dress he was simple; in manners affable; in deportment ever kind and affectionate; and by his family and intimate friends he was almost adored for his goodness. His administration, which was marked by agitation of the "Slavery Question," was brief, for early in June, 1849, sixteen months after his inauguration, he was prostrated by sickness, and died after an illness of only five days. The disease was bilious fever. His last hours were soothed by his aged wife and loving children. He was then almost sixty-six years of age. President Taylor was the only chief magistrate who died at the White House.

XUM

The Vice-President, Millard Fillmore, succeeded President Taylor. Born in a forest home, and rocked in a sap-trough, in Cayuga County, New York, his early opportunities for education were small. Apprenticed first to a clothier, and then to a wool-carder, he labored industriously in distasteful business. With an ardent thirst for knowledge, he read borrowed books with avidity; and at the age of nineteen years he began studying law and teaching school alternately. At the age of twenty-five, young Fillmore married Miss Abigail, daughter of Rev. Lemuel Power, with whom he traveled life's rough and pleasant paths most lovingly and loyally. She was an exemplary wife and mother, and when they were about to depart for the enjoyment of private life, she died at Washington City.

Mr. Fillmore entered public life in 1833, as a representative in Congress. As President, he administered the affairs of the nation with wisdom and prudence, during a most perilous time, for the Southern politicians there, bent on rule or ruin, were threatening and defiant. It was during that time that his father, then over eighty years of age, visited him. At a levee, the veteran stood by the side of his honored son and family. A venerable clergyman present drew a friend aside and whispered in his ear: "Was there ever, since the world began, such a contrast as that group and the baby in the sap-trough ?" President Fillmore was a handsome man, of noble mien, about six feet in height, and well-proportioned. His complexion was light, his hair abundant, and his manners were simple and affable.

Mr. Fillmore's domestic life was a happy one. Every day when he was absent, he wrote a letter to his wife; and sadly he returned to his home with her lifeless remains. He visited Europe soon afterward, and on his return he bought a handsome house, and there, with perfect leisure, after a laborious life, he spent happy days with his books and works of art, studying history and philosophy, and indulging sometimes in reading fiction and poetry. In 1855, he married Mrs. Caroline McIntosh, a lady of fortune and artistic culture, and his house was made more delightful by her presence and taste. Mr. Fillmore died in March, 1874, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a Unitarian in his theological views.

The third New Englander called to the Presidency, was Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, a son of a Revolutionary patriot, and Governor of that State. He graduated at Bowdoin College, became an eminent lawyer, and at the age of twenty-nine years, entered Congress by the votes of the Democratic Party. He was also in the National Senate, in which he was distinguished as an eloquent speaker. In the war with Mexico, Mr. Pierce served with some distinction, and was called to the Presidency in 1853. His administration was marked by violent political storms in and out of the halls of legislation.

In 1834, Mr. Pierce married Miss Jane Means, daughter of Rev. Mr. Appleton, a former president of Bowdoin College. Three sons were born to them, but two died very young, and the surviving child, a fine boy in the thirteenth year of his age, was killed on a railroad while traveling with his parents, in January, 1853. A few weeks afterward, the stricken parents entered the Presidential mansion, sad and childless. At the end of the term of four years, they returned to their lonely home at Concord, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Pierce afterward died, and was followed to the grave by her husband, in October, 1869. All through his public career, Mr. Pierce stood by the Southern politicians in their advocacy of slavery; and when the late Civil War broke out he sympathized with the secessionists.

President Pierce was elegant and commanding in person. His figure was slight, and about five feet ten inches in height; his hair was abundant, dark brown, and waving; his dark eye was piercing and bright, and his face had an open and frank expression.

James Buchanan, the only unwedded President, was of Scotch-Irish descent, whose father came to America from Ireland at the close of our Revolution, and settled in Pennsylvania; and there, in a log cabin, the fifteenth Chief Magistrate was born, in April, 1791. He was a very attractive and popular pupil at Dickinson College, at Carlisle, where he graduated in 1809, and chose the law for a profession, in which he was successful. He was a tall, slender youth, fond of field sports, was expert with the rifle, and by exercise in the open air in young manhood he laid the foundation of health which served him through a long life.

When Mr. Buchanan was thirty years of age, he was elected to Congress, and in both Houses, and in diplomacy, he was much engaged through the remainder of his life, until he was elected President in 1856, when he was in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Like President Pierce, he always favored the friends of the slave system; and it was during the latter months of his administration that they plunged our country into civil war. At the close of that administration, he retired to his pleasant seat—"Wheatland"—near Lancaster, Penn., where, as at Washington, his household was presided over by his niece, Miss Lane. There he lived in elegant retirement, generously entertaining his friends, and closely watching the drift of public affairs, until June, 1868, when he died, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Mr. Buchanan was a large, muscular man, full six feet in height, full of physical vigor and great powers of endurance. His complexion, hair, and eyes were light, in young manhood; in habits he was frugal; in tastes he was simple and refined; and his morals, from earliest childhood, were pure. Temperate in all things, his private life was beautiful and exemplary.

It was at the kindling of the fiery furnace of our late Civil War that Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President, was called to the chair of State. He was a native of Kentucky, and was descended from Pennsylvania Quakers. His early years were spent in drudgery on a farm, and he did not receive more than a year's schooling, obtained at intervals. At the age of nineteen he went out to see the world, as a hired hand on a flat-boat bound for New Orleans. Having become a citizen of Illinois, he engaged as a volunteer in the "Black Hawk War," on the borders of that State, in 1832. The next year he was made postmaster at New Salem, Ill., where he studied law and practiced surveying; and in 1834 he was elected to a seat in the Legislature. Opening a law office at Springfield, Ill., he soon rose to eminence in his profession. Always good-natured, and a capital story-teller, he was popular everywhere. Having served one term in Congress, he was called to the Presidency in the Spring of 1861, by the modern Republican party. The Civil War then a-kindling, extended in duration over his entire administration, during which perilous time he managed the helm of the Ship of State with great prudence, skill, and wisdom. The most prominent act of his administration was his proclamation of the Emancipation of all the Slaves in the Republic, on the first of January, 1863. Mr. Lincoln was re-elected in 1864; and on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, while sitting, with his family, in a theatre at Washington, he was shot through the head by an assassin, and expired the next morning.

In November, 1842, Mr. Lincoln married Miss Mary, daughter of Hon. R. S. Todd, of Kentucky, who was a most devoted and affectionate wife and mother, and with whom he lived most happily. On the day when he was assassinated, they rode out together, alone. He was full of joy at the prospects of peace, and talked of happier days before them. "We have had a hard time together," he said, "since we came to Washington; but now the war is over, and, with God's blessing upon us, we may hope for four years of happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the remainder of our lives in peace."

Alas! in less than eight hours afterward, the President was smitten down by a murderer; and the sad, sad widow saw the bodies of her husband and her dead son, Willie, borne in funeral procession seventeen hundred miles to their last resting-place at Springfield.

Mr. Lincoln was tall, thin, and large-boned, and was six feet four inches in height. He was very sinewy, easily lifting five hundred pounds. His legs and arms were disproportionately long, and there was no grace in his movements. His forehead was high; his hair was almost black; his eyebrows were heavy; his eyes were dark gray, and very expressive, alternately sparkling with fun and subdued into looks of sadness. He loved Truth supremely; was not a church member, but had a childlike reliance upon God; read the Bible and Shakespeare more than any other books; his conversational powers were most extraordinary; his mirthfulness was exuberant, sparkling in jests, stories, and anecdotes; in a word, he was a man of most exquisite qualities, without any serious faults. He occupies a place in our history next to Washington, and will ever be revered as the *Martyr President.*

At ten o'clock on the day after Mr. Lincoln's death, Andrew Johnston, the Vice-President, was installed his successor. He was a native of North Carolina, and was so pinched by poverty that he never received a day's schooling; but he learned himself to read. Taught the tailor's trade, he followed it many years, chiefly in Greenville, Tennessee, supporting a widowed mother. He married an excellent young woman, who taught him how to write. Possessed of a vigorous intellect, an indomitable will, great quickness of perception, an ardent thirst for knowledge, untiring industry, and rare social qualities, Mr. Johnson passed through various grades of elective offices, from alderman, at twenty years of age, a legislator in his State and Congress, and Governor of Tennessee, to Vice-President of the United States, at the age of fifty-six years.

The public career of Andrew Johnson, during his administration, alienated the party which had elected him, and over much of his conduct the true American would gladly draw a vail of forgetfulness. That administration ended in the Spring of 1869, when General Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the duties of President. Mr. Johnson did not remain long in private life. Defeated as a candidate for Congress, he was appointed, by the Legislature of his State, United States Senator. But his life soon ended. Seized by a violent disease, he died on the first of July, 1875, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

In private life, Mr. Johnson was exemplary. He was a good husband and father; a warm friend, and honest in all his transactions. In stature he was about five feet ten inches in height; stoutly built, hair a rich dark brown; expressive eyes; a face indicating intelligence, and great decision of character. In many respects, Andrew Johnson was an extraordinary man.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA.

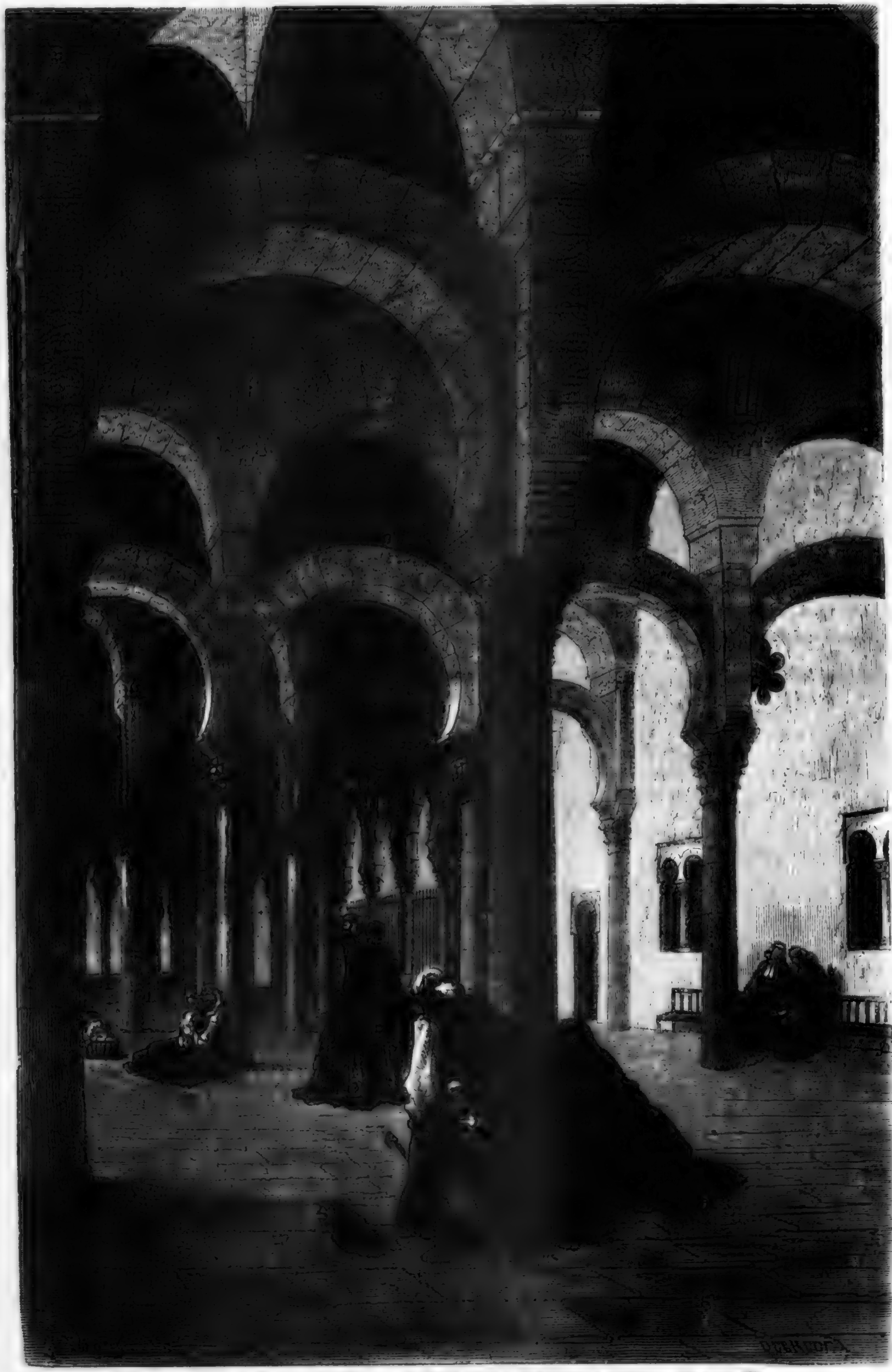
CORDOVA, a city of the past, like all others worth seeing in Spain, contains many and very beautiful Moorish remains; at each turn something greets the eye that tells of their former rule and greatness, and of the marvelous refinement of their taste. The cathedral, or "Mezquita," as it is still commonly called, is the great wonder and attraction; it stands more alone than most cathedrals in Spain are allowed to do, perhaps because the exterior is so simple that space around it is really of no great moment, and so, from pure contradiction, it is not built round. We entered by the Puerta del Perdon into the *patio* of oranges, containing some magnificent trees, together with palms, both being laden with fruit. In the centre, the cistern placed by the Moors in 945, is still there. To the left of this court is the belfry tower—a magnificent view is obtained from the top; on the right is the mosque.

It is difficult to give an idea of the impression produced on first entering this wondrous building; it certainly does not give one the faintest idea of being a church; with a low roof not exceeding thirty-six feet in height, amidst a very forest of columns, you find yourself in a space nearly square, being both ways upward of 360 feet, with the columns forming nineteen aisles one way and twenty-nine the other; the whole being lined on the four sides by chapels. The pillars are none alike, either in size, height, or marble—some with capitals, others without; some of jasper, verd-antique, porphyry, and other valuable marbles; one was shown us as being sulphur, which the guide scraped in order that we might test the truth of his statement by the strong smell. It is a pity this is allowed, as the dilapidated state of the pillar proves how common the practice of "testing" is. On two others of the columns are small crucifixions scratched, scarcely visible without the light of a candle. One is said to have been done by a Christian prisoner, who was chained by his neck to the pillar, the places where the chains were fixed being visible enough; but it seems difficult to understand how he could scratch a crucifix in that position, and just where his shoulders would be against the column; and to increase the marvel, he is said to have done it with his nail; if by this was meant, as it clearly was, his finger-nail, it becomes simply ridiculous. The other is much more perfect, and slightly larger.

In all there are 850 columns; formerly there were more, but the *coro*, which was unfortunately added in 1523, necessitated the removal of many. The retablo of the high altar is very fine, and the dome elaborate and delicate, with its white and gold ornamentation, but it looks thoroughly out of place.

The Capilla de Villaviciosa is rich in beautiful work, and looks as if hung all round with fine lace; those horse-shoe arches, one succeeding the other, yet forming in a whole a single perfect one, are marvels of architecture. The *azulejos*, or tiles, are very fine. The large window of this chapel is where the kalif prayed in public; it faces the *Ceca*, the Holiest of Holies. In this portion of the building, the part leading to the *Ceca*, is such mosaic-work as is not rivaled at Rome. A railing separates the "Ceca" from the tomb of the Conde de Oropesa, who rescued Cordova from an attack of the Moors; the monument is perfectly plain, with a badge lying across, cut into the stone, indicative of his profession; not even his name is recorded on it, but that is not required, it is in every one's mouth that you ask.

The "Ceca" is octagon-shaped and richly inlaid; the roof is formed by a solid piece of white marble, in the shape of a scollop-shell. All the inscriptions are in Cuphic. Pilgrims who came here walked seven times round this Ceca, and the pavement shows evident marks of many feet. This mosque ranked second only to that of Mecca. St. Ferdinand first converted this mosque into a Christian church. Double rows of arches, one over the other, support the columns, and the fret-work on some of them is delicate and beautiful beyond description. The church-plate is now of little value; the custodia is, however, rich; it is silver gilt, of Gothic design, and executed in 1517 by Henrique de Arphe; it, together with a few other things, was hidden, and thus escaped the marauders during the French occupation in 1808.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA, SPAIN, ONCE A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.—SEE PAGE 527.

ELFIE LEIGH.

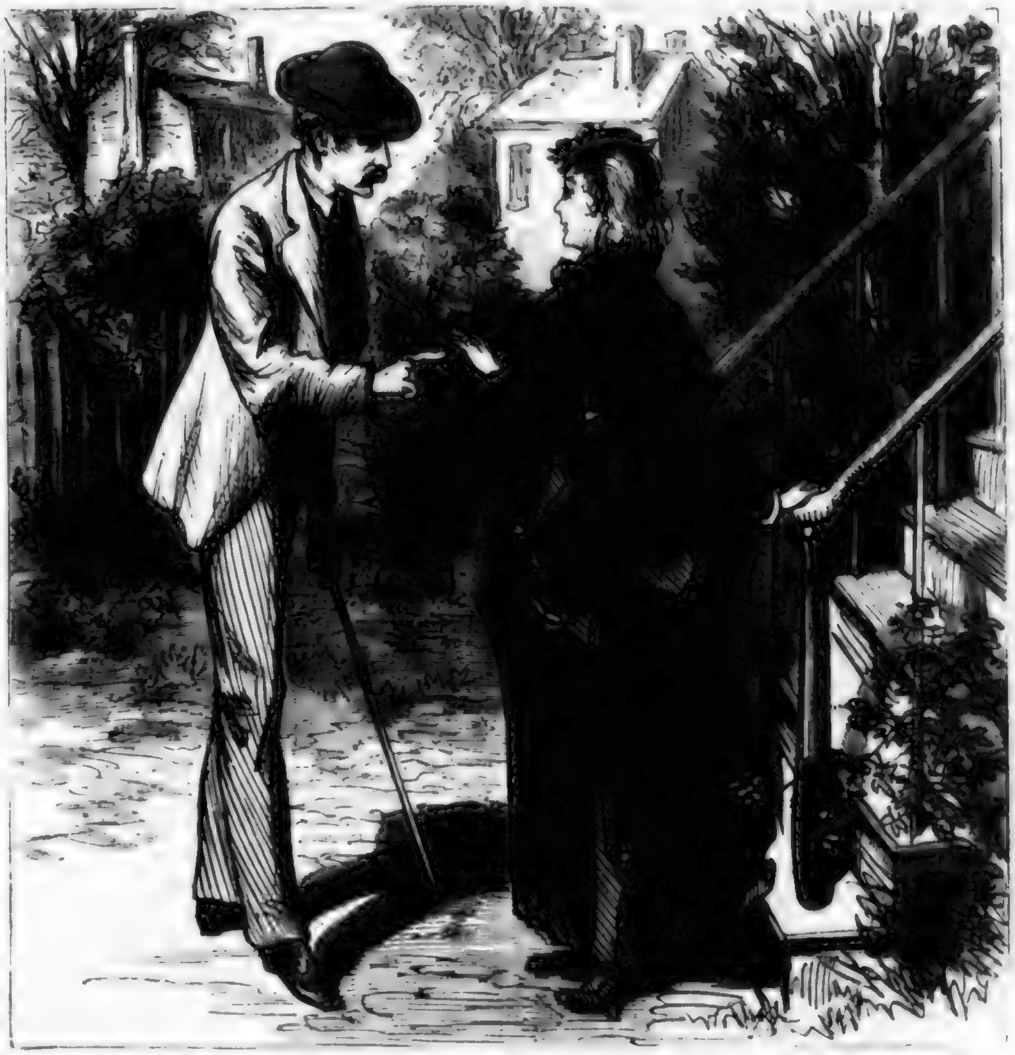
"You will be true, Elfie?"

"Can you doubt me, Jacob?"

Jacob Arlington shook his head, and then, drawing his pretty, little, golden-haired *fiancée* to his breast, gave her a parting embrace.

Years ago, a woman had come to the Leigh farm, one cold, stormy night, with an infant in her arms. She begged for shelter; said she was a widow, her name Arlington, and was on her way to her friends. Mrs. Leigh gave her the "spare room" with many misgivings. She could not turn her out to perish, and yet she was afraid she might steal something if she trusted her in there alone.

The next morning, as the strange woman did not make her appearance, they went in to see what had happened. She was dead! Her babe nestled beside her cold, inanimate form.



ELFIE LEIGH.—"'I SEE YOU HAVE A RING BELONGING TO ME IN YOUR POSSESSION, MISS LEE,' HE OBSERVED, WHEN THEY REACHED HER HOME."

The Leighs had just buried their only son, and their hearts were tenderer than usual.

"We will let the town bury the woman," the old farmer said, "and we will keep the boy. He may grow up to be a great help to me."

Mrs. Leigh very gladly acquiesced in her husband's plan, and so Jacob Arlington became an inmate of their home.

Years afterward, Mrs. Leigh had a baby—a little, blue-eyed, golden-haired infant—and she called it Elfie. The babe was Jacob's pride. Every leisure moment he spent in fondling and caressing the pretty little thing.

More years passed. Elfie grew to young womanhood, and Jacob loved her. The old farmer was informed of the state of affairs, and grew wrathy.

"You, a nameless nobody, and dependent on my charity, to dare think of loving my daughter!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Leave my roof this instant!"

Jacob bowed, and prepared to obey. He packed up his scanty wardrobe, told Elfie, and then bade her good-by.

* * * * * * * *

Seven years later, Jacob Arlington returned.

"Rich or poor, my love will be yours all the same."

These were Elfie's words before he left, and, uncalled, they flashed through his mind, as he stood once more again at the well-known door.

Mrs. Leigh admitted him. She looked into his face for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Jacob!"

"Yes, it is Jacob," he replied. "All are well, I hope?"

"Yes."

She ushered him in. A young lady, with all the airs, frizzes, "Grecian bend," and other modern accomplishments and graces, advanced to meet him. She gave him her hand languidly.

"I am glad to see you back," she said; "but what a surprise you have given me!"

Jacob felt his heart sinking down to his very toes. Was this the light-hearted, pretty little Elfie he had thought of so many years? He was disappointed, and yet he would not admit it, even to himself. He glanced down to her finger. He had given her the ring—a curious-shaped, serpent-like ring, that had been taken from his dead mother's hand, but it was missing.

"She may have lost or broken it," he said, consolingly, to himself.

Farmer Leigh came in. He welcomed Jacob cordially. He asked him a great many questions concerning his experience during the last seven years, to which he only received monosyllabic replies.

"Don't you think you would have done better to have staid on a farm?" he asked, at last; thinking that, if Jacob had got on well, he would not be quite so reticent.

A peculiar smile crept over Jacob's lips.

That evening a foppish young fellow called on Miss Leigh, and showed her particular attention. For a week he continued his calls, and Jacob watched Elfie closely.

"I wonder what the girl means?" he mused to himself. "Changed as she is, she surely cannot love that little, insignificant snob, with his downy mustache and incipient drawl! I will settle the question, anyway."

After tea, he followed her into the "sitting-room."

"Do you intend to go to the city with me, Elfie, when I go, next week?" he inquired.

She dropped her eyes and stammered.

"Please yourself," he continued. "I will not say one word to influence you. I believed you loved me, and have worked on that belief for seven years; but, if you have changed, all well."

"I have changed," she said, at last. "I have promised to marry Charlie. He is a clerk in a railway office in New York; and—and—you know," she added, desperately, "I am not fitted for a poor man's wife, and one *must* think of the future."

"I wish you very much happiness, I am sure!" he responded, and then left the room.

Going into the garden, he encountered a pale, delicate girl bringing some sewing home to "Miss Leigh." He had been introduced to her once, in the twilight, but had not noticed her particularly. Since then, Mrs. Leigh had told him that the young seamstress was an orphan, and dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Arlington," she said, impulsively, as he spoke to her.

"For what? Oh, I know. You were coming past the open window, and heard my explanation with Miss Elfie. Thank you."

"I did not mean to listen," she added, quickly. "But you both spoke so distinctly, that I could not avoid hearing your remarks."

"All right!" he replied. "No serious damage is done."

He followed Nettie Lee into the house. What was his surprise to see his ring glistening on her finger! He made no comments, but, when she rose to go home, asked permission to accompany her.

"I see you have a ring belonging to me in your possession, Miss Lee," he observed, when they reached the door of her home."

She blushed crimson.

"Have I? I hope you will pardon me! Miss Leigh gave it to me for a piece of work I had done for her."

"Sold it to you, eh?" and he laughed.

She commenced to draw it from her finger.

"Miss Lee, wait!" he said, quickly, arresting her movement. "I was betrothed to the woman that wore it—no other, I believed, should ever wear the only relic I had left of my mother. *You* are the one that wears it, and, according to my theory, *you* must be my betrothed. I esteem you more highly than any other woman that I ever met, Nettie; and if you will marry me a week from to-day—stranger as I am to you—I give you my word of honor that, as far as lies in my power, you shall never have cause to regret it."

His proposal came so unexpectedly that it startled her. She looked up into his frank, open face, and clear, brown eyes.

"A woman can trust a man with such a soul shining in his eyes," she said to herself, and then, "I will, Mr. Arlington," she answered aloud.

* * * * * * *

Charles Broad and his bride came to the city, and procured board in a second-rate boarding-house.

"Mr. Arlington wishes to see you at his residence, No. 77 —— Avenue," a fellow-clerk said to Broad, when he entered the office.

"What, Arlington! the largest stockholder in this line?" he ejaculated. "I hope he don't intend to discharge me! I'd be in a confounded fix, with a wife on my hands!"

"I don't know what he wanted," returned the other; "but you know he has the whole control of affairs now."

Young Broad hastened to obey the summons.

"Strange his name and Elfie's old beau's should be the same!" he muttered to himself; "but I guess they are rather a different style of men."

He was quite overawed by the elegance of his employer's house, and followed the butler nervously to the library.

He flung the door open, and admitted Charlie.

"How do you do, Broad?" exclaimed a voice, which he recognized at once.

"Mr. Arlington!" he stammered, "I—didn't know you were—were——"

"The same Arlington as in New York," he suggested, pitying the poor fellow's confusion.

"When did you arrive?"

"This morning, sir."

"Why, you have been very punctual. I told Sharp to tell you to run up, so that Nettie might know where to call on your wife. She is quite anxious to tell her about the ring which she gave her."

"What was it, sir, may I inquire?" asked Broad; for Elfie had told him what a good joke it was, her selling his ring.

"Why, I brought an elderly gentleman—to whom I had been, for a number of years, very much attached—home to dine with me. He noticed the ring on my wife's finger, and asked how it came in her possession. I told him it was my mother's; and the ring restored to me a father—to my father, a son. He had left home before I was born, and when he returned he could find no trace of his wife, or of the infant which he knew must have been born. His name is Astor Arlington;" and Broad recognized it as that of one of the most influential bankers in the city.

Mr. Broad did not prolong his visit. He went direct to his wife, and related to her what had transpired.

Elfie bit her lips in rage. She had made a great mistake when thinking "for the future."

AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN AT NAPLES.

UNDER the smiling sky of Venice, with a delicious climate, where the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze, out-door life prevails. Much that in our northern climes is confined within walls is here performed under the canopy of heaven. The streets are alive with tradesfolk. Barbers are ready to shave you in the squares, and even, as our picture shows, cooks will prepare viands amid the din and bustle of the streets and supply their customers fresh from the pot.

You will often come upon one of these small but comprehensive kitchens in the streets of Naples, where the various delicacies of Southern Italy are cooking, ready to serve to the hungry. They have an eye to taste, too, these cooks, and deck their pots with bouquets of bright, fresh flowers, to catch the eye and tempt customers.

Maccaroni is dressed in various ways; polenta plays its part; fried dishes, too, tempt the eye and palate; and people come to purchase and eat on the spot or carry to their homes. The oyster-stands near our markets, or the enterprising Chinamen who sometimes cook and sell their waffles in the street are the nearest approach to these industries.

Yet a real want in our cities is that of cheap kitchens for the poor, where they can take dishes to be cooked or buy them hot from the fire. To the weary workers wending their way homeward after a day's hard work, when the only home is often a cold, cheerless room, it would be an incalculable benefit to be able to stop and get a hot, smoking dish to carry with them and enjoy in peace and quiet.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

ONE evening, late in the Fall of 18—, I was seated in my rude quarters at the B—— post, in Paraguay, reviewing the events of the past few years of my life, as presented in a memorandum-book before me, when a knock at the door caused me to shut up my book and invite the person seeking entrance to come in.

For two years I had been surgeon-general of that portion of the army of Buenos Ayres which was stationed at B——, under the command of General Juan Fernido, in connection with which office I was private physician of the commander himself, who, at the time I speak of, was suffering from a severe attack of fever.

The insurgent army, headed by a lawless desperado calling himself Sandsivo, had taken advantage of the sickness of Fernido, and annoyed our army by frequently shooting the scouts, and making attacks upon the weaker portion of the camp.

The encampment of the rebels was supposed to be about five miles north of us, and divided into small parties.

I was rather surprised when, as the door opened, a figure, closely muffled in a long cloak, entered the room. His whole bearing and dress showed that he had come on some mysterious business; and, as I caught a gleam in one of his eyes which indicated uneasy restlessness, I looked sharply at him, vainly attempting to pierce his disguise.

Removing his hat, and exposing to my view a well-featured and apparently honest face, he returned to the door, locked it quickly, and, returning to the place where I sat, seated himself directly opposite me, placing, as he did so, a small, leathern bag upon the table. I looked at him with a mystified air not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"You need not be alarmed," he said, smilingly, as if he read my thoughts. "I simply closed the door and locked it to prevent interruption."

"You have something of importance to communicate to me?" I asked, looking curiously at the little bag.

"No, a small matter. That bag contains a few ounces of gold—your fee, if you will favor me with your advice and assistance for a few hours. I have had the misfortune to let a small globule of lead drop into a friend's body, and wish it removed. Accidents are unavoidable, you know, señor, and a man must resent an insult."

"A duel?" I inquired.

He smiled affirmatively.

"And where does this friend of yours live, señor?"

"Four miles to the north," he replied.

"So near the rebel camp!"

"You need have no fear on that score, doctor. The wounded man has been removed to a house near by, and you are safe in your professional capacity. Will you accompany me?"

I replied by going into my little surgery in the next room, and returning with my case of surgical instruments.

"A guide and two mules await us outside the camp," he said, as we left the room and passed the sentinels.

We jogged on at a rapid pace, my companion managing to fall behind me, while the guide led the way. Little or no conversation was carried on, the stranger seeming to have lost his vivacity of manner. Suddenly, as we turned a sharp rock, beyond which point the broad-spreading *llano* stretched, my eyes were dazzled by an unexpected burst of light.

Not ten feet before me lay the rebel encampment. So sudden was the discovery, that I sat on my mule dumbfounded.

The stranger placed his hand on my shoulder and said.

"You understand the affair now, señor?"

"Yes," I rejoined, stung by the tone in which he spoke, and roused from my stupor by the anger I felt at being thus easily led into the lion's den. "You have brought me here under false pretenses. I regarded you as a man of honor."

"All means are fair in love and war, you know, doctor;" and, with a light laugh, he dismounted and led my mule nearer the camp.

Around the large camp-fire were stretched, perhaps, fifty or seventy-five men, who withdrew to a short distance at a sign from a man who wore the officer's garb of the insurgents, and who came forward as I dismounted, and extended his hand.

"Welcome, doctor. I hope you will pardon the motive which leads us to cause you the trouble of a journey over yonder rugged hills, but I wished to see you on government business;" and he led the way to the fire, where we seated ourselves.

"Do you not recognize me?" he asked, after he had lighted a cigarette.

"N—no. I think I have seen your face before, but I cannot recall the time and place."

"I am Sandsivo!"

I looked at him curiously for a moment. And this was the man who had murdered a hundred innocent children, and pillaged and sacked every available village on the Rosciero. Involuntarily my eyes wandered over his face and body.

"You are looking for claws and the forked tail, I suppose, Señor Doctor?" he said, laughing lightly.

"No," I said, boldly, "I have not the superstition of the ignorant. I thought to see the mark of Cain!"

He started forward angrily, but the fire in his eye cooled as he said:

"This is trifling. You have been brought here to-night on a matter which affects materially the future interests of the Argentine Confederation. On my word of honor, you shall leave here to-night safely if you accede to our wishes; if not——"

He gave a significant glance. I knew its meaning too well.

"Your word of *honor!* I have had a practical illustration of its value in the conduct of my guide hither."

"We will not speak of that, Señor Doctor. You are aware that we are a brave band of persecuted——"

"Ruffians and assassins," I added, calmly.

"*Diable!* I am almost inclined to end this thing," he exclaimed, maddening instantly as he spoke. "But to proceed: our object is to free ourselves from the servitude imposed upon us by Juan Fernido and his followers. To do this, it is necessary that he should be put out of the way. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my worthy captain; but how does that affect me?"

"I am coming to that presently. We require you to give to Juan Fernido, who is under your care at present, a little drug, which shall put him beyond the power of seeking us again."

"That is, killing him."

The bandit took his cigarette from his mouth and nodded.

"Secondly, you are to give us the exact position, strength, and weak points of his camp. And, lastly, you are requested to take an oath never to divulge what transpired to-night."

"And what do you propose to give me, to do this humane and loyal thing for you?"

I spoke in a sarcastic tone, but he mistook my meaning, and eagerly remarked:

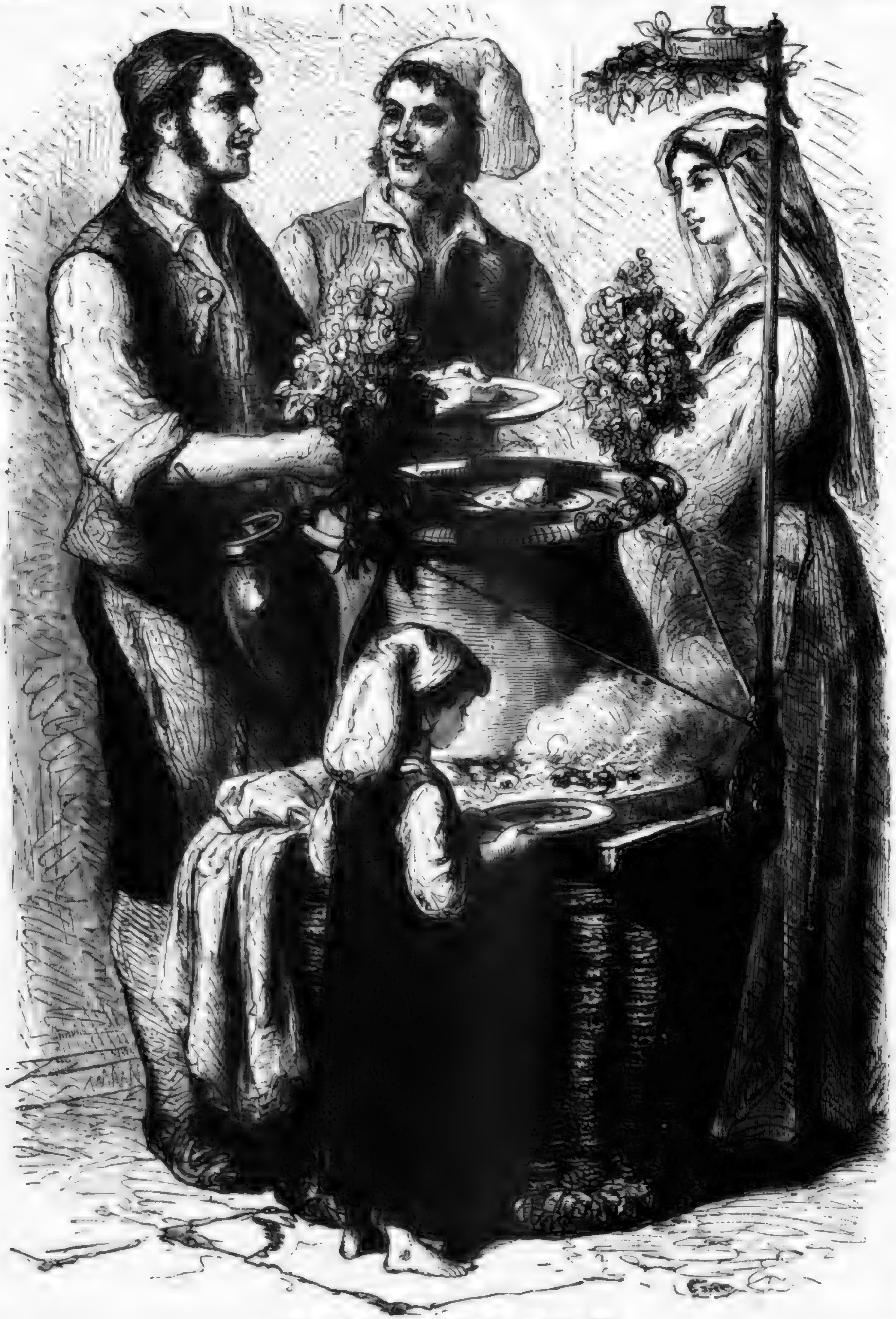
"Fifty ounces of gold, and the promise of lieutenant-commander, if we succeed."

"And if I decline your offer?"

"You will be tied hand and foot, bound to a log, and set floating down the Rosciero yonder, which, two miles below, flows through a rocky mountain gorge. Death, terrible, inevitable death is certain."

"I reject your offer."

"What!"



AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN AT NAPLES.—SEE PAGE 399.

He leaped to the ground as he spoke, with a fierce oath of doubt and anger. I camly repeated that I scorned his offer, and was willing to meet my fate.

He placed a whistle to his lips, and a half dozen of his followers came up. They were ordered to take me to the bank of the river, which flowed a few rods below on the *llano*, and, after a short course, flowed through the rocks near the edge of the hills.

They obeyed by leading me to the place, where I was securely bound to a log, my right arm alone being free.

"Once more, will you accede to my requests?" demanded the ruffian.

"I have decided," I replied, calmly.

"Then launch him, and *Dios te de!*"

I was lifted and placed within the cold waters of the Rosciero. A moment later the swift current was bearing me onward toward the rocky gorge.

For about half an hour, perhaps, I experienced no painful sensation, save a cold, dull feeling of numbness and incapacity to move. I seemed to be dreaming, and was being borne through the air gently, for the current, though swift, moved smoothly.

At last I was aroused from my stupor by a keen, cold feeling of pain near my heart. It was the chill of death; for suddenly my whole frame became racked with shooting pains, which caused my limbs to become almost convulsed, and strain the strong withes with which I was bound.

But what was the sound which now greeted my agitated hearing—that dull, half-subdued falling of water? A moment later, I was borne round a sharp curve in the stream into a still fiercer current, and the full consciousness of my fearful position suddenly broke upon me—I had entered the mountain-gorge, and was fast nearing the falls.

I closed my lips firmly, in mute resignation and despair. Death, fearful, inevitable death stared me in the face!

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my left limb, as if a sword's point had entered it. That member became free, and swung with the motion of the log, now to the right, now to the left, striking against the rocky bottom of the river, and mangling it badly.

Apparently, some sharp-pointed rock had severed the rope, and I now felt the blood once more circulate through my veins.

Unbinding the rope by a severe effort, by means of my left hand, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was free, and a wild gleam of hope shot through my soul; but I still retained my hold on the log, which was rapidly nearing the cataract, whose deafening roar was now to be distinctly heard.

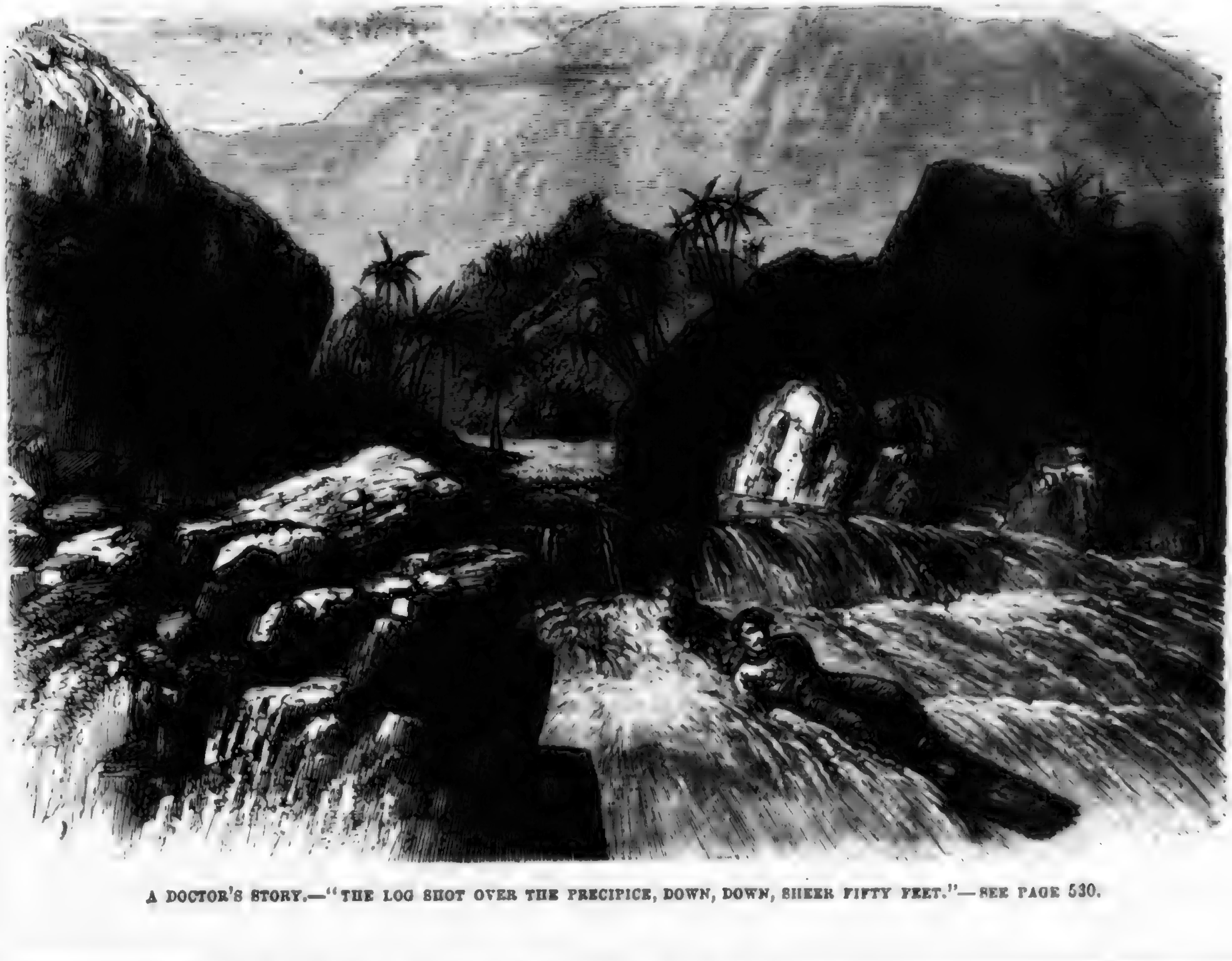
Every moment brought me nearer the falls, so near indeed that I could see, even in the darkness, the surface of the water flecked with frothy foam. The course became more irregular and rocky, and the sides of the gorge more shelving.

Suddenly the log shot ahead with fearful velocity, and struck on a huge boulder that projected above the water with a stunning shock, then shot from its course upward. I lost my hold, seemed carried upward with great force, and fell unconscious on the hard rocks at the side of the stream; while the log shot over the precipice, down, down, sheer fifty feet.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses. I opened my eyes, and stared vacantly about me, at the same time attempting to rise. My every bone and muscle seemed bruised and broken; yet I succeeded in gaining a straight position. Four feet below was the still roaring river, hastening to the falls beneath.

I had been landed on a level shelf on the shore of the stream, and found but little difficulty, severe as were my injuries, in scaling the slight elevation, and reaching the more level *llano* beyond. Here I rested for a few moments, binding my wounds, and ascertaining my whereabouts; then I started in a northwesterly direction for the post of B——.

Four hours afterward, ragged, and so lame that I could scarcely walk, I entered the encampment. The sentinel stared at me mutely, assisting me to my quarters, whence, after a death-like sleep of a few hours, I repaired to headquarters.



A DOCTOR'S STORY.—"THE LOG SHOT OVER THE PRECIPICE, DOWN, DOWN, SHEER FIFTY FEET."—SEE PAGE 530.

General Fernido greeted me warmly, expressing no little astonishment at my pale face and swollen hands. He had missed me, and, fearing that I had probably wandered from the camp and been captured by the insurgents, had sent out scouts, who had just returned with no tidings of me.

Astonishment gave way to gratefulness when I related my strange experience, which, one year afterward, when I left for New York, the rebellion having been crushed, assumed a substantial evidence of sincerity in the shape of a splendid medal and seventy ounces of gold.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

THERE is a sacred spot on earth,
Which antedates our joys above;
'Tis where we sit, when toil is o'er,
With those we love.

Oft, in my waking dreams, I sit,
With the dear darlings of my life,
And gaze upon those treasured gems—
My child and wife!

The fleeting pleasures of the world,
Like darkening shadows fade away,
And give us glimpses of the bliss
Which scorns decay

Oh, wedded love! God's dearest gift
To render all his creatures blest,
'Tis only 'neath its smile we taste
A perfect rest.

THE LAPIDARY.

MY father was a jeweler, and I, a lapidary. We owned a house near the Vivarrambla, in Granada, in Andalusia, and drove a thriving trade. On the first floor of our quaint, old-fashioned dwelling were our shop and laboratory; and above, we lived, in plain, though not scanty, style. There were five of us—my father, mother, a sister, about my own age, and a brother, eleven years my junior. At the time of which I write I was three years past my majority.

My education had in no wise been neglected. That which I had learned at the schools but piloted me through a maze of reading. My love for books and jewels was great.

Adjoining us lived a chemist, from whom I received the first lessons in my art, and who, in many things, was my mentor. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and his daughter, whom he knew I loved. His early interest could not have arisen from this cause, however, for his kindness was manifested a long time prior to my attachment to Zena.

I suspect it is the case with all of us, that when we meet congenial minds, we discover the fact very soon, and cannot at all refrain from exhibiting our regard.

I was many years the junior of the chemist; he, a man on the downward slope of life; I, ascending, eager for the summit. His tastes and feelings were like mine, though nobler and better. I was impatient for wealth, and, as a means to an end, loved the occupation I had chosen. I did not dislike its slightest detail, for I fancied, with true instinct, that nothing could be perfect in the gross, that was not faultless in every minute particular.

My friend had no aim beyond supplying the wants of his family, was devoted to his art, and was content. Should wealth come to him, well and good; he would never strive for it. I, on the contrary, determined to possess it at every hazard and at every cost. My conscience threw no barrier down before my anticipations; so I held my neighbor nobler than myself, and for the desire of fortune, was unwilling to rise up and stand with him on the better ground. Yet, though I longed for wealth, I loved Zena better far, and with a love whose heel might rest, if need be, on the neck of my greed of gain. She was so beautiful and so pure, that I think now not even the stars in heaven were brighter or purer. She was so beautiful and so pure, I sometimes thought her soul like the clearest water, through which I could see, and find no stain or taint. And this was true; though her passion for me, should I not fairly greet it, might change the clear stream to a murky and stagnant pool.

In person she was not tall, but slight, though her form was perfect. Her eyes were dark, like her hair; and her complexion, foreign to our warm skies, fair and light. She ever dressed well, though plainly, and but few gaudy things became her; yet she loved jewels quite passionately, and I had given her a few that I could afford. These she tangled in her hair, like stars, or wore about her neck to break the spells of the genii. For of these gems was a topaz, and in the dark ages this stone was always a charm. Zena, knowing this, delighted to mock old superstition, and, in her daring, seemed to me as fair as a Grecian prophetess mocking the gods.

At the close of a delightful day, in Summer, and when the moon was at its full, we determined upon a sail on the Darro. As the twilight fell, we reached the stream, and quickly shot out on the limpid surface. A hundred others were enjoying the evening in the same manner, and boats constantly passed and repassed us.

In a barge, of more pretension than the rest, I saw a lady's hand resting on the rail, and about the wrist was a bracelet that, as we glanced by, glittered with a million scintillations in the moonlight. I knew at once this bracelet was, of itself, a treasure, and of an enormous value. Though I tried to follow the barge, I succeeded no more in overtaking or meeting it.

Many a guitar sounded out over the water, and sweet voices ever blended with the tones. The Darro, pouring down from the mountains, was once noted for its gold; now, on its clear breast, the silver of the night was cast, molten and pure; and where the breeze toyed with the ripples, this was so changed, that the depths seemed like the court-dress of Buckingham, loosely sewn with diamonds. The very hush of the calm night was music. Our oars dropped listlessly in the delicious tranquillity, that was only broken by the gurgle of water about the pinnace, or the murmur of a song heard in the distance. For now we had left the more populous portion of the stream, and shot down its banks between dark shores, and saw the long branches stretch out their venerable hands to bless the waters, and caught the musk breath of roses, and reveled again in our dreams of the future. We saw above us the Silla del Moro, the Vermillion Tower of the Alhambra, and close at hand, indistinct in the uncertain light, the palace of Boabdil itself. The gold-fish in the court of Alberca were not more idle than we; yet, for fear that we might delay too long, we headed the gilt prow of our boat toward home.

Granada, in the distance, with its towers, and palaces, and vast cathedral, seemed the city of a dream. It was the frost-work on the pane, a metropolis of the mist. Zena drew her cloak about her, and began Byron's "Maid of Athens," which I had translated and set to a plaintive Spanish air.

A song sung in the stillness of the night gains an indescribable charm, and in the words that now fluttered out over the water, I fancied those of a maiden under a spell of enchantment. Then I dreamed of one of the thousand Moorish legends of buried treasure, that, guarded by dwarf, or maid, or dragon, waits until some potent hand shall come to break its seal of Solomon; and I knew that Zena, whom I loved, was the treasure I had found, and, to myself, I was wealthier than any who drowsed in Bagdad, or who reveled with the old coin from the coffers of Alhamar.

Zena' dark eyes shone full in my own. Her mouth and chin were as perfect as a statue's, and the cheeks full, and tinged by some unspoken thought. About her beautifully carved comb of amber her hair was wound in a single coil, heavy and dark, like a serpent. The plain, black velvet bodice, as she bent over me, rose and fell with the tide of passion from her heart, while the silk skirt she wore fell barely to the ankle, proud to betray the Andalusian foot beneath.

I had sometimes thought to analyze my love for her, as I did my gems; but it was always a mystery, and baffled me. I grew to love her by degrees, until, at last, her absence for any length of time was misery. I confess, at first, though she showed me in a hundred pretty ways I was dear to her, I was indifferent, though not displeased.

I think there was a time when I would have been no more pained to part with her than I would have been with my parrot, who called to me every morning, or at any time I passed.

She attracted me somewhat as a flower would that sways in the cool Summer wind, bowing and laughing in the sunlight, and waiting for the butterflies.

I had, at the beginning, a mere fancy for her, no more, and I did not discover the immeasurable love she bore me until I began to love in return, gradually, and by degrees. So intent was I on my books, my art, and my one aspiration, that I took no notice of anything beyond these. Then came the new fancy, ripening into a passion, that now was like a river that overflows its banks, and swallows up the land.

Yet, though I loved Zena thus devotedly, and though I knew I, too, was beloved, ever a vague fear peered from behind the dark curtain of my thoughts, and hissed forth a doubt. I had no reasons for this doubt, and even while I doubted, I loved.

Perhaps this sword of disbelief thrust at my passion caused me to defend it to myself. But the love grew and absorbed me, till now, to have lost Zena, would be to have lost all hope, and to have gone down, down, never to rise, in the dark river of despair.

But we were nearing the point in the river from which we had started, and I noticed but a short distance in advance of us the barge in which, on the hand of its fair occupant, I had seen the remarkable bracelet. Before we could reach the shore to discover the party, they had landed; but while we were yet approaching, and as the lady was stepping from the barge, I saw again the glitter of the precious stones about her arm, and fancied I saw something fall—a sudden gleam, like a meteor shooting into the dark.

My suspicions were correct. A pearl of massive size had slipped from its setting and fallen upon the sand of the beach. I called Zena's attention to something in the view, and, while her eyes were averted, stooped and picked up the jewel. Yet I called after its owner and her companions, but they had disappeared.

Zena and I hurried along through the moonlit streets toward our homes. In the sky, now blue and clear, one star, like my one pearl, hung under the moon. We heard the clink of castanets as we passed, the swell of music, and saw here and there, where the blinds would permit, the twinkle of many feet dancing the bolero or cachuca. At her door, I kissed Zena adieu, and, entering my house, quickly found my room.

I held the pearl fast in my hand from the moment I found it, and was eager to see it by a brighter light. This I soon procured, and saw at a glance the perfection of the jewel. I had some idea of what this might be worth. I knew of the Tavernier pearl, bought for 37,000 doubloons, of the pearl of the Second Philip, that weighed 250 carats, and cost 30,000 doubloons, and I was aware that, though the one I had found was inferior to these, it was, nevertheless, of great value.

Ah, if I could only retain it! How the wish knocked at the door of conscience. But no, this could not be. On the morrow a reward would be offered, and I must take back the prize. Yet the wish was not to be baffled thus, and begged me still to keep that which fortune had given into my hand.

Could I not make another, so perfect that it would be impossible to detect the imitation? If I should return the false in the place of the true, in that event, who but myself would be the wiser?

Placing the massive Roman pearl beneath my pillow, I slept, and the fisheries on the Ceylon coast seemed to rise before me out of the deepest gloom. I heard the rattle of the cordage, and felt the breath of the wind. I was on the sea, and the sails of the vessels were spread. Many there were on board, with dusky faces and dark eyes, and all Maraways from Tutucoreen—like myself, divers for pearls.

At a word of the priest to charm the sharks, I was down eight fathoms, securing the meleagrinæ, and, after three minutes, was on the deck again, holding in my grasp my wonderful gem.

I woke with the sun pouring in at the window. All the morning I refrained from mentioning to my people the event of the preceding evening. My thoughts were at war, and it seemed better to me that they should fight their fray alone.

It must have been nearly noon when a carriage appeared before my door, and a lady, of perhaps, forty years of age, elegantly attired, stepped out, assisted by a young man, whom I at once suspected to be her son. They entered my laboratory. The senora immediately addressed me.

"You are the lapidary, Antonio Anayres?"

I smiled assent.

"Have you a large pearl, or can you make me an imitation that will baffle all eyes until I can secure one that is genuine? Last night, while I was sailing on the Darro, a pearl from my bracelet was lost, I presume in the river; and as I wish to wear the bracelet for the sake of the other gems, and as it looks bald without the missing pearl, I have come to you for a false one."

My heart leaped in my throat. My caller did not notice my agitation. She was intent on unclasping from her arm the jewels that had so attracted me the night before. I scarcely dared glance at them in her presence.

The leading stone was a diamond, and this was most valuable of all. No eye of the leopard glaring from the deep twilight of the jungle could possess more life. In it was a mute beauty, that seemed almost intellectual. I, always seeking symbols, fancied it the frozen tear of an angel—Hesper—a fairy torch of undying flame.

The next was a precious beryl, free of the slightest flaw. A Hungarian opal, a white sapphire, an oriental amethyst, a ruby, a garnet, and an emerald, completed the galaxy, though there was a void where the pearl had been. How it reproached me!

I proceeded to make out the customary receipt, but in this I was arrested:

"No receipt is necessary," said the senora; "my son, Don Luis, will bring the bracelet with him, and return with it,

XUM

until the pearl is completed and set. You must pardon my fears. I do not doubt your honor, but I prefer to take the responsibility in case of any accident."

I, of course, intimated that I had no choice in the matter. Why I did not instantly draw the pearl from my pocket and replace it in the bracelet, is more than I can explain. It would have taken but a moment, and my honor, if even to my own thought alone, would have remained unstained. An hour sometimes decides our destinies. Though it is true that to err once will not unmake a noble man, the weaker mind persists in the same course, and to fall once, is almost invariably to yield to the sin forever.

As for myself, I chose to wait. I clung to the knowledge that there was yet time to replace the pearl, after the warfare in my thoughts should cease. I scarcely knew which way to turn. I heard, as it were, the sound of a hundred voices crying in my ears to give back the now stolen property, while high above them all rose wistfully and clear the demon words of the wish to possess the whole bracelet, and clasp it on Zena's arm.

Perhaps only such a love as mine would have risked to beard dishonor. Never before in my mind had evil thoughts like these gained such vantage-ground. My heart had taken some true pride that my life was purer than the lives of most young men. But from this hour I began to doubt myself. I was impetuous, and in every feeling southern—no alien to my race. I seek for excuse for my temptation, but I find none.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 534.

After the lady had received my response, she wished to know if the bracelet would be of any use to me that day.

I merely said, "Don Luis may come with it in the morning. I will then determine the size of the pearl required, and at once manufacture as good an imitation as possible."

Don Luis helped his mother in the carriage, and was about entering himself, when Zena, impelled by some evil genius, came from her father's door and went down the walk. Her eyes encountered the young man's in an instant, and though they were cast down as she passed on, Luis had a double reason for wishing to drive through the Vivarrambla to the lapidary's the following morning. I saw the glance, and thought this, though not now did one jealous pang unnerve me. The feeling shaped itself into a lingering regret that Luis had seen Zena.

He was not tall; and older, perhaps, than I. His eyes were dark-blue, and his hair curly, short, and deep brown. The mustache slightly shaded a small mouth, yet the forehead was high. His hands were exceedingly small and white, and on each he wore a diamond ring. This to me was a broad indication of a lack of what makes the true gentleman. I fancy a man who lavishly plasters on external adornments has very few adorning qualities.

That night, I met Zena at her lattice, and walked with her in the little garden, whose sweet flowers and green ways were due to her cultivation. I had not spoken of Luis; my thoughts were with the bracelet alone.

"Zena, suppose you should see a bunch of ripe grapes dangling over your neighbor's wall into your own garden, would you pluck them?"

"What a futile question! I might."

"Suppose I should offer you a bracelet of the purest gems—a grape-like cluster—would you take them."

"All women love jewels, Antonio."

"Ah, yes, and for that, I think, I love all women. Some men seem to have more friends, and truer, among your sex, than among their own, and to associate almost entirely with them. Byron acknowledges this, and I do also. In these instances men are attracted by similar sympathies. Byron loved womankind because they love poetry, but I because they love gems."

"Is it not because you love me?"

"No, for that tends to make me dislike all women, seeing not one is as perfect as yourself."

She waved her white hand for truce, and put up her mouth, ever so coyly, to be kissed. Then I stooped down, and from a flowering vine broke a spray, which I wound about her arm.

"Fancy," I said, "each leaf an emerald, each bloom a diamond, a ruby or an opal, and the fancy shall, in half the number of days that there are precious stones, be changed to reality."

"Ah, Caballero, the stones will be paste," and she laughed.

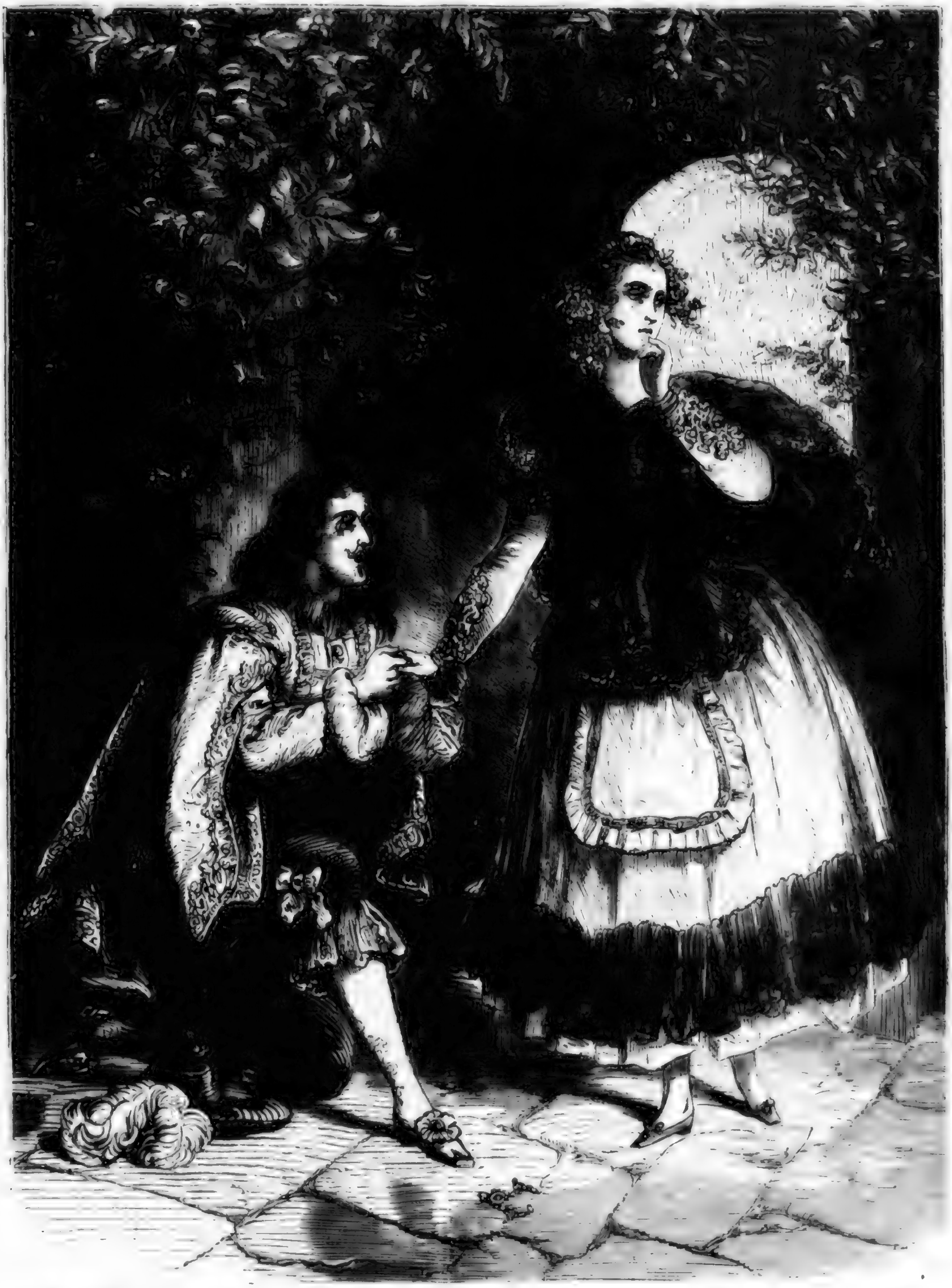
"Not so," I answered, and kissed her again for good-night.

My resolve was taken, and the steps downward must be made. Had the words between Zena and myself been other than those which transpired, the result might have been widely different. She did not stab my wish to possess the bracelet with any inquiry into the manner I was to procure it. She appeared that she would be satisfied, if she could simply obtain it. She would not demand the knowledge of the means to the end, if it could be secured. Her beauty and her manner so enchanted me, that I would have risked anything for her sake.

I could not have gone to her father for advice, nor could I go to any one. I must decide alone the course to pursue.

After my interview, however, I busied myself with immediate preparation for my work.

I gave no thought as to the possibility of detection. My business was to render such a calamity impossible. Would I succeed? If I failed, all was lost, friends, home, hope. I knew and appreciated this. When we are about to commit some ill deed, we flatter ourselves into security. We do not understand that the wrong itself is the bird that hatches its own retribution.



THE LAPIDARY.—"'I WILL GO NOW, ABASING MY PRIDE, AND SEEK HIM, AND THOUGH I FIND HE HATE ME, I WILL LOVE HIM STILL.' SO SAYING, SHE CAST THE BRACELET, DEWY WITH TEARS, AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 534.

The next morning I was up betimes, and eager to begin that which I had taken upon myself to perform. A runner in a race is not apt to be behind at starting. While I waited for Don Luis, I made ready the sand in the boxes in which I intended to take a cast of the bracelet.

It was late before he came. He entered with a bow and smile, and the usual salutation:

"*Buenos dias. Que hermosa mañana.*"

I barely acknowledged the courtesy, but took the bracelet at once. I rapidly, and without his knowledge, unset the stones, one by one. This was easily accomplished. The gold of the entire bracelet was in fineness twenty-two carats, perfectly solid throughout; and the fingers of the setting merely lapped over the gems. These I placed in the sand for their mold, and removed them again after it had been obtained. I poured in a susceptible metallic composition, mostly of lead, and had the good fortune to get perfect casts at the first trial. The setting of gold I also molded.

Then the jewels were quickly reset, and the bracelet returned. Meanwhile, I had carefully studied and written down the exact color of each stone; and so perfectly were they branded on my memory, that I think I could have made the imitation without the precaution I had used. I turned to Luis.

"I have seen the bracelet all I wish at present. If it suits your convenience, you may come again with it in three days, at the same hour of the day."

"It will be as you desire," he replied; and, bidding me good-morning, he went out, and sauntered up the walk. He had dismissed his carriage when he came in. Presently I saw him come down the opposite side of the street, and look earnestly across at the windows of the chemist. Whom he saw, I was too busy to surmise.

I used strass as a basis for all the gems. Silex, potash, borax, and oxide of lead constitute its ingredients. This I made so hard, that it would resist the file, the jeweler's great test.

I resolved on strass at last as the best basis, and succeeded beyond all expectation. But for a slight flaw in the side of the manufactured pearl, I should hardly have dared to lay it beside the genuine, for fear I could not tell them apart.

My task was done; it was midnight. From the time I began I had not seen Zena. On the morrow Luis would come. The bracelet I intended should take the place of the Donna's laid upon my table. The two pearls, the true and false, were with it. No positive sin had yet been commited. There was yet time to retract the intention to do wrong.

A strange fancy or superstition seized me. I turned my lamp down, till the moon, just rising, seemed the only light. Taking up the pearls, I so confused them that, in the gloom, it was impossible for me to determine which was genuine. I resolved to take one to the light, and if the lady's, I would return it to her, and do no wrong; if it was the one I had made, I would not turn back in the course I was pursuing, but give the true bracelet to Zena.

I made good my intention. I took the pearl to the light. The glare, for the instant, dazzled my tired eyes, and shone full on the gem.

It was the false pearl!

I fell back upon my couch, troubled and exhausted. My room was an attic, and I saw the moon trailing a robe of cloud, like a bride walking in her wedding garment. This made the window seem a picture of the sky set in the ceiling, and lit the room with a pale light that seemed to blend with the gloom.

An evil presence seemed to hover above me. It was invisible yet tangible. Its foot was upon my neck, and its face was dark against the sky, while its black wings were outspread, vailing the light of the stars, and overshadowing my heart with an oppressive darkness.

I was fast drifting into the mists of sleep, when a voice from the pavement below roused me. It was the voice of Don Luis. I looked out the round window at the end of my apartment, and saw an uncertain shadow standing in the little garden in front of the chemist's house.

Luis had a guitar, and sang with ease. The words were a tender love ballad that I had often admired. My rival did not remain long, for I saw him pass down the street.

But the incident roused in me a hundred fancies that, to my fevered brain, seemed possibilities, goading me almost to desperation. The tare-seed of doubt, in my love for Zena, grew and flourished, rooting out branch and leaf. Surely, if she had repelled the advances of Luis, he would not have persisted so long.

I laid my blame at her door, knowing well that to the inmate of the house belonged the foundling. Here was all the fault, if misery should come. She had shown that she loved me first, and then, and not till then, my love had grown beyond the stature of hers; and now hers was so frail, so small, so poor.

Unnatural mother appeared her love, to deceive and spurn the child it had borne. Yet I had no proof of this, and quaffing the thought as from a bowl, for panacea, I seemed to slip down a tide, between unknown shores, out into darkness, out to the sea, far out into the wide Pacific of dreams.

The sun shone in my room, when I arose and went down the stairs. It was fully ten o'clock before Luis came. He entered with the usual salutation.

"You have the pearl!" he said, directly.

"Yes."

And I laid the genuine jewel upon the laboratory table. He picked it up and examined it closely.

"It is a perfect imitation," he remarked; "I cannot detect the slightest difference between it and the pearl that was lost."

He then produced the bracelet, and, in an instant, I put the true jewel in its place, closely adjusting the fingers of gold about it, so that out of their clutch it might not again easily be taken. The false pearl I had previously placed in the setting of the bracelet I had made.

Then, when the head of Don Luis was turned, I concealed the genuine bracelet, and laid the counterfeit upon the table. I was surprised myself at their similarity. The imitation was beyond detection, and I breathed freer, as though I had suddenly escaped some danger.

It was *fête* day in Granada. At this instant we heard the music of the procession, and all rushed into the street to view the different deputations pass. Immediately I thought how careless I had been, and, reprimanding myself, went hastily back to the laboratory. I could not have been absent more than five minutes. I did not notice the bracelet upon the table, but presumed Louis had taken it. When he came in, I half inquiringly said:

"Don Luis, you took the bracelet, I presume!"

"You are mistaken, Caballero; I did not."

It was gone!

How I blessed the moment I resolved to make the false jewels.

From this hour the direct impulse to do ill deserted me.

But the wrong had now been committed. In my fancy I pictured the star of destiny hovering over me, gleam-winged and like an angel.

But I thought Zena untrue to me, and this shaded the light of the star.

"Some one," I said to Luis, "has stolen the bracelet while we have been in the street. What shall be done? We have no clue."

"Never mind," he replied; "let the bauble go. If it is stolen, it is not your fault. I must go instantly, however, and inform my family."

I thought he bore the loss with remarkable equanimity, and at once suspected him of, at least, some complicity with the theft. Of course, what his motive could be in thus filching the property that, sooner or later, must fall to him, I could only conjecture.

But from the moment I was impressed with the conviction that he was a thief. I thought, perhaps, he imagined this robbery might compensate for some loss at cards. But, as he had carelessly remarked, I was willing to let the bauble go. I put my hand upon my pocket, and felt sure the true bracelet was in my possession. Nevertheless, I had great curiosity to know what had become of my imitation, and determined to ferret out its whereabouts, if possible.

All that afternoon no news came of the missing jewels, and, having related the case to my father, he was in consternation lest I should be thrown into prison on suspicion. I did not see fit to tell him I still held the genuine bracelet. That made me feel safe. During my absence in the latter part of the day, the unknown Donna had called to see me in relation to the matter, and had seemed in the deepest anguish at her loss.

But now, in full force, the demon of jealousy seized me, and, in my thoughts, Zena was bitterness. I hated her because she was so dear to me, deeming her untrue. I hated her because she had sworn falsely, saying she would be true to me. I hated her because I fancied my right to love her gone, and, for a hundred vague things that I could not name, I hated her. She was my false pearl.

At night I wandered among the motly groups of peasantry who had assembled on the Vivarambla, hearing the Babel concerning the *fête* of the day, and listening to the strange whisper in the crowd of the robbery that had been done.

In front of me were a young girl and a gentleman, apparently several years her senior, in whom I felt somewhat interested, as they turned several times to look at me. I did not recognize them, as their faces, when they were reverted, were indistinct in the gloom. I followed these people to the corner of my own street, where they stopped under the lamp to adjust the young lady's shawl. Pointing at a star, she held her bare arm up, and, against its dazzling whiteness, I saw the glitter of the false bracelet! I saw her face, too. It was Zena!

I was obliged to come quite near to identify my acquaintances, and, in doing so, was recognized; but I turned quickly, and walked with rapid strides toward the Vivarrambla.

Both called to me, and their voices sounded strangely in my ears.

"Antonio!"

"Antonio!"

The first call came with the tone of command, as though my presence was desired, that something might be explained away. The last seemed the voice of some imploring heart, weeping and craving forgiveness.

I heeded neither of these, but walked on. I came to the peasants again in the great square, and heard them still discussing the theft of the bracelet.

"What is it that is lost?" I asked.

"Have you not heard? The wife of the Governor-General has been robbed of a bracelet worth thirty thousand doubloons. The robbery was at the house of Anayres, a jeweler."

While I listened to this recital Don Luis passed, going toward the street in which I lived. I followed. All my passions, made intense by the glimpse of Zena, were roused at the sight of him. I clutched at the dagger under my cloak, and hurried on after Luis.

Othello was I, dark, and brawny, and jealous. Was there an Iago and Desdemona, too?

Zena had not once in three days seen me, nor even inquired if I was ill. This alone proved she was self-convicted. What did the bracelet upon her arm signify, if it did not mean that Luis stood in the van of favor? Were this not so, why did he now go toward her dwelling?

How true Zena had been to me, and she had made her vows ever to love me alone! I remembered the time in the garden at the gate, under the moon, when I first won from her the truth. She ended the sentences with kisses, twining her white arms about my neck. She said that in the long forever there was no one that could stand in my stead. I alone, I only, could be dear to her!

I do not think that, though I intended to stab him, I thought myself a murderer. There is a spirit of revenge that makes a wrong seem simple justice; and this spirit now fired me—I felt no sense of guilt.

He entered the garden-gate, and stole down the path, I following. He reached Zena's window, behind which the curtain was drawn, and a light burning; then, with a few pebbles he struck the pane, and, passing on, entered the little arbor that arched the shingle-walk. In a few minutes Zena came from the house and joined him. I nestled close among the shrubbery, screened by the dense leaves of the vine that clothed the lattice.

Zena was the first to speak.

"I came because I thought it might be you who threw the pebbles against the pane, and because I wish to return the bracelet. You know you said Antonio had sent me this, through you, who was his friend. At first I thought it possible, but I know now such jewels are beyond his reach. Receive the bracelet, and never, I pray you, enter this gate again."

He knelt before her, and grasped her hand.

"I love you, Zena, passionately, devotedly. Be mine, and there shall be no wish but will be gratified. You will be known at Court for your beauty and your title. Keep the bracelet, for I give it to you, and it is mine to give."

"Caballero, how dare you continue to plead thus? I have forbidden it, and you promised that it should cease. I love Antonio truly. No one can stand between us. Your words fall on ears deaf to you. I fear already you are the cause of some evil that seems impending over me. It is three days since I saw Antonio, and the days seem like years. It is true, that when he left me, he promised me jewels, and you have said these you brought came from him; but now of yourself you deny it, and there is no word, no gift from Antonio. Foolishly proud have I been, not to ask for him; but I will go now, abasing my pride, and seek him, and though I find he hate me I will love him still."

She cast the bracelet, dewy with her tears, at his feet, and ran toward the house and disappeared. Directly against the curtain of her room, I saw her shadow pass. Luis picked up the bracelet and slowly, with his head bent down as if in deep thought, walked into the street. I followed with a new purpose. My revenge was gone.

I did not go to my home to meet Zena, who could not have heard of the robbery of the bracelet; but turning through an unfrequented street, where I would not be likely to overtake Luis, I found my way to the house of his father, the governor-general.

I inquired for the lady who had lost the bracelet, and was shown into a splendid room. She came immediately.

"Donna, I have found the thief!—it is Don Luis!"

"Caballero, you insult me! What you say is impossible!"

"Ah! yes, but it is true!"

"What proof have you?"

"The proof that he gave the bracelet to Zena De Castrano, my betrothed!"

XUM

"And why do you come to tell me, his mother, this? Better far for you to have kept your secret, having discovered it, and for me to have lost the jewels, than to have this knowledge forced upon me."

"Save Don Luis, you and I alone possess the secret, and even he does not know we are aware of it."

"Do you return the bracelet, or is it still in the hands of your betrothed?"

"Donna, it is not a week ago that, sailing on the Darro, you lost the pearl. I found it upon the beach. The next day you came to me to have a false one put in its place. The fiend tempted me! When Don Louis came, the day succeeding, and saw Zena, who lives in the house next mine, he fell in love with her. I resolved to manufacture an exact counterfeit of your bracelet, and keep the genuine myself to give to Zena.

"On the day the bracelet was completed, Don Luis made a similar resolve; and after I had set the lost pearl in its original setting, and put the false bracelet in the place of the true, Don Luis seized the opportunity, while my eyes were turned, to purloin the jewels. But he only obtained dross—a mere composition of valueless ingredients. It is the false bracelet that was stolen! Undoubtedly your son will return it to you now, saying that he has succeeded in finding it. You shall have both, however; for I now give back the true jewels. There are none missing; the lost pearl is here. If I have been tempted to do wrong, I have overcome the temptation."

She took the bracelet, and kissed it. I saw in her eyes more gratitude than she could speak.

"Caballero, you have done nobly. You have been tempted sorely, and have been the victor. Such victories deserve the greenest bays. You will have a better reward than I can give. But what of Señorita Zena—is she false to you?"

"Ah, no! she is as true as the fixed stars. Though for a time I doubted her, I pray to be forgiven for the doubt."

The day following this interview, I received a note from the governor-general, appointing me his private secretary.

It was not long after this that Zena and I were married. Never rang the bells a madder, merrier peal, and never looked Zena more beautiful.

The governor-general gave her away; and his wife, among a host of other presents, gave her a bracelet, which caused the bride to start when it was clasped upon her arm. She turned to me, and said:

"Antonio, you once promised me a gift like this!"

"It is true; but Don Luis forestalled me."

"Yes; but in your gift the jewels would have been paste;" and she laughed.

"You used these words once in your garden. But now take the pearl from its setting in the bracelet upon your arm, and you will detect a flaw."

She did not comprehend.

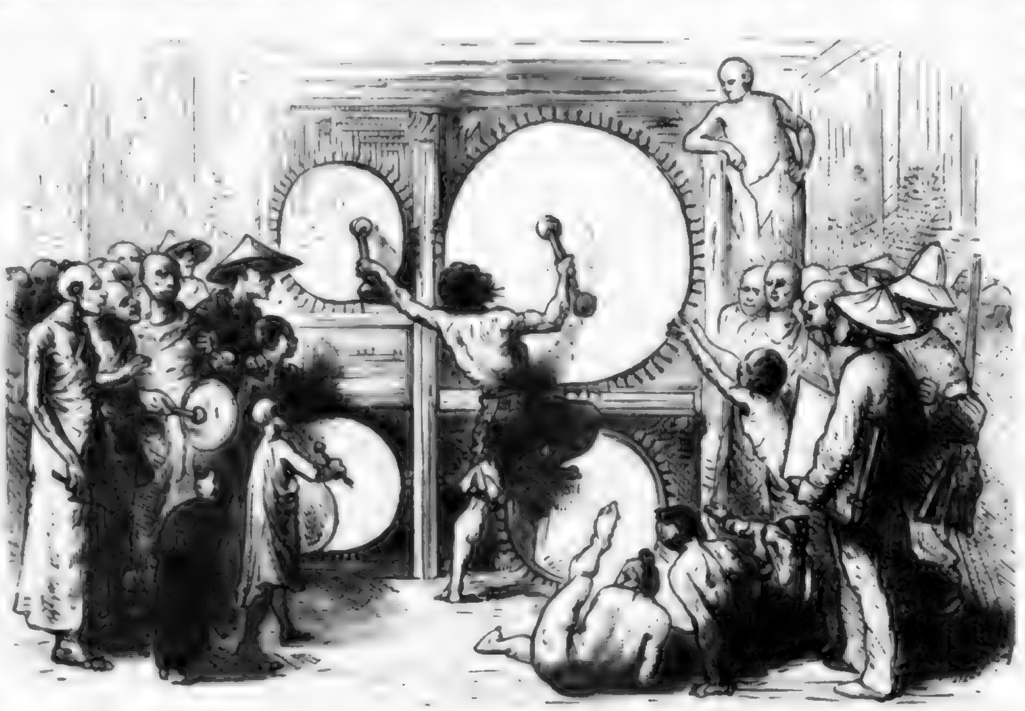
To gratify my benefactress, I never revealed the secret of the theft, nor of the false jewels.

As for Don Luis, he entirely gave up his fancy for Zena, and married the Donna Feliciana Vasquez de los Rios.

I think we are all very apt to cease sighing for what we find we cannot obtain.

A GONG CONCERT AT MUONG PANG, ON THE BORDERS OF LAOS AND CHINA.

Muong Pang is a little village in a mountain-gorge in Laos, where Laotians are mingled with Chinese driven from the neighboring provinces by the troubles which have racked the Celestial Empire these later years. A French exploration party was lately led to this out-of-the-way place by guides who wished to join in merry-makings there. The party made the best of the matter, and found it a place where Laotians, in tall, well-made houses, with few industrial arts, dwelt with Chinese, in huts, but well-supplied with furniture, implements, and even articles of luxury. The Laotian women of the Thai Ya tribe wore a characteristic dress, a skirt and an open corset, with a loose jacket and apron, great silver hoops in their ears, and silver buttons in the hair.

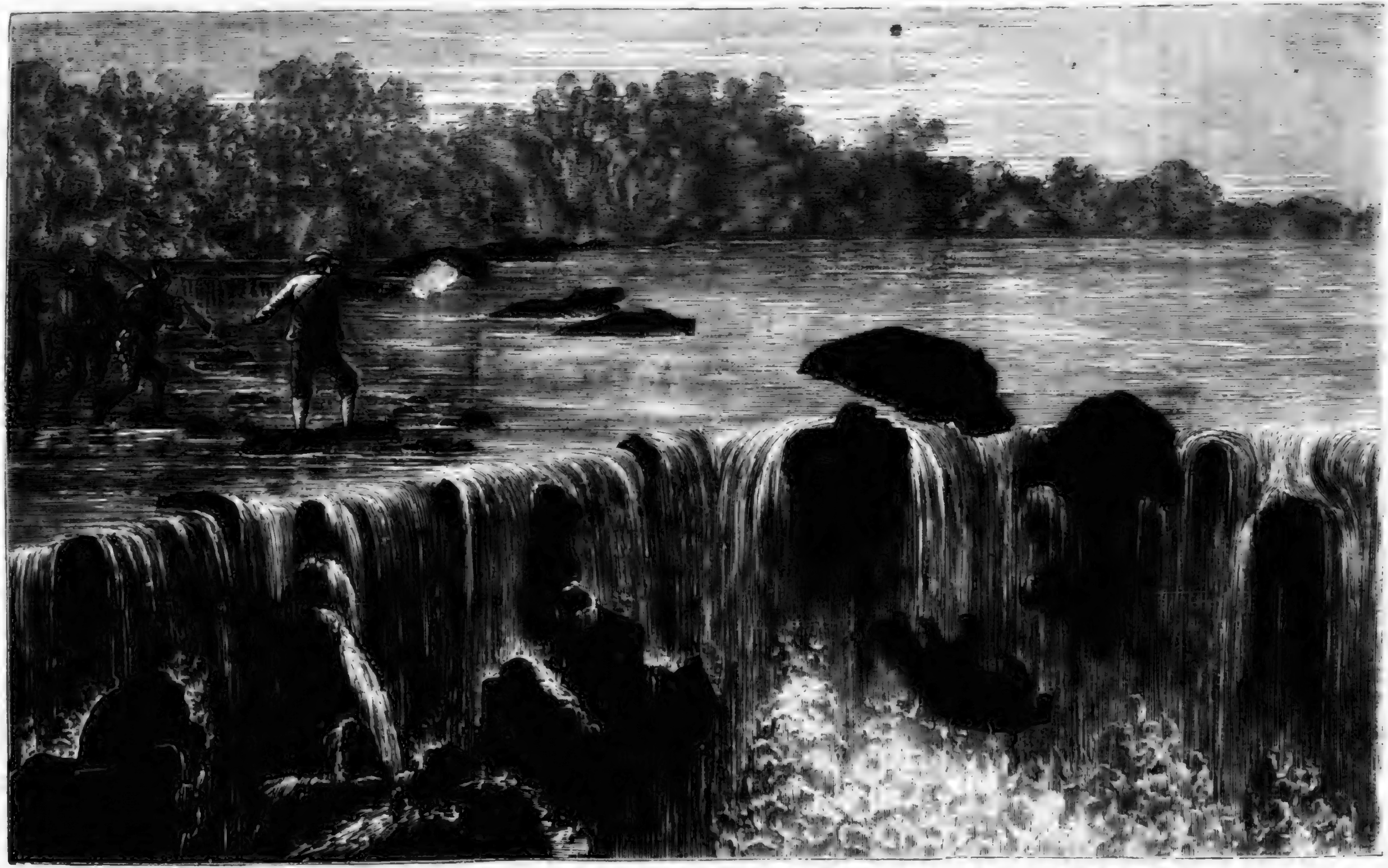


A GONG CONCERT AT MUONG PANG, ON THE BORDERS OF LAOS AND CHINA.

During the evening they were entertained with a concert, of which our engraving will give some idea, and which our readers would probably rather see portrayed than actually be compelled to hear. The instrument was not exactly a grand piano, but a series of gongs, on which the musicians performed by means of several hammers. The cadence that he observed and the gradation of the tamtams bore a slight resemblance to a chime of bells; but to imagine a hotel-porter operating on half a dozen gongs at once with all his might, does not precisely give the idea of music that hath power to charm the savage breast. The musician did not play long; human strength was insufficient to keep up the strain. He soon closed the performance, the perspiration rolling down his face, his whole body showing utter exhaustion. The French gentlemen, with true politeness, applauded and praised the performer and his elegant music.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS ADVENTURE.

Between the British Consul, who was stationed at Cairo, in 1849, and the Pasha of Egypt, quite a strong friendship grew up. The former frequently dined at the palace of the



A HIPPOPOTAMUS ADVENTURE.—"I SAW THE CALF ROLL LIKE A LOG OVER THE CHASM, JUST AS THE PARENT REACHED THE BRINK."

latter, and one day, during the after-dinner talk, the royal host abruptly asked the guest:

"How would your queen like a hippopotamus?"

Now this was the very thing which the consul desired above all others, and more than once he had intimated as much to the pasha.

It need scarcely be said that he assured him that nothing would please her Majesty more. They chatted a while longer, when the pasha turned his head and ordered one of the attendants to send him the Governor of Nubia. As this personage was at home in his own country, this brief command necessitated a lengthy journey across the Desert and up the Nile; but the order was obeyed to the letter, and a few weeks after the Governor of Nubia presented himself before the pasha, made his salaam, and awaited his orders.

"Governor," said the despot, "are there any hippopotami in your country?"

"There are, your highness."

"Send me the commander of the Nubian army."

Another salaam, and the governor was speeding toward home. The same hour that he arrived there saw the commander of his army on his way to Cairo, post-haste. Introducing himself to the royal presence, he was briefly informed that his life depended upon his having a young hippopotamus there at an appointed time.

And once more the commander mounted his dromedary and sped across the Desert, his whole mind and energy directed toward fulfilling the duty to which he had been appointed.

Reaching Dongola, a province of Upper Nubia, the commander summoned around him his chief officers and held a council of war, as an introduction to which he stated that his own head and several others were at stake.

Arrangements were perfected, and dividing the selected body into several parties, they made all haste up the Nile. They followed the main stem of this renowned stream above the inflow of the Blue Nile and White Nile.

Thus far I have dealt with the high dignitaries of the East, but now an humble American citizen comes upon the stage of action, being no less a person than myself, who was making a journey up the Nile with a number of attendants. I was then quite a young man, and having been threatened with a hereditary disease, I had resorted to travel for the benefit of my endangered health.

On the upper waters of the Nile I encountered this royal party, engaged upon their hunt with a zeal which can be comprehended when it is recollected that their own heads were liable to be clipped off in case they came back empty-handed. At first I was inclined to join them, as I was confident they would encounter some of those monsters; but as they did not seem particularly desirous of my presence, I changed my mind, and departed with my own servants.

I may remark that the Nubian commander, by extremely good fortune, succeeded in the object of his expedition, and a few weeks later brought into Cairo a plump hippopotamus calf, which several months after was safely transported to England, where it took its place in the Zoological Gardens, and was viewed by wondering thousands.

As for myself, I was not quite so fortunate, perhaps because I had not the same inducement which gave such surprising energy to my half-civilized friends.

The hippopotamus a century ago was quite frequently observed in the lower part of the Nile, but it has long since retired to Upper Nubia, and the only time of late years that it has been seen in the waters of Egypt, except when forcibly carried down by the flood, was in 1836, when one of them rose in plain view at Damietta.

It "blowed" and floundered in the water for some time, to the great amusement of the city, until a party was sent out to decide who was to be destroyed—themselves or the river-horse. Fortunately for both parties, the latter declined the combat, and soon after disappeared.

A powerful, active eunuch by the name of Hammuf was my guide. I had selected him in Cairo, where at that day he bore a high reputation for courage and faithfulness. He had made numerous journeys up the Nile, and had encountered many of the famous animals of which I was in search.

Despite the many marvelous stories he related to me, I had such faith in his honesty that I believed them implicitly.

My adventure came sooner than I anticipated, and in a manner which fully satisfied me.

We had reached one of the numerous falls of the Blue Nile, where, as is the custom, we landed, and my servants carried the boat on their shoulders to a point above the cataract.

The wind had completely died out, so that our only means of progress was by means of poling. It was now beyond noon, and as they had toiled incessantly since morning, they were pretty well used up; so I gave them permission to take a few hours' rest.

Everybody in the East seems to smoke, and a few minutes later it looked as if a steamer was grounded and doing her best to get off, from the appearance of our boat as it lay under the bank. I had taken my turn at the pole with the others, so I was prepared to enjoy this rest.

I stretched myself out beneath the awning, which covered about one-half my boat and, with my meerschaum in my mouth, I languidly puffed the Turkish weed, and gazed lazily across the river, which was lined with quite a luxuriant growth of tall reeds and trees.

While I lay thus, with my eyes wandering idly along the opposite shore, I observed what appeared to be the end of a log suddenly rise to the surface, move a short distance, and then sink again. In a moment another appeared, circled around a few moments, and then vanished as before.

Still I dreamily smoked my pipe, and the men lay half asleep upon the deck, when all at once it flashed upon me that these were hippopotami sporting in the water. I started up so suddenly that Hammuf looked toward me as if he suspected I had been seized with a fit.

"What is it?" he asked in English, for he spoke it as well as myself.

"Look yonder!" I exclaimed, pointing across the river.

He followed the direction of my finger, and his dark eyes instantly lit up with pleasure and excitement.

"We have found them at last," he replied.

"What are they?"

"River-horses," he answered, using the name by which he always referred to these monsters, and which, I confess, strikes my fancy as the better title.

The next moment Hammuf had spoken to his men, who sprang to their feet more excited than himself. They instantly prepared to move across the stream, directly among them. Fully a half-dozen could be seen sporting in the water, somewhat after the fashion of the porpoises that frequent our coasts. I looked to my firearms, for I intended to have a collision with these amphibious elephants.

I had a magnificent rifle, which had accompanied me round the world, and a fine rifle-pistol, which was inclosed in an india rubber sheath to prevent its being disqualified from use by any abrupt, involuntary bath upon my part. I saw that this was secured at my waist. So long as I could use my rifle I had no need for it.

A few yards from the shore my men found the Nile so deep that the poles were withdrawn, and they resorted to the oars. There was not a cap full of wind, so no one attempted to hoist the sail.

As the boatmen progressed steadily across the stream, I looked with a hunter's eye upon the scene of our expected battle-ground. I observed that while we were in deep water, yet for quite a distance from the other bank the river was shallow. A number of flat rocks showed their heads above the surface, while the stream rippled and foamed up to the very brink of the falls. We were in so slow a portion of the current that, although only a short distance above the cataract, the effort of a child was sufficient to prevent us being carried over.

The hippopotami paid no attention to us until we were about half-way across, when they appeared to take the alarm, and almost simultaneously disappeared beneath the surface. But they were there, and I had strong hopes of making them more sensibly aware of our presence. I stood by the edge of my boat, with my cocked rifle in hand.

We were about two-thirds the way across when an exclamation from Hammuf attracted my attention, and, turning my head, I saw a large hippopotamus calf within twenty yards of the boat, and swimming directly down stream toward us. Sighting my gun at one of his small, pig-like eyes, I sent the bullet right into the most vital portion of his body. With a sort of squealing grunt he dropped under water, and a moment after came up again within a few feet of our boat.

"You have killed him," exclaimed Hammuf, catching up a pole and shoving the bulky carcass off, so as to prevent its lodging against our vessel. "Now look out for its mother."

I hastily reloaded my piece, and while doing so, did not fail to notice that the rest of the men were not a little frightened.

The hippopotamus often display a powerful affection for their offspring, and it was more than probable that the frenzied death-cry of the calf would bring its furious parent upon us.

The servants began rowing rapidly, and I had just reloaded my piece, when an awful cry from Hammuf reached my ears, and he shouted, as he and his companions leaped into the water:

"Jump, master, for your life!"

I felt the boat tremble and rise upward as if a volcano had burst up through the muddy bottom of the Nile. Then the appalling sight of the upper jaw, enormous square snout, and small ears of a hippopotamus rose on one side of the boat. I knew that the nether jaw was on the other side, and that we were enclosed like a wedge of paper in this vice. As I sprang overboard, I heard the boat rasp and crackle like an egg-shell, as that fearful mouth closed upon it. The next moment it had sunk entirely out of sight, while I, in common with my companions, was swimming for dear life.

"Look out, master, she is after you!"

It seemed as if the monster knew who had slain her young, for she now rushed through the water toward me, her cavernous jaws open, while the water was lashed into foam. I had but one resource, and I dived down so deeply that my hands touched the black mud at the bottom. I was an excellent swimmer, and I swam as far as possible under the water.

When I came to the surface, I saw that my friends had reached the shallow water upon the other side, and Hammuf was endeavoring to rally them to my rescue. They had no weapons, but most of them had instinctively caught up their poles when they sprang into the water, and they might succeed in scaring away my dreadful foe.

But the danger now took an unexpected turn. The maternal feelings of the hippopotamus prevailed over those of revenge, and it was now making all haste for its calf, which was drifting toward the falls, while several full-grown animals started from the other bank directly toward me, although whether I was really the object for which they were aiming I cannot say.

At any rate, I concluded that the only wise course for me was to reach *terra firma* as speedily as possible. The next moment my feet touched harder bottom, and I lost no time in clambering to a position among my friends.

I had lost my rifle; but, drawing my pistol, I began firing at the nearest, which, with several others, was making all haste for deep water. Hammuf and his companions raised a deafening clamor, enough to frighten a furious lion from its prey.

Having exhausted my pistol, I turned my head and witnessed a curious and affecting sight. Despite the furious efforts of the mother, she had not been able to reach her calf in time to prevent its going over the falls. I saw it roll like a log over the chasm, just as the parent reached the brink. The latter ran its box-like head forward until it projected over the edge, and looked down into the foaming abyss, as if debating whether to follow its offspring or not.

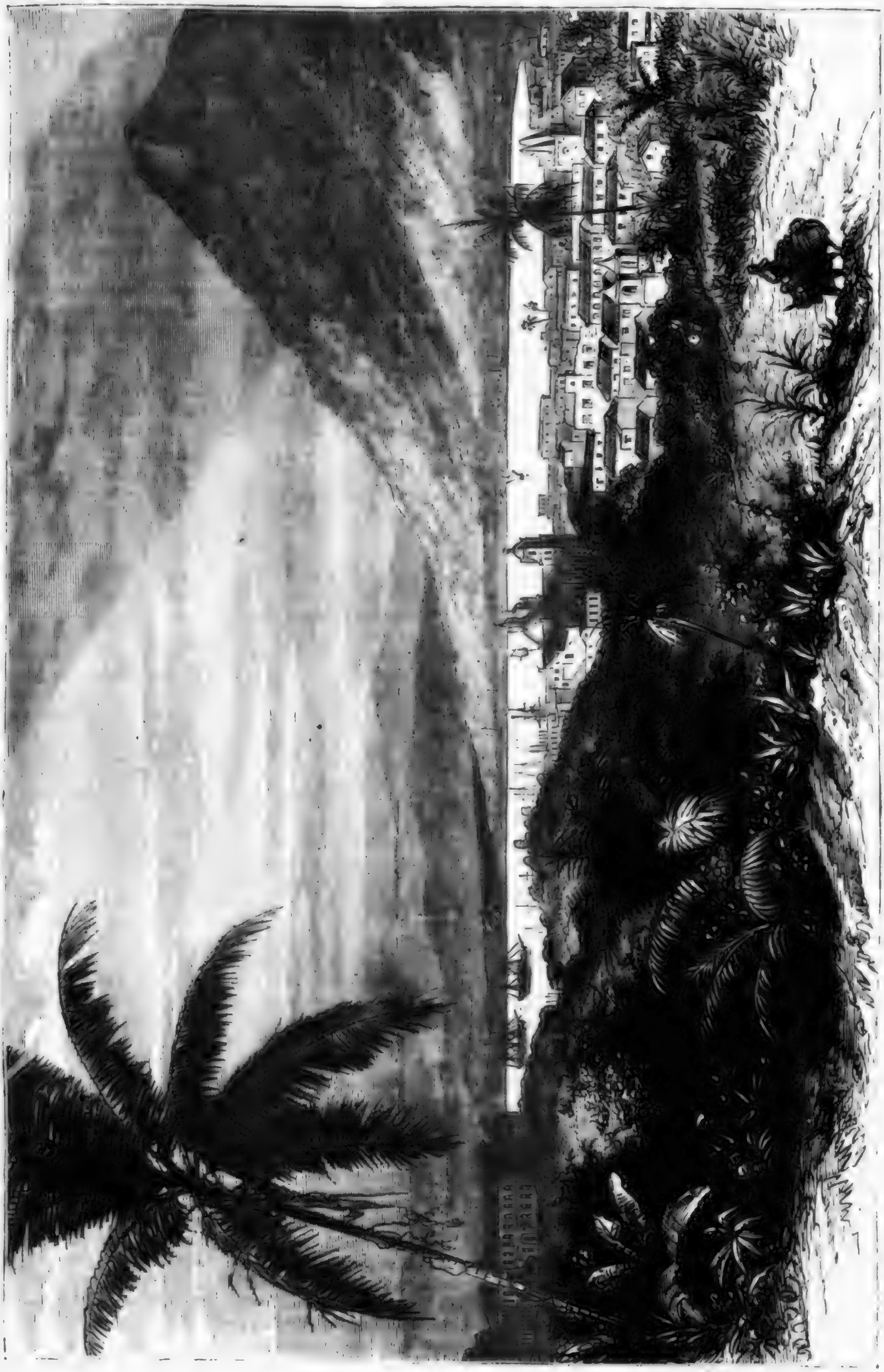
By-and-by it caught a glimpse of the black body, tossed like a cork by the foaming current, and the same instant made a plunge and went out of sight. I ran below the falls to watch for its reappearance; but, although I waited for nearly an hour, I saw nothing of it. Whether it had been killed and wedged among the rocks, or whether it had escaped, I could only conjecture.

AN EASTERN DINNER.

The oriental dinner comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish or Arab banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed to keep the appetite alive. The pillau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals of such a feast as this are these: A great, round plate of metal with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates or knives or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer, as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkins, and are often recurred to. Before and after dinner they wash their hands. An attendant or slave kneels with a metal basin in one hand and piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon. If a Turkish or Arab sheikh, effendi, or emir invites, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in Luke xiv. 17, "Tefuddulu el asha haden" (Come, for the supper is ready). The fact that this custom is mainly confined to the wealthy and to the nobility is in strict agreement with the parable.

Anger.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes which arise from the heart boiling with anger becloud reason. Nothing is in reality what it appears to be in that unhappy moment. Perhaps no two persons can differ more from each other than the same man differs from himself when heated with anger, and when calm and composed. Correct conclusions are rarely arrived at under the influence of passion.

XUM



VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

IN AND ABOUT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

By Hippolyte Piron.

Cuba is undoubtedly the Queen of the Antilles, and Santiago de Cuba is one of its most interesting cities. It is the chief city of the Eastern Department, and its permanent inhabitants number 40,000.

Two gigantic rocks defend the narrow entrance of the small bay on which it lies, while a verdant island, like an emerald breastpin, reposes on its bosom.

The houses, solidly built of brick and only one story high, so as to resist as much as possible the shock of earthquakes, are plastered over and painted with at least two gay colors. Some follow the line of the shore, while others climb up the slope of the hill from which they look upon the green hills on the other side of the bay, behind which may be seen still higher hills, that seem to lift up their heads so as to get a good view of the city over the shoulders of those in front.

On the Sunday after my arrival, I was awakened by a bell ringing, which can be realized only by those who have visited Spanish America; a fearful din, yet with a certain rhythm and measure. As in Spain, the bells never swing, but are rung by a cord attached to the clappers; a papal order, after the Sicilian Vespers, having forbidden Spanish bells to be swung.

In a Catholic country, the church is the spot to form an idea of the population. Here all classes meet and can be studied, at least superficially. The principal church of Santiago has nothing very beautiful in its exterior; high brick walls, surmounted by two spires in front, and a dome in the middle.

At ten, with Don Antonio, a wealthy resident to whom I brought letters, I ascended the flight of steps in front. The nave is vast. Massive pillars support a colossal vault. At the side are chapels, rich in their adornment. Along the pillars are two rows of mahogany seats reserved for the men. When we entered, these were chiefly empty; but every moment some lady entered in full dress, followed by a colored boy or girl carrying a chair, carpet, and prayer-book. He spread out the carpet, placed the chair, handed the book, and took up his position behind. She knelt for a brief prayer, sat down, adjusted her vail, fanned herself, and looked around, smiling recognition to friends.

All who can come well-dressed, and with a negro page, were here on an equality. The humbler women do not enter the nave, but kneel at the side.

The play of the fans is a study. It is a language in itself, more varied than that of flowers, more eloquent than the language of the eyes. The various modes of opening and closing it, more or less rapidly and noisily, have a thousand meanings.

I saw a young lady carrying on a conversation with a gentleman. My companion explained. See, she holds her fan open opposite her face—"I am delighted to see you." Half open would mean simply "pleased." Now she holds it to the side of her face—"You have not been sick?"

ALONG THE COAST.

Now it closes and is held perpendicularly. "Shall I see you to-morrow?" The answer does not seem prompt or decided. She holds it out horizontally, "You must come." She opens it slowly, fold by fold, till the eighth. She expects him at eight.

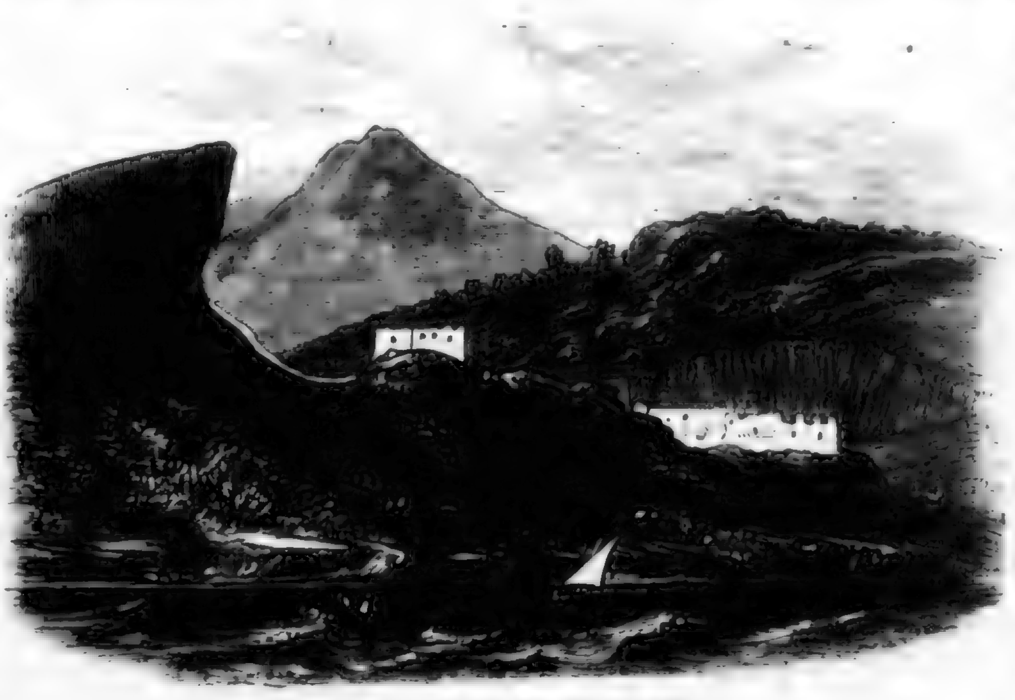
She dropped it into her lap and laid her hands on it—"Do not fail, I depend upon you." Then the young lady took it up, and began fanning herself rapidly—"I have no end of things to tell you."

Here the conversation stopped, and the young man soon after retired. His successor was evidently no favorite. He glanced at the lady. She closed her fan and struck her hand with it. "My heart is closed against you, and you annoy me."

Before the end of the Mass the young men went out and formed lines at each side of the entrance, to greet their lady friends as they came out.

In the afternoon I visited the Alameda, a vast promenade, with lofty trees, that skirts the bay. The carriages, in one long line, took up one side, those on horseback the other, while the pedestrians were scattered about, watching the gay parties. Near a fountain a military band was playing, not too well. No person with the slightest tint or taint of African blood can drive or ride on the Alameda, no matter how wealthy they may be. A rich quadroon or octoroon lady once attempted it, but she had the Alameda to herself. No lady would allow her approach.

The Cubans of Spanish origin and the natives of Spain in the island have long looked upon each other with distrust and enmity. All know how this has finally resulted in a long, protracted civil war. The Spaniards form two distinct classes: people of distinction drawn to Cuba by the course of events or curiosity, and adventurers. Among the former you find the excellent qualities of the old Castilians: their nobility, generosity, elevated thought; but they have, too, their faults: presumption, pride, deep resentment, fiery passions. They are magnificently



FORTIFICATIONS NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

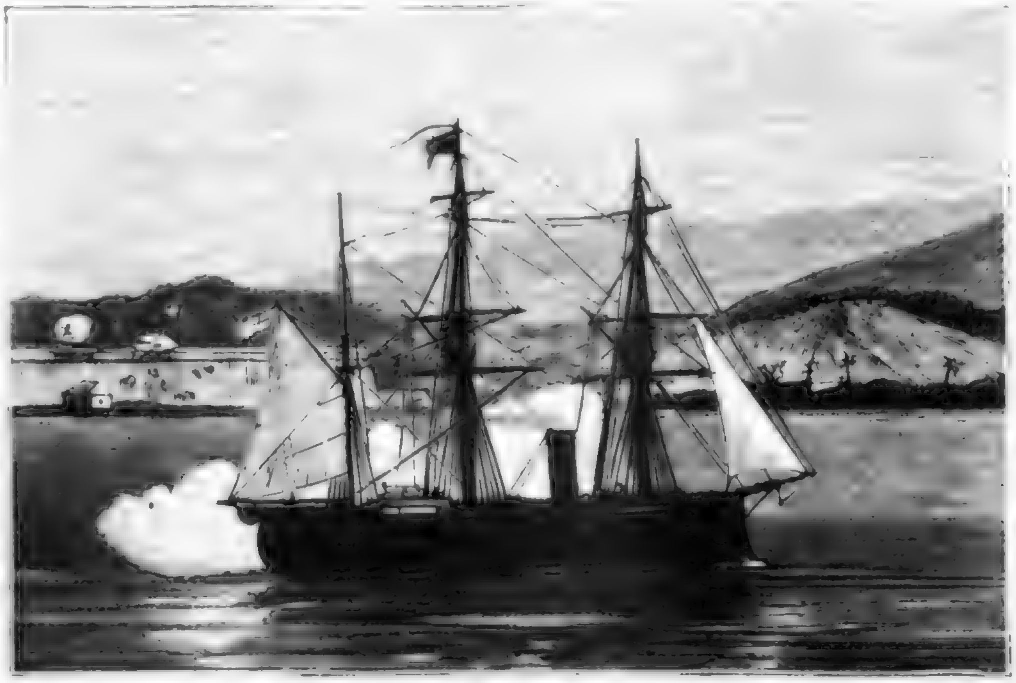
hospitable and full of attention to their guests, so lavishly generous, in fact, that you must not express too much admiration for any object, or you will hear the regular phrase, "*A la disposicion de vd, caballero,*" sometimes a mere form, but not unfrequently on reaching your rooms you will find the article awaiting you.

They are good husbands and indulgent fathers. They are full of respectful attention to their wives, and remain so during life.

The Spaniards who come to make their fortunes are at first humble, polite, obsequious, but with their rising fortunes arrogance is their distinguishing trait.

Catalonia alone supplies more of its sons than all the other provinces of Spain. The trade of Santiago is almost exclusively in their hands. All the grocers are Catalans; in fact, Catalan means grocer.

The Cubans have many of the qualities of the European Spaniards, but are not so proud and haughty; they are more pretentious, gay, and precipitate. Many of them are very distinguished persons, practicing hospitality on a large scale, and are more open-hearted than the Spaniards. They have produced some poets of merit: Heredia, who died a few years ago; Doña Luisa Perez de Montes de Oca, masculine in her vigorous talent.



THE ROADSTEAD, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The Cuban women are given to coquetry, and lose no opportunity of exercising the power of their large, expressive eyes; and in this course their hearts, which are not invulnerable, sometimes suffer. The men are impassioned, ardent, voluptuous, with a lively imagination and a taste for poetry and music. They are naturally indolent, and when wealthy enjoy fully the luxury of doing nothing.

They detest the Spaniards, whom they regard, and justly, as avaricious and despotic masters.

The *velorio*, or watch for the dead, is a strange custom. In the room next that where the corpse lies a dozen friends gather, and, to enable them to pass the night in an endurable manner, a table is set out, lavishly supplied with dainties and wines. All night long they eat, drink, chat, and laugh, for their conversations are not lugubrious. The relatives of the deceased are present, and take part in the affair, but from time to time they go to kneel and weep beside the departed.

In one afflicted family that I visited the lady was absorbed in preparing the funeral-table. As she passed the room she exclaimed, "Ah! poor friend, wait a little; we have not yet had time to weep properly for you; we are busy preparing the table for those who are to wake you; but be patient, we shall cry for you soon"; and when she had concluded her occupation her cries were indeed heartrending.

The creole or mixed race form a people apart. They have excellent hearts, but as much cannot be said of their heads. They are very susceptible and easy to take offense.

They are very superstitious, and have strange remedies for all ails. If a bit of straw get into your eye, you must not try to get it out; but make the sign of the cross, and it will disappear.

For an obstinate fever, put some slices of bitter orange in a vessel of water, set it out in the dew, at midnight go out in your nightdress and drink some of it, then retire to bed without looking behind you, and you will be cured, unless you acted in bad faith.

Thirteen heads of garlic strung and worn around the neck for thirteen days are a sovereign cure for jaundice; but at the end of the thirteen days you must go to a cross-road and throw this collar over your head, and go home without looking behind you.

When a mother loses several children, she sells her next one to some friend, and it is called a slave. This saves its life.

While there it was said with horror that the voodoos had thrown the *iso*, or evil eye, on a girl. All sorts of spells are attributed to the voodoos. They are held in terrible dread, and repugnance as well as principle is sacrificed to escape their ill will. The least evil you may expect is, that they will glide into your house and put an orange under your pillow, that will give you a perpetual headache.

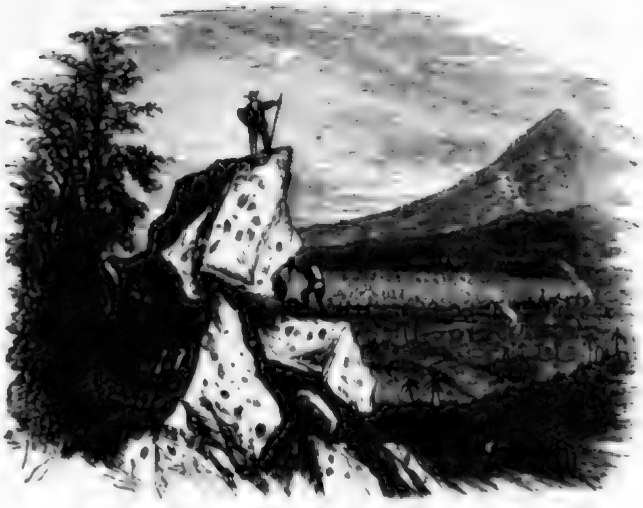
These ideas are instilled into their minds from infancy, and are deeply rooted.

This voodooism was imported from Hayti, and has spread wonderfully in Cuba. There are ladies, apparently highly respected, who frequent and entertain this infamous sect.

The son of a lady whom I should never have suspected of any such affiliations enabled me to witness a meeting at her house. He took me into a small room, the worm-eaten and cracked door of which permitted me to watch the scenes enacted in the next room. Another door, of which he gave me the key, enabled me to escape.

After some anxious waiting, I saw the room light up. It was a common bedroom, with a high bedstead, musquito net, a bureau, a round table, and bamboo chairs. The mistress of the house entered, holding an old tin lamp. Twelve others followed. Then came a girl about sixteen, carrying a bundle, and two hens, one white, the other black. On the table was a dish containing something that smoked. Thirteen wooden spoons lay near it.

The girl threw her burden in the corner, sat down, and began to strike a tambourine. The women began to dance around the table; but after a time, taking the spoons, began to eat from the dish, still dancing around. When they finished it, the girl knelt before them, and they wiped their hands on her hair, which now fell down on her shoulders in



VIEW FROM THE HILL BACK OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

black ringlets. Then the mistress of the house seized the white hen and cut its throat. Its blood was received in a bowl, and tasted by all in turn. The black hen was treated similarly. Both bowls were carefully examined, as if for signs; and a gray powder was then thrown in. Then one of the women began to beat the tambourine furiously. The girl stripped, revealing a strangely attenuated form. She at once began a frenzied dance; her limbs seemed endowed with a prodigious elasticity. Her face assumed a weird expression. A snake glided from the package she brought, and approaching her, formed three rings. The dance changed to capricious leaps. Sometimes she ran around the triple circle, sometimes bounded over it, without touching the snake. Her eye sparkled, her arms were thrown about wildly. Then she ran around the room, uttering cries of anguish, as though forced from her by fearful torture. The women repeated these strange cries. Suddenly the snake rose and coiled in many rings around the girl. All watched it with evidently anxious scrutiny, noting every movement of the head and tail, as prognostics. At last, after a feverish shiver, the girl fell in a fit. I could stand no more. I fled in horror. In such meetings, charms are prepared to work prodigies, and poisons to avenge the sect.

Slavery in the city, though cruel enough, is not so severe as in the country. The degradation of the unfortunate blacks is not so great, nor is their treatment so brutal. Their labor, also, is not so exhausting. Some slaves, indeed, have employments which cultivate their intelligence. They are stewards in large houses, or clerks in small shops; they know, perhaps, how to read, to write, to calculate. These, it is true, are the exceptions.

There are four rights accorded to the negroes by the Government:

1. The right to marry.
2. The right to *buscar amo*—that is, to seek out another master, less severe.
3. The right to purchase their freedom by labor.
4. The right to own property, and consequently to purchase their wives and their children.

On Sunday, Don Pedro, who was a great lover of cock-fights, came to take me to a cock-pit.

To most inhabitants of Cuba, this sport affords the greatest pleasure. Some years since, Cubans and Spaniards risked at the galleria not only their money but their houses, plantations, negroes, all they possessed. Men went in millionaires and came out ruined. Women are excluded, yet one lady, a Madame Gola, contrived to enter. At present, the galleria is subjected to a very wise law, easily eluded, however. It is forbidden to bet more than a fixed amount; but how can the law prevent bets made merely by signs?

If the inhabitants of Cuba are crazy in the point of cock-fighting, it is not so in regard to bull-fights. A very skillful company of toreros arrived at Santiago while I was there, but their performances excited more disgust than interest.

Cards, especially the game of monte, are a passion. Don Pedro took me to a regular gambling saloon. It was well kept. A dozen players were grouped around the table. A strange figure riveted my attention. His whole soul seemed concentrated on the game of monte.

"Don Miguel is excited," said my friend, "his sign is red." I looked at him, and saw a red spot like blood on his pale left cheek. Suddenly he brightened up. He had won. The gold was passed over to him, and he piled it up with evident satisfaction. He boasted that he would ruin the bank, and played boldly.

He won repeatedly, and became wild with joy. Suddenly, his luck turned; still he played on, till all his gold had disappeared but one doubloon. This he staked and lost. The red spot appeared again; in his frenzy he tore out his hair, and rising, struck the table, crying: "*Que el rayo le parte a Vds., todos*—May the lightning strike you all!"

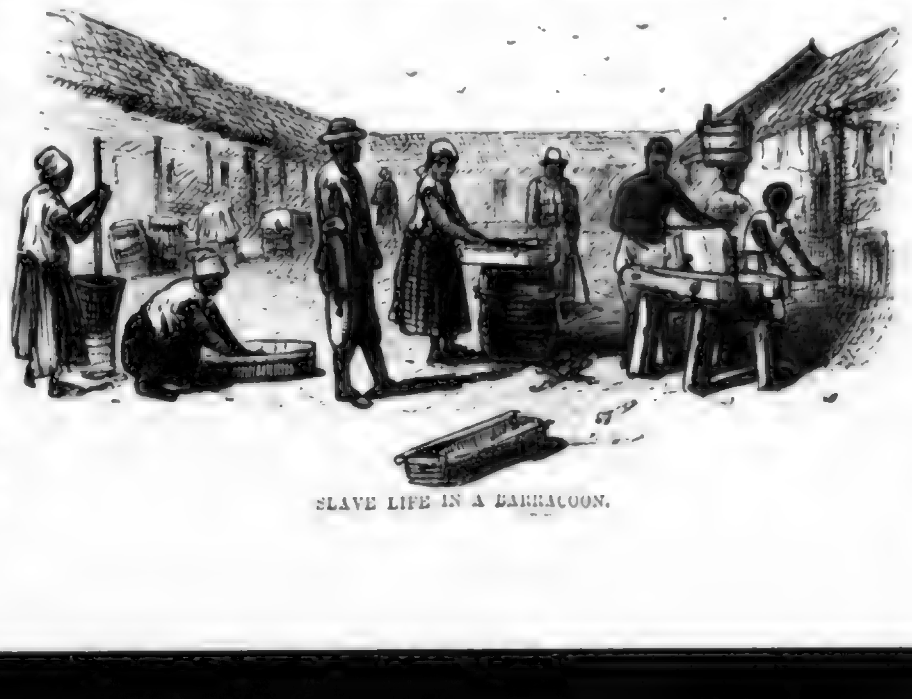
Then he rushed out.

Another took his place and won, breaking all who played with him. Then he addressed his last victim: "You have a plantation I have long desired; stake it against my small one and this pile, say $100,000 gold." Don Guillermo hesitated, but was urged into it. He accepted at last, on condition that I held the cards. With every eye upon me, I turned one, two, three. A cry from all told it was decisive. "Take the gold, Don Guillermo, it is all yours, and my plantation."

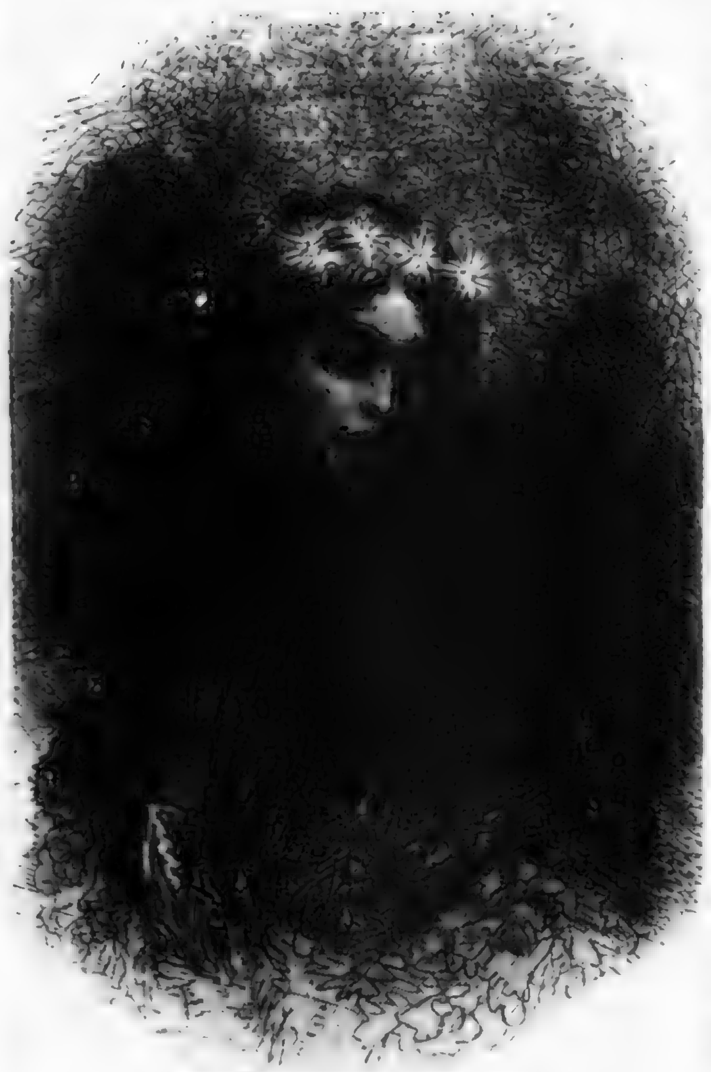
As we went out, we heard fearful cries, and, borne by the crowd, saw a woman, torn and bleeding. "My husband! my husband!" she cried. "Look in the next room what he is doing!" We went in. Don Miguel lay there dead. He had tried to wrest from his wife a casket belonging to her mother, containing jewelry and gold, and had stabbed her mortally for refusing, and closed his wretched life by suicide.

In Holy Week, the churches in Santiago are adorned with more riches than art or taste. They are dazzling with light. The population visit all the churches in turn, without exception. On Friday, the service begins at eight, and is very long. The people attend assiduously, some bringing a slight collation with them.

A procession moves to the church of San Francisco, to bear the statue of Jesus of Nazareth to the cathedral; another procession bears that of the Virgin Mother. When the two



SLAVE LIFE IN A BARRACOON.



LADY WITH CUCUYOS IN HER HAIR.

are placed in the cathedral, a preacher ascends the pulpit, and delivers a pathetic sermon, lasting two hours.

Some years ago, the nailing to the cross was enacted at three o'clock, but that is now abandoned. A figure, representing the lifeless Saviour, is placed in a rich sepulchre, surrounded by angels. Then, after a second sermon, the statue of the Virgin is borne to the Church de los Dolores, where a third sermon is pronounced.

The governor and high functionaries take part in the processions, gravely bearing their candles, and dropping wax over their clothes with edifying serenity.

On Saturday, at the Alleluia, the bells ring out the wildest, gayest tunes, and volleys of musketry are heard in all parts of the town. The street boys, who have made their scarecrows for the purpose, then kill and burn the Jews in effigy.

Some aristocratic families give *tertulias*, or soirées, at their houses, but the most brilliant balls in Santiago are given at the Filarmonia. The Casino, a later rival, after a limited success, is now closed.

A ball took place about three months after my arrival. The hall was finely decorated; the ladies, in full Parisian toilet and rich in ornaments, seemed to me more beautiful than ever. Their eyes rivaled their diamonds in light and brilliancy. The harmonious words from their lips seemed the very language of passion. Their easy, languid movements are noted by all strangers. Crowds of the people of the town, socially excluded from such entertainments, were gathered at the doors and windows, which, on account of the heat, were all thrown open, and they criticised the dancers, evidently having established favorites. The young men, too, have their adherents.

The Filarmonia of Cuba was the first place where Patti was heard in public. She was then but a child, scarcely fourteen. The family was poor, and driven to shifts. The untrained voice of the girl Adelina astonished the Cubans by its surprising qualities. They gave her a triumph which augured a brilliant future. I dare say the celebrated prima donna has not yet forgotten the first bravas that hailed her precocious *début* in a career where she has won such laurels.

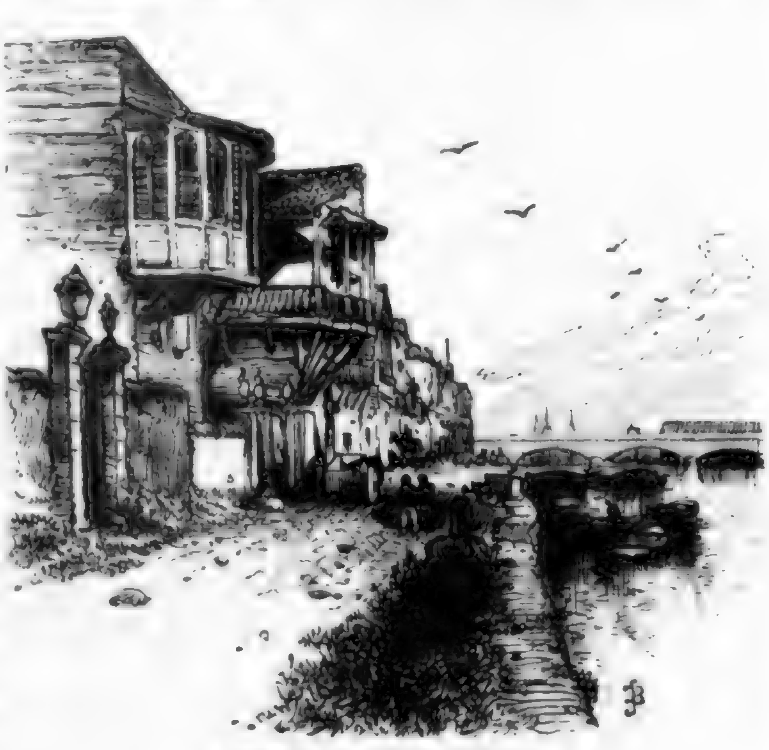
This saloon has taken its part in political events. The severity of the Spanish Government against Lopez and his adherents had excited a deep feeling in the hearts of the people of the city. At the first ball given at the Filarmonia the Spanish party were insolent and overbearing; the Cubans retaliated by defacing the portrait of the Queen.

At private parties violence resulted from the chance meeting of the adherents of Spain and Cuba. A conspiracy was formed to rescue some young men of the city who were to be banished for sympathy with Lopez. The prisoners, as they were marched to the vessel, were to give the signal, but they shrank from involving their families and friends in certain ruin.

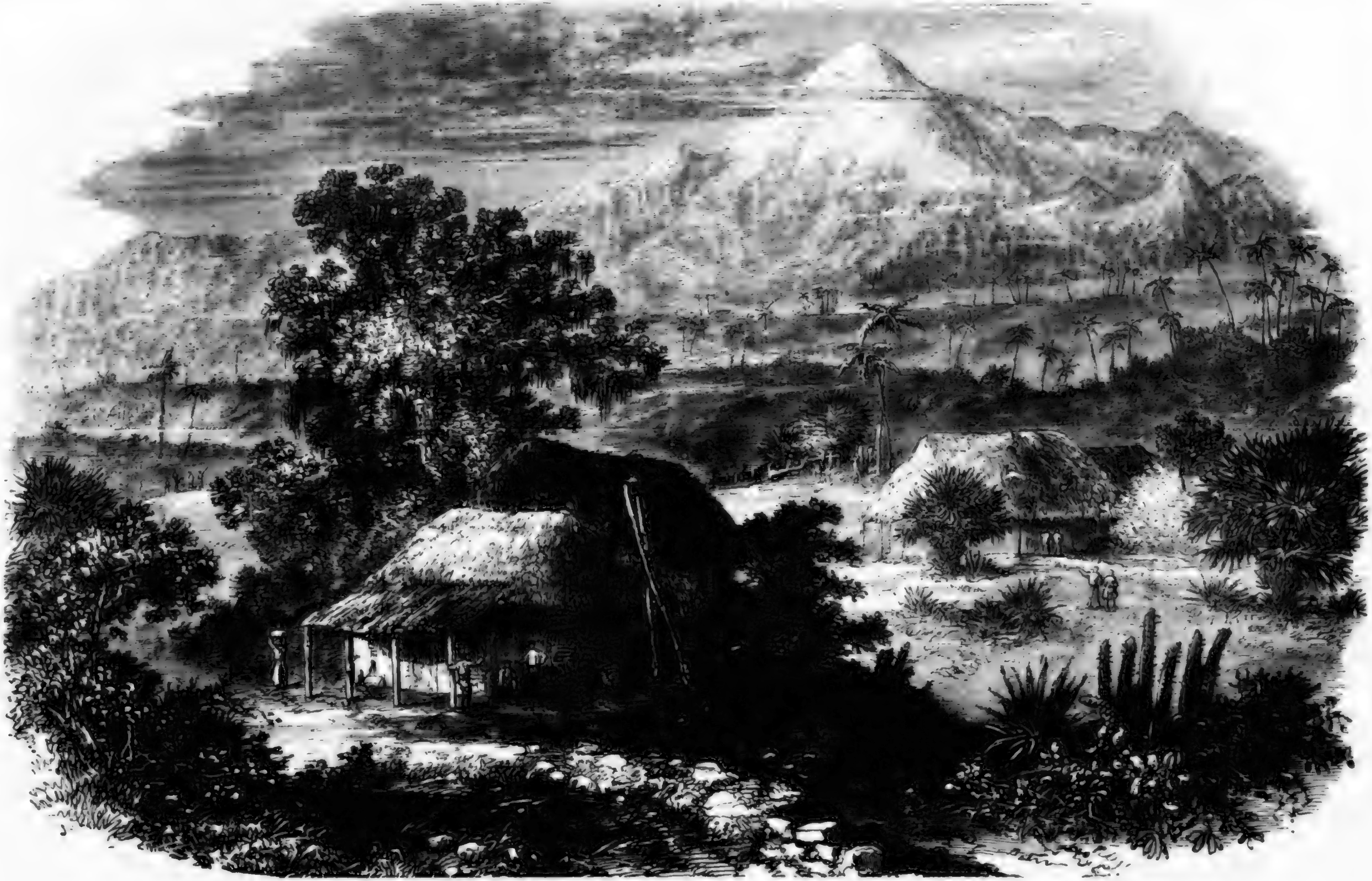
One morning we accompanied Don Pedro to sail around the harbor. Following the coast on the left, we came to Punta Blanca, a chalky cliff, near which is the favorite resort for sea-bathing. Then we passed Carabiza, Creez, and Los Cocos, inlets, and several headlands. One of these, the Punta Gorda, is a rocky point, on which the waves beat with a constant thunder. All the inlets are densely lined with mangroves, forming an almost impenetrable wall. No trace of human habitation or cultivation is seen along the shore. Opposite Punta Canoa is a rock called the Rock of the two Compadres, so called from a duel between two friends long united by that tie of sponsorship so much esteemed in Spain, but who became deadly enemies from the treachery of one, who destroyed the domestic happiness of his friend. Both fell mortally wounded on the rocky islet.

We landed at Socapa, a small village consisting of a few houses in the same style as those at Santiago, and surrounded by scanty vegetation.

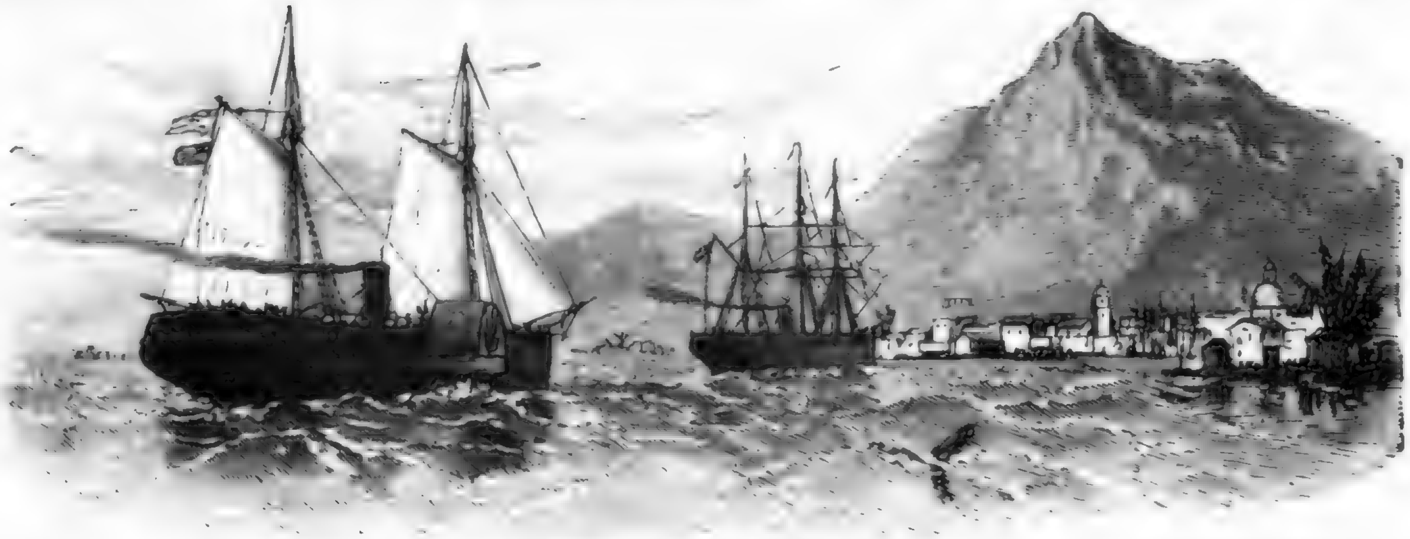
The Rio Paradas, a river emptying into the bay, was the next place of interest. As we ascended it, the large trees gave place to bamboos, whose hollow trunks, as they swayed against each other in the wind, produced strange and unearthly sounds.



SCENE ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



TURQUINO'S PEAK, NEAR EL COBRE, CUBA.



HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Here sport was abundant; birds of all sizes and hues attracted our attention, and offered exercise for our skill.

In September, hearing much of the festivities about to take place at Cobre, a little city not far from Santiago, famous for its copper mines and its famous shrine of the Virgin de Caridad, I resolved to visit it. The slow steamer *Botafuego* bore us across the bay, when we took horse-cars, which were drawn to the top of the mountain, to descend the opposite side by their own weight.

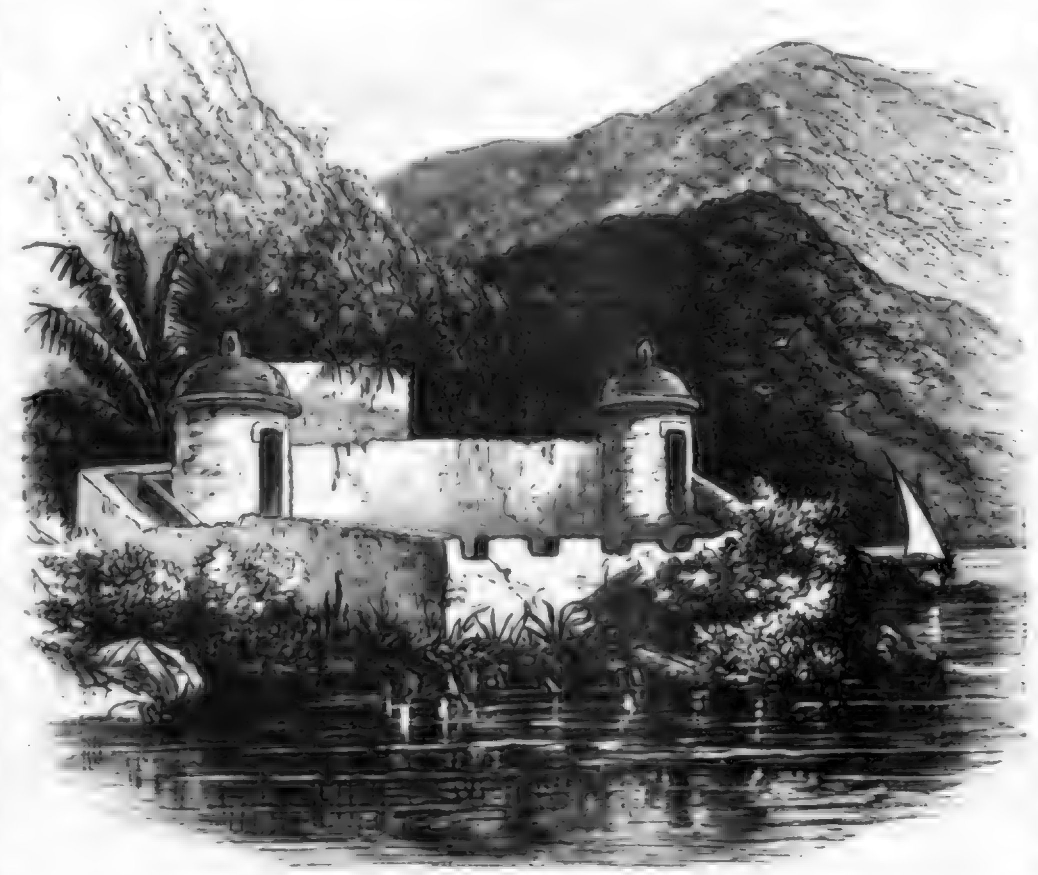
Cobre is a small place, with winding streets, one-story houses, particolored, as at Santiago. Behind it rises a majestic mountain, crowned by the venerated chapel, which is always visited. The sight, as you ascend, repays you for the toil. The landscape is of the most varied character—hill, mountain, tropic forest, and wide plantation, all combine to form a charming picture. The chapel is large, but of a simple style of architecture. The wealth within dazzles you. On all sides are offerings, exvotos, little ships, hands, feet, of gold or silver; costly articles offered in thanksgiving. The altar is magnificently adorned with lace and fine embroideries. The statue of the Mother of Christ is as magnificently attired. A diamond diadem crowns her head; a collar of brilliants around the neck supports an emerald cross of great beauty; her arms and hands are covered with bracelets and rings, her rich robe studded with gold and pearls.

The legend of the statue says that it was brought from Spain by a pious soldier who, to save it from profanation during an English invasion, either national or piratical, threw it into the sea. When peace was restored, some fishermen going to gather salt in the hollows of the rocks, beheld the statue moving toward them on the sea, erect, and enveloped in light. It was transported with all honor to the Church of the Dolors, but, in the morning, had disappeared, and was finally found upon an orange-tree on Cobre Mountain. It was taken back, but again returned to its chosen spot. Then a chapel was erected here, and the place became a famous pilgrimage.

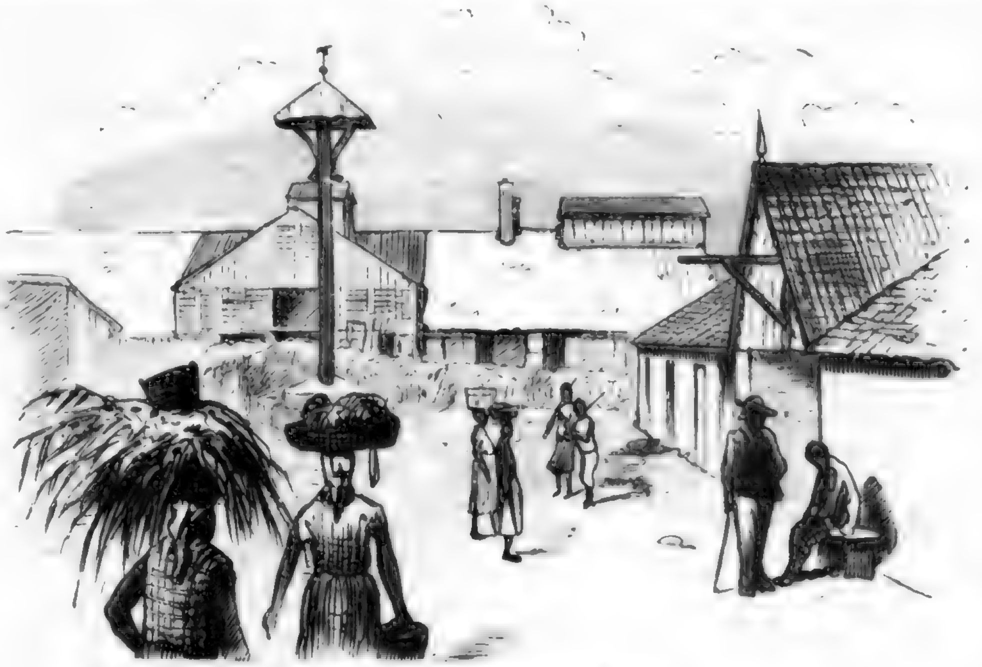
The copper mine, first worked by Mr. Hardy, an English consul, is still in English hands. The ore-bed runs across the mountain, and has been worked far into its depths. Believing that the chapel covered still richer veins, the English owners attempted to remove it. The people resisted, and, though the English won the lawsuit, they durst not enforce their claim, as the first attempt to do so was followed by an earthquake, which the people ascribed to their impiety.

A great pilgrimage is made every fourth year to Our Lady of Cobre, and the devotions are followed by balls, shows, amusements, and games.

The rocky, mountainous, and comparatively sterile district around Cobre once passed, you come to a more attractive and richer district. The vegetation shows a richer soil, and has all the richness and beauty of the tropics. Birds are more abundant, finding more ample



BATTERY AT THE ENTRANCE AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



VIEW IN FRONT OF SLAVE BARRACKS.

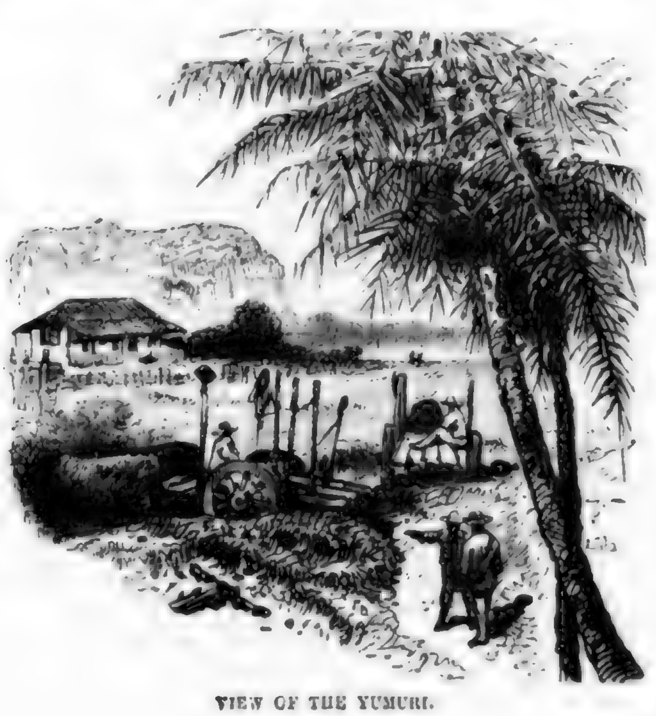
resources. Then soon you begin to see thriving plantations, fields of Indian corn, sugar, coffee, cotton; and, amid them, here and there, masses of cocoanut palm or bananas, in clumps or along the paths; fruit trees of various kinds, give shade and delicious and refreshing products. The planter's house is in the centre of the plantation, surrounded by the wretched slave quarters.

Passing these, we came to another forest, and then to the rapid river Canto, rushing over rocks in foamy masses. After crossing one of its branches two or three times, we reached a coffee plantation, the object of our excursion.

The house, not very extensive, stood on a hill, surrounded by a glacis terrace, on which the coffee is spread to dry. Around were cocoanuts, manguey, cachimentier, and orange trees. Beyond were the fields, where the coffee plants about a yard high stood, laden with their small fruits, the deep red showing that the berries were ripe. The stables were in sight, and on the slope of the hill the slave quarters. A beautiful stream bathed the foot of the hill, and the water was led from it to the basin, where the coffee, after being garged or stripped of the husk by a mill, is washed.

The scene of coffee-gathering is the old time one of slaves at work under an overseer. Each one brings his amount to the mill at nightfall, and if he falls short is punished on the spot.

Returning to Santiago, I rode out one day by the Plaza de Armas, and soon came in sight of the church of Santa Anna and the cemetery. The latter is bare and repulsive. Not a tree overshadows any portion of it; not a single plant adorns the silent graves. The tombs are ill-kept, many in ruins, allowing the whitened bones to appear. Attachment for the dead seems unknown; they are buried and forgotten. One monument of some architectural beauty stands prominent and alone in this ruinous city of the dead. I approached to read the inscription. It was erected in honor of Doctor Antomarchi, Napoleon's physician at St. Helena, who died here of yellow fever in 1838.



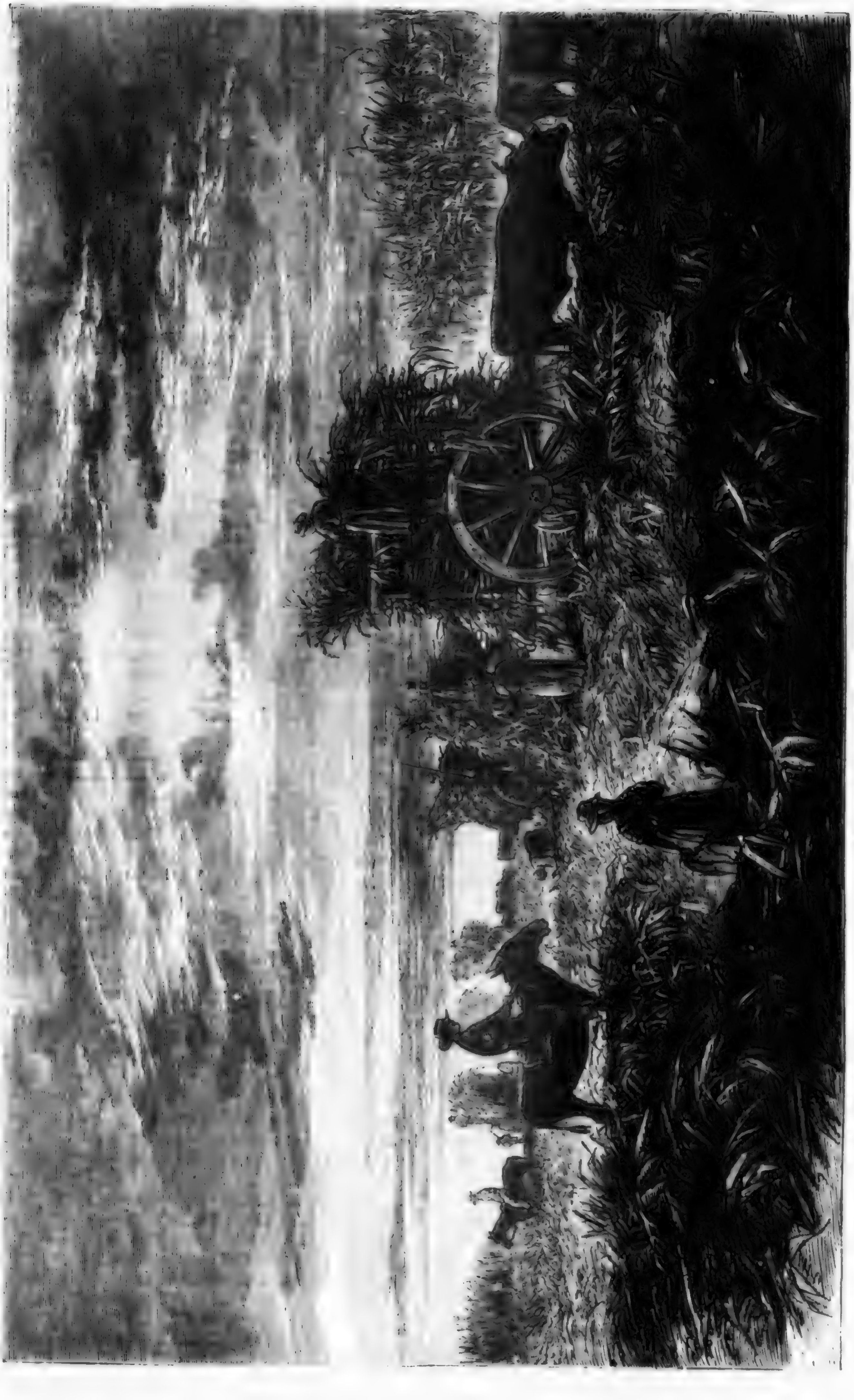
VIEW OF THE YUMURI.

Beyond the cemetery is the miserable little village of Caney, the magnificent country around making its wretchedness all the more striking. It was lively at the time, however. A festa, like that of Cobre, was in full blast. Beyond, around Angostura, are plantations, many of them devoted to tobacco and sugar.

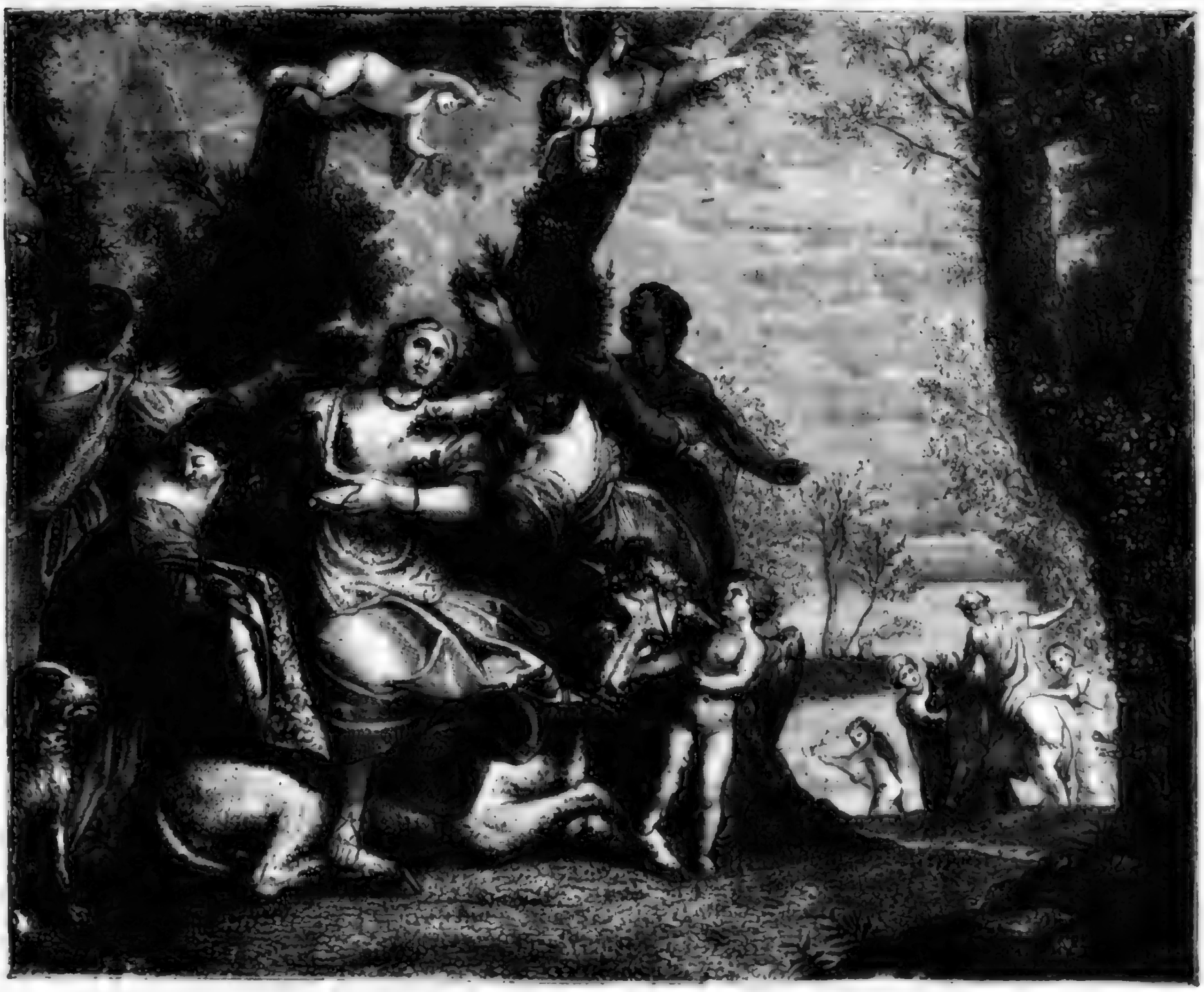
While in Cuba, we were accustomed to walk out in the evening into the quiet country, sometimes lighted by the sweet brightness of the stars, or silvered over by the pale rays of the moon, or plunged into profound obscurity when the sky, ordinarily so beautiful, had covered itself with black and sombre clouds.

At that hour, the breeze is refreshing, and seems like a soft caress. Amid the general repose, the hum of insects, the croaking of the frogs, the solitary song of some bird playing the part of nature's poet, all penetrated us with a kind of melancholy emotion, which had its charm, but which after a time became fatiguing. Breaking away from such feelings, we found amusement in catching the Cucuyos, which shone in fantastic fashion in the darkness, and came flying around us, attracted by the light of our cigars, and making the air vibrate with the noise of their wings. They are a kind of scarabeus, of the family of the elaterides. These strange insects throw out at will a vivid light, which proceeds from three phosphorescent sacs, two in the head and one under the body.

The little negroes of the kitchen, who sat up quite late, were much interested in our hunt. We abandoned to them our captures, which they received with eagerness, and, inclosed in calabashes, pierced with an infinite number of holes. From these numberless openings, the rays of light burst forth, producing a most curious effect. As they executed their antics, with these globes of living fire, which lighted up so strangely their black faces, they seemed like little imps beside themselves with happiness at having escaped from the infernal realms. A much more artistic and refined enjoyment, however, is derived from these insects when the belles of Cuba, inclosing them tenderly in little bags of the finest gauze, pin them fast to their hair or to their dresses, thus making starry diadems or breastpins, or other ornaments that for a time outshine the brightest diamonds, and lend to their fair wearers a charm peculiarly their own. ▲



GATHERING SUGAR CANE ON A PLANTATION NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



THE RAPE OF EUROPA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL VERONESE.

CAMPAGNIAN.

By Joaquin Miller.

Part I.

Sir Francis and a lady fair
Rode far from out the walls of Rome.
A star was in her midnight hair,
Her hand shone with a starry stone
That lit their bridle path. The dome
Of proud Saint Peter's distant stood,
Like some tall shepherd, shepherding
His flock beside the soundless flood.
The snapping bat was on the wing,
A dog howled from the distant wood;
And right and left, and white and lone,
There stood some mighty marble stone—
Like monuments stood foot and head
Above the buried city dead.

'Twas night; 'twas on the stroke of nones.
Gray owls perched on the graveyard stones;
And yet they rode all silently,
Until the great, white-girdled moon,
As soft as Summer afternoon,
Came wheeling down the Alps, and lay
Her broad, white shoulders bare as day;
As if at some fair, festal ball
Of gathered stars, or carnival.

At last he reined, he turned him home,
And at his side still Maud Jerome
Rode silent and as sad as he:
Rode still and constant, as if she
Had been his guardian angel, bound
To lead him through some dark profound.

His soul was as some ship that drew
All silent through the burst of seas,
Pursuing some far distant star
That spun unfixed for ever through
The boundless upper seas of blue.
She seemed so near, and yet so far.
Just now she seemed as near as woe;
Just now she seemed as far as though
They dwelt in the antipodes.

They silent rode. She looked away,
As one that had no word to say.
She had her secret, this he knew;
Yet ofttime in the night alone,
He walked and wondered if the true
And heart-rent history was known,
If painted in its blackest hue,
'Twould make a shadow to his own.

Two strange, uncommon souls were these,
That silent sailed uncompassed seas.
Far out from any ship or shore,
Far out from reef or breakers' roar.

XUM

Where ships of commerce never drew
A keel, these two ships crossed, and knew
Each other as they sailed alone,
And on to under worlds unknown.

O golden, sacred silentness!
Take thou the silver coin of speech,
And bribe your way to hearts, so less
Than hearts the silences shall reach.

Two strangers rode in silence down
Against the sounding, teeming town;
Two strangers. Yet two souls that knew
Hearts' histories far better than
The wisest and profoundest man
That ever read earth's archives through.

Didst ever think how souls have size
And weight and measure in God's eyes,
So other than the weight and span
And measure given them by man?

Why, there be hunchback souls that stand
Beside tall souls, broad-browed and grand;
And these bend ever and look down
Upon the great soul's rumpled gown,
And see upon its trail a stain,
Obtained, perchance, in some great fight,
In silent battle for the right;
And then they mock and make complain,
And wagging point the world the stain.

Then there be shallow souls that seem
To foam along like shallow stream,
As if they feared the while you would
Forget that they had ever been,
Did they not keep their clang and din:
And, come to think, perhaps, you should.

In middle heaven moved the moon.
Still slow they rode and silently,
Till sudden distant thunder fell
From out fair heaven.
Like a knell
Of some departed afternoon,
That dying, leaves a heritage
Of undivided memory
Of most delicious lore it fell
Upon the wrapt Sir Francis Jain
And startled him.
He threw the gage
To fate, rose full, clutched at his rein,
Struck heel to flank, threw back his hair,
Spoke loud, and laughed with careless air
Of tempest driving up the skies—
And lifting unto her, his eyes,
At touch of large, slant drop of rain,
He gathered up his strength again,
And doffing hat to Miss Jerome
He plunged and led right hard for home.

The desolation of the plain,
The perfect solitude, the reign
Of ghosts and spirits of the dark
Came down.
The tempest's wild complain
Was monsterlike. The driving rain
And loud-voiced furies rode the air.
Nor lamp nor light stood out that night,
Nor star in heaven set a mark –
'Twas darkness, darkness, every

Their road led underneath the ground;
The arches echoed far profound,
The winding paths led in and out,
The tempest rode in merry rout;
They rode against the slanting rain,
They rode a circle round and round,
And rode in circle yet again.

And still they rode, still round and round,
By ancient arch, beneath the ground,
The while the hoofs made ghostly sound.
At last quite wild and quite worn out,
Sir Francis turned and gave a shout
From underneath an arch. From out
A deeper arch, or cave, hard by,
There came a sharp responding cry.

"Ho! ho! A call for help! We come!
Come! Up! my comrades; come with me!"
Sir Francis turned his head, and he
Stood still, as one struck blind and dumb;
For lightnings fell in sheets just then,
And showed a line of desp'rate men.
But these Sir Francis heeded not:
His flashing eyes the instant fell
Upon their leader; one who stood
The tallest tree of some dark wood.
He stood as one that time forgot,
Or feared to tackle, or to lay
A hand upon—he stood so well,
And so went by the other way.

And still Sir Francis sat and sat
His steed, and stared and stared thereat.
He looked right in the robber's face,
Who stood and boldly stood his place;
The while the men drew circle round,
And made secure their vantage-ground.

Their leader bowed, and stepped before
Sir Francis, and laid hold the rein.
His lifted brow was white and broad,
His presence like a demigod.
He was all coolness—leisure now,
He shook his brown locks from his brow
Half smiled, and blandly bowed again;
And then he turned, half raised a hand
Toward his men, gave some command,
Held high his lamp before Sir Jain,
Half laughed, then smiling, bowed again.

Again he jerked his lantern high,
Half turned, and caught the lady's eye,
And lowly then he bowed once more,
And stepping back, with bended head
And courteous bearing, gayly said
He did most certainly deplore
The state of weather; 'twas severe;
A sort of equinox, he thought;
He said to-morrow surely ought,
In conscience, to be bright and clear,
For sunshine surely follows rain;
Then turned him to Sir Francis Jain.

He haughty bowed his broad, high head,
And in the Queen's best English said:
"But now this weather question, sir –
The winds, the rains, the sudden rise
Of choler in the angered skies;
The fall of the barometer,

The storms by land—the calms by seas—
Are fixed by Probabilities!
You meet your neighbor now at morn,
Shake hands, how-how, then hesitate.
You first look fluttered, then forlorn.
You cannot speak. You know the great
Eternal question now is done.
Six thousand years men met together
And calmly talked about the weather,
But now the papers run the sun;
A man asks, "Will it rain to-day?"
Give him two cents and go your way.

"And you, my friend, if you had thought
This evening as you galloped out
And hailed a poor newsboy and bought
A first-class paper, why, no doubt
The small investment, sir, had been
A big investment for your tin.

"And this reminds me, by-the-way,
That tin is what we want. I know
A very common want to-day,
But so extravagant, and so
Exacting are the ladies, and
So many are the needs of men
To hold respect and to have a place
In woman's heart—Ah, madam! I,
I do assure you, I had rather die
Than make offense, or so disgrace
Myself and fellows, as to stand
In your sweet presence here and say
One word against the sex for which
We hazard all. Ah, madam, you
Could hardly think what men pull through
To be illustrious, grand, or rich;
To please you, charm you, win the prize
Of love in love's enchanting eyes.
And, sir! I end as I begin,
By hinting, I am out of tin.
But not for self, believe me, sir,
I make demand, but all for her.

"The ships that plow the foamy track,
The mines that open mouths of gold,
The smoke of battle rolling back,
Enshrouding thousands stark and cold,
All these make woman's worshiper;
The tracking of the trackless climes,
The thousand crowns, the thousand crimes,
All won or done alone for her.

"And now one word with you, I pray:
Your bold, bad merchants of to-day—
The politician with his hand
Clutched tight around the country's throat,
While helpless millions weeping stand
And shiver in their rags before
The mills with melody no more—
These men they nothing risk at all
Save reputation. And take note
That that is most exceeding small.
Now, sir, we pay you our respects
Like men. We rob, but do not lie.
We take your purses openly,
We also rob, but risk our necks.

"Ah! so you would proceed. No doubt!
Nay, stop! Stand, sir! Stand! Take out
That quick right hand that you have just
This moment in your bosom thrust!
Take out your hand! No? Shall it be
Purse? or pistol? Look at me!
You see I do not flinch. My face
Is lifted unto yours.
My place
Is peril's front. I know not fear.
You have the drop. Then slay me here,
Then gallop into town and say
Yourself the hero of a day.

"Now draw! Shoot centre! deadly, true!
What, sir? Your purse! By heaven, you
Were born a king! Whom can you be,
To madly spare a man like me?
Where drew you breath?
I know but one—
But one grand man beneath the sun
Who thus could turn and scornfully
Give back the life that clutched at his,
And with it purse well filled as this.

"And that one man, he wore a chain
For many a long year at my side
In wild Australia.
And that name,
My true chain-fellow—chained in shame—
I speak it with a lofty pride
'Twas Jain, Sir Jain! Sir Francis Jain!

"Nay, nay, my lady! Start not so!
No harm shall happen you, I swear.
Stand back, my men. Now may they go;
There is a wildness in his air
That even I would hardly dare
To trifle with.
Stand wide, my men,
And lift your hats with gallant grace:
We shall not see his like again.
Come! let my lantern strike his face!
Now as he gallops from the place;
And note him well, that after this
No harm shall hap to him or his;
And mark— By heaven, it is Jain!
'Tis Jain, 'tis Jain! Sir Francis Jain!
Come back! Come, take your gold; why, I—
I will not touch it though I die.

"You will not turn! Then take the right
Upon the rise. You see the light
Above the city's centre rise
Like London, dashing all the skies?
Then ride for that. Ride straight, and you
Will strike the lighted avenue;
And mind, Sir Jain—Sir Francis Jain,
To-morrow eve we meet again.
I, the learned divine, and you,
The lion of the Avenue;
I, the Irish priest, denied—
Gods! they are gone! hear how they ride!"

PART II.

Sir Francis' face was on his hand,
His eyes looked blankly, helpless down;
His brow was dark with sullen frown.
His hair was tumbled wildly, and
His face was flushed as one that wept,
And yet wept not, nor waked, nor slept.

XUM

A pistol nestled close beside
A nervous and outreaching hand;
A thing familiar and long tried,
That waited as for some command.
He rose and slowly walked the floor,
Then sat him down and slowly wrote,
With fevered hand, a hurried note.
Then quick he rose, and clutched and tore
What he had writ, and with a frown,
Strode long and thoughtful up and down.

At last he stopped, as one outworn,
Sat down, took up the fragments torn,
And sadly smiled. And now he caught
Convulsively, as one in pain,
The pen, spread out the page again
And wrote as one made mad with thought.

"Farewell, farewell, yet not farewell.
I know the sullen, clanging knell
Of clod on coffin-lid means all
Is over. Yet the bleeding heart
Is oft too wounded to depart,
And so creeps in the buried pall.

"Oh, let my broken heart come home
To me with olive branch to rest
From thy proud presence. This were best;
Oh, this were best, proud Maud Jerome.

"Mine ark is as some broken bark,
That ever buffets storm. The dark
Has mantled me. My fluttered dove
Went forth a fond, devoted love.
Now give it peace and send it home,
Oh, fair and faultless Maud Jerome.

"I loved you, lady—love you now,
With love intensified to pain;
But we must never meet again.
I write to give you back your vow.

"Oh, fair, white dove, the olive bough,
Lies deep submerged. My ship drives on
In deluge and in darkness. Night
Has compassed me at last, and now
Must you escape and live. The dawn
Of peace, of rest, of calm delight
And love, but rise to perish from my sight.

"Lo! here I sit, forlorn, to-night,
And calmly write and sign for you
Mine own death warrant.
                    The disdain
Of universal earth was naught
Had you but hovered in my sight.
I could have lived, in you forgot
The deep indignity, the stain,
The perils my young life passed through,
The hard reproaches and heart pain.
But all is over. It is due
To your position, and to you,
To tell you I am that same Jain,
The convict Jain, Sir Francis Jain.
I bore that name because it was
My noble, gentle, father's name;
A name renounced the day he wed
My mother, and brought on his head
A father's curse.
                    In pride or shame,
I wore, and I shall wear that name.
I love, I love that name, because
It was my sire's—all that he
In dying could bequeath to me.

"I would not palliate, nor claim
One touch of tenderness, no tear
From you, fair girl; from any one
Beneath the broad, all-seeing sun.
But I would have you know that name
Is my real name; that it is dear;
That I have worn it e'er, my friend,
Unshamed, and so shall to the end.

"I might have worn a nobler still,
Perchance might now, the lord of Rude.
But mine own proud, impatient will,
It rose and led me on, and hewed
Another path.
                    In solitude
My sire's sire childless weeps,
And waits, and mournful vigil keeps
For my return. I cannot bear
Nor brook the thought to turn me there
To front again that iron face,
That let my father helpless die
Because he wed a peasant wife,
And chose a lowly walk in life—
That let my dying mother lie
In hovel and alone, while I
For battling for my mother's race
Prayed death from prison and disgrace. . . .

"O sea-green glory of the sea,
Sweet isle of song and history,
And fair-haired woman with the grace
Of heaven in thy lighted face—
Thou, Erin, I was true to thee. . . .

"We sometimes laugh so loud that we
From very joy must turn and weep.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
We sometimes mourn so very deep
That we do laugh hysterically,
As if the bitter had been sweet.

. . . "It comes to be my strange belief,
From what my life has heard and seen,
That you may bend your ear, and you
May whisper soft as far-off bird,
Against the wall that lifts between
Intensest joy, intensest grief,
And so be quite distinctly heard.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
The sweet is bitter; bitter sweet.

"Why, I sit smiling now. The tears
That had been prisoned long, long years
Hard frozen—that refused to flow
For mine or for my father's woe,
Have flowed to-night in streams above
The grave of this new-buried love. . . .

"'Tis pitiful, 'tis painful. Yet
With all this agonized regret,
That all is o'er, there has come
A strange, uncommon sense of rest.
My feet shall rest. My lips be dumb,
For earth has nothing I request.
And now to life's conclusion must
My lips be stopped as stopped with dust.

"As one, far traversing the West,
Finds some vast sea and troubled wave,
Some trackless sea of boundless shore
That shuts the world he would explore,
And so sits down, and digs his grave,
And calmly waits his final rest,
So I sit waiting, sad, yet fond,
Half glad that earth is naught beyond.

"Not one firm foot-print marks my shore.
The Sea stretched forth his cold, white hands,
And leveled smooth the shining sands
Where your feet passed the day before.
Now all lie blank. Now, nevermore
I look before. Let me look back
Along my lone life's dubious track.

"I had a friend, one friend, who stood
Like some high lifted, lighted tower,
Above the stormy, sea-foam flood
On peril's sea, in peril's hour.
Oh, lady, know you what it is
To know unshaken soul like this?

"The stakes were freedom and renown.
God's freedom to the grandest race
That ever groaned in the disgrace
Of foreign court and foreign crown.
'Twas freedom or a felon's chain,
We staked and lost. . . . We would again.

"My fellow-captive was my friend,
An elder, abler man than I;
A man who ever sought to die,
And so lives on unto the end.
You ask me where may now abide
This friend so chivalrous, so tried?

"Hold back your face. You may not care
To hear his name and place till you
Have seen how faithful and how true
He was, and what his soul could dare
In deadly circumstance, or how
He grew the knave I find him now.

"Why, we were chained—chained hand to hand,
And in this prisonment we grew
In firmer friendship than they knew;
And, spite of hard oppression, stood
Like two tall poplars of the wood,
Half wedded, for he was as grand
As any noble of the land.

"At last one night we broke this chain,
In wild Australian fortress. We
Could only hear the tumbling sea
Break hard against the beetling wall,
And lift and fall, but that was all;
We knew not where we were, no more
Than midnight clouds of driving rain
That beat the sea and shook the shore.

"We reckless climbed the beetling wall,
Down which it seemed a ghost would fall,
And when we breathed free air again,
And when we touched the fields and fled,
Why, every loose link of my chain,
The iron ball I dragged in pain,
He bore upon his shoulders broad
All day, as if some demigod,
While I crept by as one nigh dead.

"We broke the chains anew, and then
Once more were free, unfettered men.
But serpents leave a trail and trace
Ofttime, that time shall not efface.

"At last, outworn and faint we stood
Far off against the upland wood,
Where stretched two dim, dividing trails.
One led o'er mountains, one through vales,
And all were as unknown to me
As unnamed isles of middle sea.

"We knew no road, no sign, or chart,
Knew naught at all. We only knew
That there would be a deadly chase
Through valley land or mountain base;
For we were leaders; were the two
That stood as pillars to the gate
Of freedom where the brave passed through,
And bore full heritage of hate.

"We knew that we must instant part,
Take divers ways, in hopes that one
Might grope the tangled jungle through,
And with a bold, unbroken heart
Escape, to undertake anew
The work we nobly had begun.

"He bade me take my choice of trails.
I did refuse. He smiling drew
A halfpence forth, and gayly threw
Our only fortune in the air.
"Come! choose, my comrade! Heads or tails?"
How he did counterfeit the care
That burrowed deep his mighty heart!
I knew his heart was breaking—knew
The while that all this dash and dare
Was done for me, to make me bear
With fortitude my further part.
I chose. And so we parted there
That instant, with one last embrace,
All silent, with averted face.

"Through lonely vales he took his flight;
My way led up the mountain height;
And mark what followed: Weak and worn,
My body bent, my bare feet torn,
I sought for shelter for the night
In densest copse along the height,
Where great rocks rose above a cave,
As if it were some giant's grave.

"I gathered sticks, struck flint and steel,
And when the flames leapt up, behold!
The cave was one vast mass of gold—
More gold than England's vaults conceal;
To only think that all this dross
Depended on a copper's toss!

"I gathered gold. In pain and fear
I sought the sea with burdened hands—
I bribed my way to better lands;
But secret I returned next year,
To seek my comrade far and wide,
And up and down; and all in vain.
Each year I gathered heaps of gold
From my great coffers hidden deep,
Where spotted tigers house and sleep.
I gave—gave generous and bold
As Cæsar, so to bribe, reward
The sheep-men, officers or guard,
To bring me my lost friend again.

XUM

They told me he had surely died
From beasts or flood. They lied! they lied!

"Forgive me, love. Yea, pity me.
Man's face is fronted to a wall.
He prophesies to-morrow. All
His days, he plans of days to be;
And yet, poor fool, he cannot see
One inch before, around, or o'er
The wall that circles him. And I
Am even as the blindest. Could
I foreknow that he should rise,
Red-handed in my road at night,
Arrayed in this dark robber's guise?
This man who erst stood up to die
For honor's sake?
We two once stood
On peril's bristled height alone;
We two in God's high lifted light
Exulting but in purity.
Shall I desert him overthrown?
Forsake my friend because his soul
Is slimed and perishing?
Ah, me!
'Twere base to fly and leave a friend
All bleeding on the battle-field,
Without one shelt'ring hand or shield
To help when battle's thunders roll.

"But that were little. Dying there
On glory's front, with trumpet's blare
And battle's shout blent wild about,
The sense of sacrifice, the roar
Of war, the soul might well leap out—
The large, the snow-white soul leap out
The door of wounds, and up the stair
Of heaven to God's open door,
While yet the hands were bent in prayer;
But oh! to leave a soul o'erthrown,
And doomed, to slowly die alone!

"The body is not much. 'Twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest.
It seems to me the man who leaves
The soul to perish is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is gone.

"Farewell! I reach this man the hand
That had been yours, that he may stand.
Farewell! Forget me, lest you hear
The world your love insult with sneer.
Farewell; this robber was my friend,
Is now, and shall be to the end.

"Farewell! God help me now. For such
Hard conflicts tide about my heart
That I do hesitate.
The part
Of man is in the ranks to die
Hard battling for the shining right;
But when all things partake a touch
Of darkness, and a touch of light;
When grand achievement hath for aim
So often tyranny and shame;
When high-born men prove puny knaves,
And leave earth's noblest deeds to slaves,
The skein comes tangled. Then the woof
And warp of life proves reason proof.
O heaven! for a sword so true
Of edge that I might cleave this through!

"The years lift like a stair. Arise
And climb the stairway to the skies
And look possession of the world
That lies quite conquered at your feet.
Yet range not far, I do entreat;
Black clouds will cross the fairest skies.
The fullest tides must ebb and flow;
The proudest king that e'er unfurled
His banners, met his overthrow.

"Farewell, farewell! nor yet farewell,
Yet must I end as I began.
I love you, love you, love but you—
I love you, Maud, as never man
Has loved since man and woman fell,
Or God gave man inheritance,
Or sense of love, or any sense.
And that is why, O love, I can,
Lift up to you my burning brow
To-night, and so renounce you now."

* * *

Long years thereafter fell in fight
A brave man battling for the right,
The robber chief. The moon fell white
And fair above his lowly head.
Two strangers bent above the dead
Man in that deadly battleplace.
Each looked each other in the face—
Sir Francis, now a priest, was one;
The other, his lost love, a nun.

LEGUAT'S ADVENTURES.

In August, 1689, Francis Leguat, a Huguenot gentleman of Bresse, was driven to Holland by the revocation of the celebrated Edict of Nantes. There he heard that the Marquis Duquesne was preparing to found a colony on the island of Mascareigne, which is situated off the western coast of Africa, just north of Madagascar.

Tired of the world, having nothing further to lose, and desiring to die in peace, far away from all political and religious agitation, Leguat solicited and obtained permission to be admitted to the number of emigrants.

The *Hirondelle*, a small vessel carrying six cannon and ten sailors, was chartered to carry the little colony. Twenty-five men had agreed to go; but, as usual, when the time came many faltered, and only ten really embarked. These were, Francis Leguat, fifty-two years old, and appointed governor of the colony; Peter Bele, James de la Case, John Testard, Isaac Boyer, John de la Haye, James Guiger, John Pagny, Robert Anselin, and little Peter, only twelve years old, a bootblack of Rouen, without relatives.

The *Hirondelle* left Amsterdam on the 10th of July, 1690, and on the 25th of April, 1691, came in sight of the Island Rodrigo, one of the Mascareigne Islands. On the 30th of April they landed on the northeast portion of the island to begin their new colony.

The ship remained in harbor a fortnight, landing the effects belonging to the colonists. The stores provided by the French Government consisted of biscuit, beef, guns, pistols, gunpowder, and lead, agricultural instruments, carpenters' tools, kitchen utensils, handmills, etc.—everything that was necessary to make them comfortable.

The death of Jean Pagny reduced the number of colonists to nine; but the full number was made up by the decision of Peter Thomas, one of the sailors, who had quarreled with the captain, to stay behind on the island. But on the night before the ship sailed, James Guiger and little Peter went on board with the captain, and forgot to come ashore again.

They settled on the banks of a creek, near its mouth. Two houses were built on the left bank of the creek; the one nearest the sea contained Peter Bele and Isaac Boyer; next to them lived John Testard. Between these two houses was the common garden, about sixty feet square, surrounded by a stout palisade, seven feet high, to protect it from wild animals. Besides the general garden, each house had a private one.

Opposite the general garden, Leguat built a bridge across the creek. This bridge had two arches, and rested on a pier built on a small island in the creek, where Peter Thomas chose to live.

On one occasion this Thomas, who was a brave man, was surprised by a rapid rise of the creek. He calmly took refuge in a large tree, and waited there until the waters went down again, amusing himself the while by singing at the top of his voice, playing the flute, and shouting to his companions, who stood at the water's edge, unable to assist him.

The bridge opposite the general garden led to the centre of the colony, where they had built a house twice as large as the other houses, styled "The City Hotel." Robert Anselin kept this hotel, and did the cooking for all the inhabitants of this large city of eight. In rainy weather the meals were served in the hotel dining-room; but, as was oftener the case, when the weather was pleasant, they sat down to a circular table, built around a huge tree in front of the hotel. It was in the hollow trunk of this tree that they concealed their memoirs and valuables when they left the island.

Further up the stream was the house of John de la Haye, who had been a goldsmith at home; but here he set up a blacksmith's shop, and hammered away, singing psalms all day long.

On the other side was the house of Francis Leguat, overshadowed by an immense tree; and next to it was the house of James de la Case. All the houses were built on the same model, and about fifteen feet square. The walls were made of logs, and the roof of palm-leaves; the environs were well wooded, but being used for building purposes and fuel, there were finally only left sufficient trees for a shade and a small park.

After building their houses, their first great care was to plow and sow their gardens. The seeds brought from Holland were found to be quite spoiled. Luckily, they had brought some from the Cape of Good Hope, so they raised wheat, watermelons, chicory, artichokes, parsley, turnips, and mustard.

The turnips were destroyed by worms before they grew very strong, the artichokes did not succeed very well, the wheat degenerated, and only produced a species of cheat, thus depriving them of bread; but the chickory did extremely well, and the melons produced enormously, the fruit being of large size and excellent flavor. From the creek they got enormous eels and many varieties of fish. The breadfruit-tree and all the varieties of palm-trees abounded in the island. Last, but not least important, the seashore was frequented by turtles so numerous that one might walk two or three miles on their backs without stepping on the sand. Wild geese were plenty, and they discovered a large bed of oysters near the shore.

Taken altogether, the life of these colonists could not be called insupportable. During the day they worked in their gardens, fished or hunted, and in the evening they played chess, backgammon, draughts, or jackstraws. Some caught parrots, and amused themselves an idle hour in teaching them to talk. They did not neglect their religious duties either.

Their friends had agreed to send a vessel annually with fresh supplies, but lost sight of their promise entirely.

The little colony began to pine for civilization. They were, however, destitute of a boat, and almost of means to build one. A teak-tree, driven ashore, however, supplied material, and this they sawed clumsily into planks, and with few tools, at last, after a year's labor, completed a boat twenty-two feet long, six feet beam, and four deep, calked with their old linen, using oil and gum for pitch.

In this rude concern they attempted to reach the Island of Mauritius, then in the hands of the Dutch. They first, however, drew up a history of their settlement, and deposited it in the hollow tree.

Their first attempt at navigation was unfortunate. Being but unskillful sailors, they capsized when endeavoring to run through the breakers on the long reef opposite the island. They all got safely ashore, but one of their number, from injuries and exposure, took sick and died.

Leguat opposed a second attempt to leave the island, but without effect; so he contented himself by adding the history of their shipwreck to the scroll deposited in the tree.

They succeeded in passing the reef, with its frightful breakers, in safety, yet their situation was not a very pleasant one, for the vessel would not obey her helm, and they were obliged to get out the oars and row. One of them broke the first time it was used, so the other was only used to keep their bark in the proper position before the wind.

For seven days they were driven here and there by the winds, when a fierce tempest arose, during which they were just able to keep the boat afloat by continual bailing. The violent tempest drove them in sight of the Island of Mauritius, which they had so ardently longed to gain, and on the 29th of May they arrived in the Black River, where some Dutch colonists made them very welcome.

The seven adventurers remained one month here before they made their presence known to the governor of the island, a Swiss, named Rudolph Diodati, who promised them a passage home by the first ship.

But his friendship was soon changed to deadly enmity. John de la Haye, the goldsmith, had found a large piece of amber, weighing six pounds, while at Rodrigo, and sold it at Frederick-Henry to a jeweler for a mere nothing, being assured that it was not a valuable piece of gum. The jeweler afterward boasted of his fraud, which, coming to the ears of John de la Haye, he went back to the Dutch jeweler and demanded more money. This being refused, the case was brought before the governor, who decided in favor of the Dutchman.

The governor began his oppression by burning their boat and appropriating the sails for the use of his soldiers. He then forced Thomas, the sailor, and Anselin into the Dutch East India Company's service, and assigned quarters to the rest, forbidding them to go more than a thousand feet from them.

Two of the unhappy Frenchmen, Case and Testard, then endeavored, with the aid of a soldier, named Namur, who was in disgrace, to seize a boat and escape; but Namur betrayed them; and not only they, but also Leguat and the two not in the plot, were sent to a barren rock in the harbor, six miles from the town. On this islet, which was about two hundred feet in length by half that in breadth, and destitute of trees or vegetation of any kind, sheltered only by a miserable shed, the five Frenchmen were mercilessly thrown.

Once a week, and after a time once a fortnight, a scanty allowance of musty salt beef or pork and of water was

XUM

brought to them. Fish-hooks were denied them, and even their own pans to catch water.

Under this cruel treatment, Leguat was seized with a dysentery and nearly died. The physician sent to examine him advised his removal to the town as the only chance of saving his life, but the brutal governor refused.

When they had been here four months, an East India Company's ship arrived, and on this, by law, they should have been sent to Batavia or Cape Town for trial. But Diodati was not anxious for an investigation. Seeing no steps taken to put them on board, Leguat, Bele and De la Haye took the two barrels in which their water was kept, and, with a couple of sticks of wood and a liberal use of sea-weed, they constructed a raft capable of holding two of them.

Bele and De la Haye, being young, vigorous, and good swimmers, ventured on the raft, and crossed the six miles of water in twelve hours.

They found the officers of the ship at the house of the governor, and there disburdened themselves of their woes.

Diodati replied that there were three innocent men and two guilty ones; but as they were Frenchmen and companions, he could not distinguish between them in the punishment they had drawn upon themselves.

Then they were conducted to the dungeon, and next morning reconducted to the rock. To prevent any further attempts at an escape, the water was brought in a large barrel, with the head knocked out.

The officers of the ship visited them on their rock, and, moved by compassion, left them three hundred pounds of rice, some biscuit, and some bottles of wine and brandy.

When the Dutch ship, on her passage to the Cape of Good Hope, passed the rock at the distance of half a league, Case, who was a good swimmer, endeavored to reach her by swimming, trusting that the captain would permit him to remain on board.

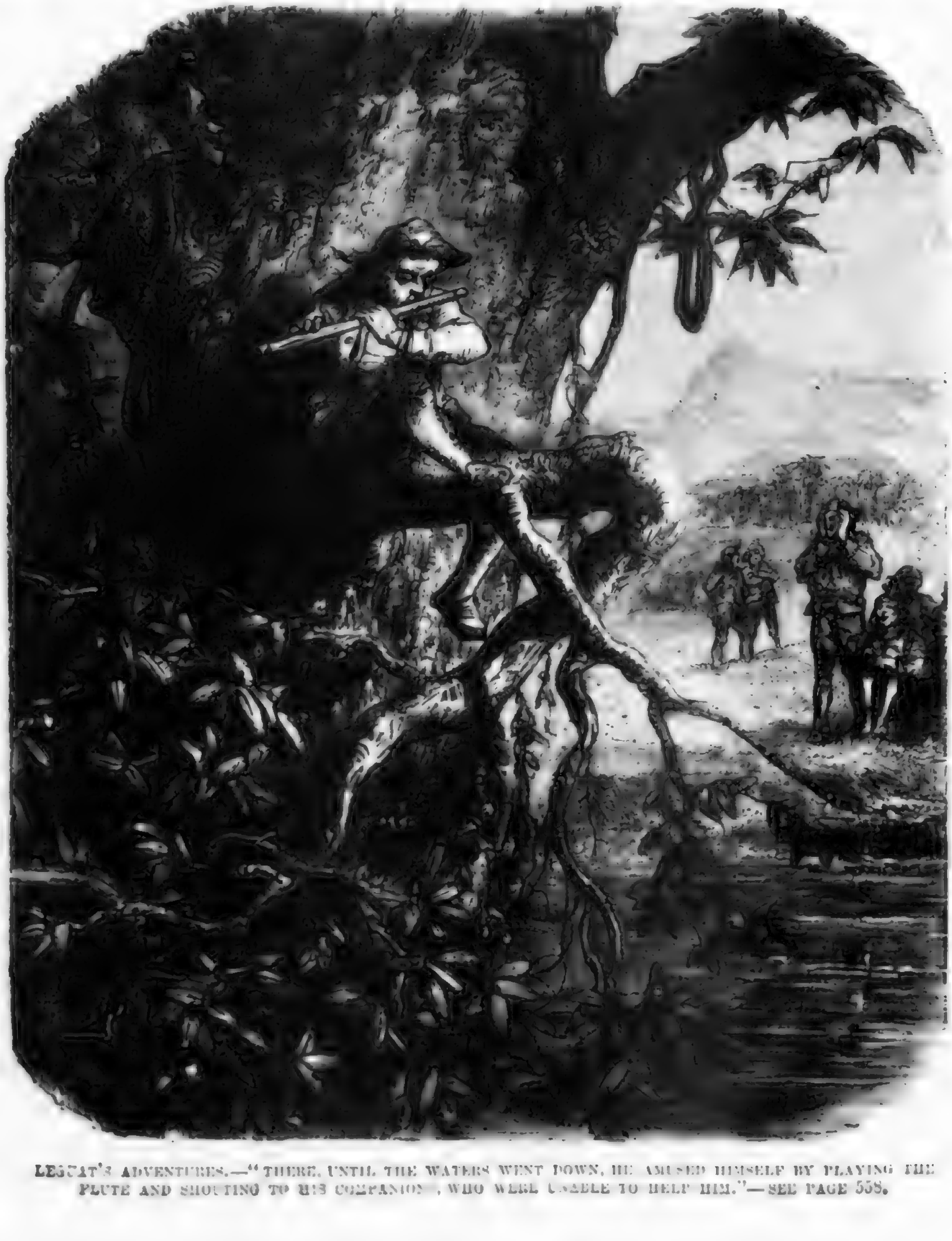
His companions freed him of his irons, and he struck out for the ship, for liberty, and health; but his strength was not equal to the task, and he would have been drowned if the sailors had not come to his rescue. He was carried on board ship, and allowed to remain long enough to regain his strength, when he was carried back to the island. After this, Testard made a raft from the old house, and started about midnight for an island in sight, leaving letters to his companions. He was, no doubt, drowned, for a hurricane destroyed their house completely, and would have blown the remaining four into the sea, had they not sought shelter in a cavern. Testard was never heard of again.

Having procured some green hides and poles, under the pretext of putting up a tent in place of the house, Case made a boat by stretching the skins over three sticks and sewing the poles up with strips of hide, and actually escaped to Mauritius, where he wandered in the woods for a week before he was discovered and taken back to his prison.

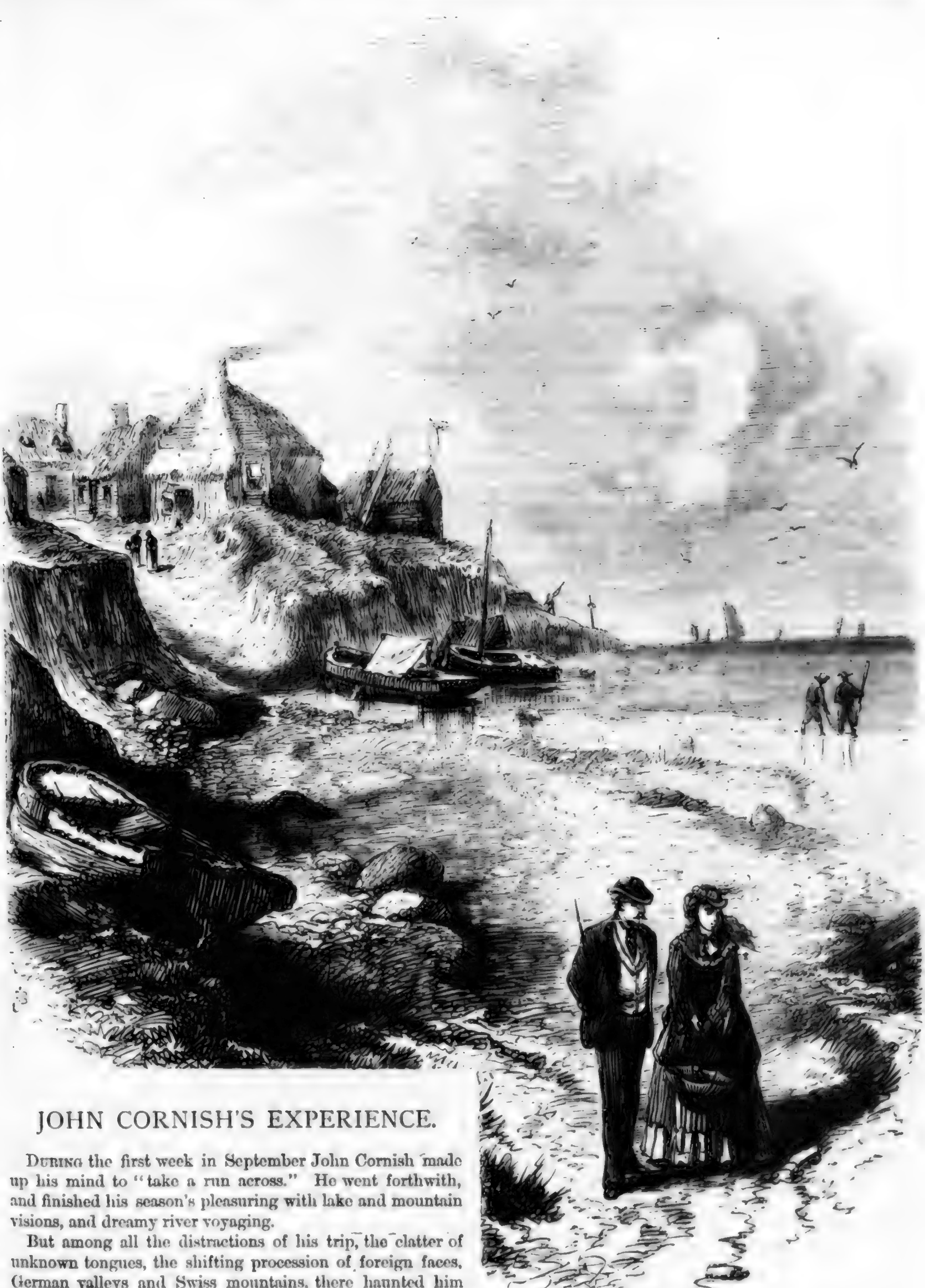
About this time the Dutch ship Suraag arrived in port, bringing orders for the Frenchmen to be sent to Batavia for trial. The officers of the *Perseverance* had reported the case to the officers of the Dutch East India Company.

Arrived at Batavia, they were tried and sentenced to serve the Company long enough to pay for the expense of keeping them in prison three years, and then were permitted to return to Holland. A few days before the ship sailed that was to carry them home, De la Haye died of dysentery.

The remaining three arrived in Holland just eight years and ten months after leaving it.



LEGUAT'S ADVENTURES.—"THERE, UNTIL THE WATERS WENT DOWN, HE AMUSED HIMSELF BY PLAYING THE FLUTE AND SHOUTING TO HIS COMPANIONS, WHO WERE UNABLE TO HELP HIM."—SEE PAGE 558.



JOHN CORNISH'S EXPERIENCE.—"ONE AFTERNOON THEY WERE SAUNTERING TOGETHER DOWN THE BEACH."

JOHN CORNISH'S EXPERIENCE.

During the first week in September John Cornish made up his mind to "take a run across." He went forthwith, and finished his season's pleasuring with lake and mountain visions, and dreamy river voyaging.

But among all the distractions of his trip, the clatter of unknown tongues, the shifting procession of foreign faces, German valleys and Swiss mountains, there haunted him constantly a pair of gray eyes looking out of a dark, pale face. The ghost of the dead Summer had taken the eyes and face of Kate Gardener, and it could not well have come in sweeter guise.

John Cornish, as is the manner with the American young

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man, had lounged away the hot months at the fashionable centres of idleness. In August he went to the seaside, and there he met met Miss Gardener.

He had no thought beyond a repetition of the story of other Summers. He talked and laughed and wasted his time on the sands, let the days slip, and took no note of time till the young lady came.

He did not think her so beautiful at first. Then, somehow, he came to comparing her face with others, and watching it in its odd, pale changes, and concluded at last that, beautiful or not, it stood quite by itself among the rose-and-white crowd of other women. He knew her quite well by that time—as such acquaintances go—and little by little they dropped unawares into an intimacy that was as unobtrusive as close.

All his life long John Cornish had had what he wanted. Never having been thwarted, he considered himself a man of exceedingly moderate demands. The accident of birth had made him a gentleman in the grain, so at twenty-five he was as well worth loving as most men are.

Ah, well! it was the old, old story. The spell wove itself, as it does still in these practical days—color, perfume, music, the manifold perfections of a sweet, world-trained woman. John Cornish was hard hit, and the worst of it was, that he did not know it.

One afternoon they were sauntering together down the beach. The sun was going down through a yellow haze; at their feet the long ripples hushed up and down. Cornish never considered that the past fortnight might not prolong itself through eternity. For fourteen days he had forgotten all about himself. Sometimes men keep their eyes shut willfully, refusing to wake. *He* did not even know he was dreaming. He came to a sense of his condition presently.

It was the last day of August. The pathetic minor of the early coming Fall made itself felt through the sunshine and sea-wind. Aldrich precipitated the crisis. A bit of his tuneful rhyme came into Cornish's mind, and spoke itself half unawares:

"If we could only stay so,
In such a happy dream,
We would never care to waken,
But drift along with the stream."

Miss Gardener flashed a keen look up into the unobservant face. Then her broad lips dropped softly again.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "that's the worst of dreams, the inevitable waking up afterward. One goes about in a maze for—a whole day, sometimes."

Miss Gardener wore something thin and white, shot through with threads of vivid green—cool and foamy-looking. He remembered just how the shadow of her parasol fell across her face—just the tie of the pale green ribbon at her throat. He was stupid and self-involved, as men in love for the first time are apt to be. In the silence that followed it never occurred to him that her words meant anything. He was just dreaming along there, on the edge of the Summer sea, his head in the clouds.

They rounded a long curve in the beach. The stage had come in during their absence, and two gentlemen—strangers—had come down to the shore, and stood close before them. Miss Gardener exclaimed just above her breath, and made a few quick steps forward into the arms of a man, majestic, gray-bearded, paternal. The other, neither gray-bearded nor paternal, awaited his own greeting with serene assurance. She turned toward him in an instant, gave him both her hands; there was the barest shadow of hesitation, then his mustache brushed her lips. Perhaps he thought he might as well at once define his position.

Cornish came forward as they turned toward him. There was a trip-hammer pounding in his brain—sea and shore were tilting back and forth in circles of white light and blinding dark. But he had sense enough not to make a visible idiot of himself.

"Papa, this is Mr. Cornish. Mr. Jordan, Mr. Cornish."

The two younger men bowed ceremoniously. She did not look up at her late escort, slipping her hand through her father's arm, and going toward the house.

Cornish got himself away somehow, and sauntered back along the shore till he was out of sight of the house. Then he started off as if death were at his heels. He wanted to cry, to swear, to dash himself against the rocks. *Something* had happened; there had been a crash, and not a nerve in body nor brain that did not quiver with the novel agony. He was in a whirl, and the only thing he could do was to keep up that killing pace.

He stopped at last, hot, breathless, dead tired. He was on a point of rocks running far out into the sea. The sun had gone down; a ghostly twilight wrapped the world. He threw himself face downward on the poor, bare turf, and there, in the night, the great agony of his life came upon him. Heretofore he and Fate had gone together; now the surprise of the blow was as maddening as the hurt.

Ah, well! he lay there, and had it out with himself, and was as alone in his misery as if his case had been solitary in the universe. By-and-by, after he had cried—choking sobs and great tears like a woman—the propriety of going home presented itself. The night wind blew wet and chilly, an angry haze had swallowed the stars. And then he found that the tide had cut him off.

There was not a chance for tragedy. The point was an island at high water, that was all. He must wait for the ebb, and that did not come till near morning.

He was tired out now. He lay down, and after a while fell fast asleep—the dead, heavy sleep of fatigue. When the cold dawn woke him, and he found a slippery, wet path open to the mainland, he felt a thousand years old. He got back to the hotel somehow, and made his way up to his room through sleepy servants, and the early, dusty, doleful stir of a great house.

He dressed, and went down to breakfast. He would not spare himself one coal of torment. After the meal, Miss Gardener came out of her way to speak to him.

"I tried to find you last night. I was afraid I might not see you again. We are going this morning."

She had not looked at him while she spoke. Something, his silence, perhaps, drew her eyes up, against her will. She saw the tired, stern mouth and mournful eyes, the whole haggard face, young and handsome and proud still, and a curious shadow flitted over her own. She had put out her hand when she first spoke, and he had taken it. She stood gazing at him for a breath. They were alone together; she laid her other hand over his, holding it so between both hers, raised it, and dropped her cheek against it for one swift instant.

"Good-by!" she said, as she turned and fled.

That was why John Cornish went to Europe in September.

He was a bit of a fatalist. He accepted what had happened as final. He never thought of any winning chance for himself. She was to be married in November. The thing was over as hopelessly as if the world had come to an end.

He had neither purpose nor plans, but in the middle of December some shifting eddy of incident turned his face westward. He had no kin, almost no correspondents. He missed all his letters—few enough—in Paris and Liverpool. When he landed in New York he was utterly unaware of what lay before him.

It was late that night when he went to his hotel. In the morning he saw no near acquaintance before he set about supplying his nearest want—money. Then he found that, financially, he was a ruined man.

I have not patience nor space to tell how it all happened. It was one of those things possible to our shifting American fortunes. He was worth in the world just what his personal possessions would sell for.

He had a diamond or two, some costly trifles of art, his sportsman's outfit was elaborate and expensive. He actually turned them into money, and then set about finding himself a niche in the world. He had never realized before what a crowded place it must be. He had been easy, careless, frank enough as he stood in the sunshine; now some unsuspected jealous pride in his nature made the asking or receiving of a favor a very bitter matter. The same pride wrapped him still in that lazy, unconcerned grace of manner; but his face grew thin, and the brave, blue eyes took a shadowy and far-off look. It took four months for him to get so near the end of his resources that he really felt the matter desperate.

He went to an acquaintance, then an old man, who had been successful, as success goes. He had barely seen him since his new estate had befallen him.

"I want work," he said, abruptly.

Mr. Rogers looked up from his letters with a gleam of interest in his eyes.

"What can you do?" he asked, deliberately.

"Nothing."

"A good recommendation, certainly. A good many men can offer that, Mr. Cornish."

"But what am I to do? I have not twenty dollars in the world, and no more to come unless I earn it."

The older man sat silent, his eyes on the paper-cutter with which he was playing. Cornish went on:

"I have tried everything I could think of, and there hasn't been one in which I could get a foothold at all where I could earn potatoes and salt at the beginning. That is the main thing now. I have an unfortunate habit of eating three times a day, you see."

"Perhaps you have aimed too high. You have never had a business training, and most beginners are younger than you. Haven't you been too ambitious?"

"Ambitious?" with a little, scornful laugh. "Well, perhaps so. I answered an advertisement for a light porter yesterday, and didn't get it. The firm thought I was chaffing, I believe."

Mr. Rogers looked up at the slight, supple figure leaning against the wall. Cheaply dressed, and his boots at the extreme verge of respectability, he yet looked wonderfully like the fabulous prince in disguise.

"No, you don't look much like that sort of thing, that's true."

Cornish glanced down at his soft, slender hands. He was humble enough now; he thought his companion's speech a reproach, instead of the involuntary half-compliment that it was."

"I know it; but I'm ready to take anything—*anything!*"

"There's only one thing in my hands now," Rogers said, slowly, after a minute's pause. "I have an influence on a city railway. I might get you a place there, if you liked."

One week after, John Cornish was duly installed conductor on one of the horse-railway cars in Boston.

It might be a difficult matter in any city for a man in such a capacity to be recognized among his equals, though his graces of mind and soul were never so near perfection. But Dives's case was not a more hopeless one than John Cornish's, sunk beneath the classic upper stories of Boston. The next three months were one dead level of monotonous misery. In all that time he never heard one word addressed to himself as a man from the lips of one person who had been on the same social grade as himself. Now and then an acquaintance passed, unrecognizing, in the crowds on the sidewalks. He had changed much. His smooth-shaven face was thin and brown, and, albeit as handsome as a young Greek god, the metal badge on his coat was as high as most persons looked.

The man was dying from mental starvation and homesickness. The wretched weariness of his day's work was nothing beside the isolation which wrapped him. Of Mr. Rogers he had heard not one word. He did not know that that gentleman, overwhelmed with household trouble, had gone abroad almost immediately after he, Cornish, had come to Boston.

One day—a burning August day—he stood on the rear platform of his car, his hat drawn down over his eyes, mechanically doing his work, but thinking, with the lethargic hopelessness of a sick man, of those other Summer days, barely a year away. He had been wrapped in the purple ever since he was born. Was it any wonder that the "hodden-gray" chafed him? But, then, he was not consciously fretting about that. The fine, artistic nature, used all his life to elegant fitnesses of surroundings, cried out with desperate appeal. He was ill, and did not know it. A group of ladies on the sidewalk signaled his car.

He stood with his hand on the check-strap as they filed in, not noticing anything about them. Then he passed through the car, collecting his fares, still in a maze.

"Does this car pass through"—a pause and a gasp—"Berkeley Street!" in a half-choked whisper.

One of the ladies who had last entered the car asked the question. She had been sitting with her face turned away, chatting to her companion, as women in horse-cars do chat, with a touching confidence that no one overhears them. She turned, as she began her question; her hearer pushed back his hat, stooping a little to answer it; and John Cornish and Kate Gardener were face to face, and recognizing each other.

The shock came in that break in her words. There was an instant of certainty gone like a flash. The proprieties stepped in, and helped her finish her question. The more she thought about it, the more she doubted. She had heard some vague story of Cornish's broken fortunes, and fancied him abroad. He had changed, undeniably. She watched all she dared till she left the car, and found herself more and more puzzled. And Cornish, misreading it all, saw in her pause involuntary recognition, in her resumed question and little after confusion of manner, deliberate avoidance of him in his new position.

I do not know that he had thought of or looked for anything different. But a sharp pain had added itself to the vague ache in his heart. Another man's wife, as she was—he had never questioned the fulfillment of that report about her wedding—he could not bear that his goddess should show herself capable of petty meanness.

The very next day he was transferred to another line of road. Two weeks afterward Mr. Rogers stepped on his car, and greeted him as heartily as if the hand he shook was clean and white as of old. He explained his long silence and absence, watching the young man's face with anxious eyes while he spoke. The next day Cornish was promoted to a clerkship in the company's office.

That promotion was all that was needed to finish his physical prostration. The confinement in the close, hot room, after the long hours of open-air exposure, was more than he could bear. One noon he left his desk, too ill and dizzy to go on with his work. In the afternoon he crawled about the shady squares with a vague sense that green leave and west wind would somehow reach the heart of his malady.

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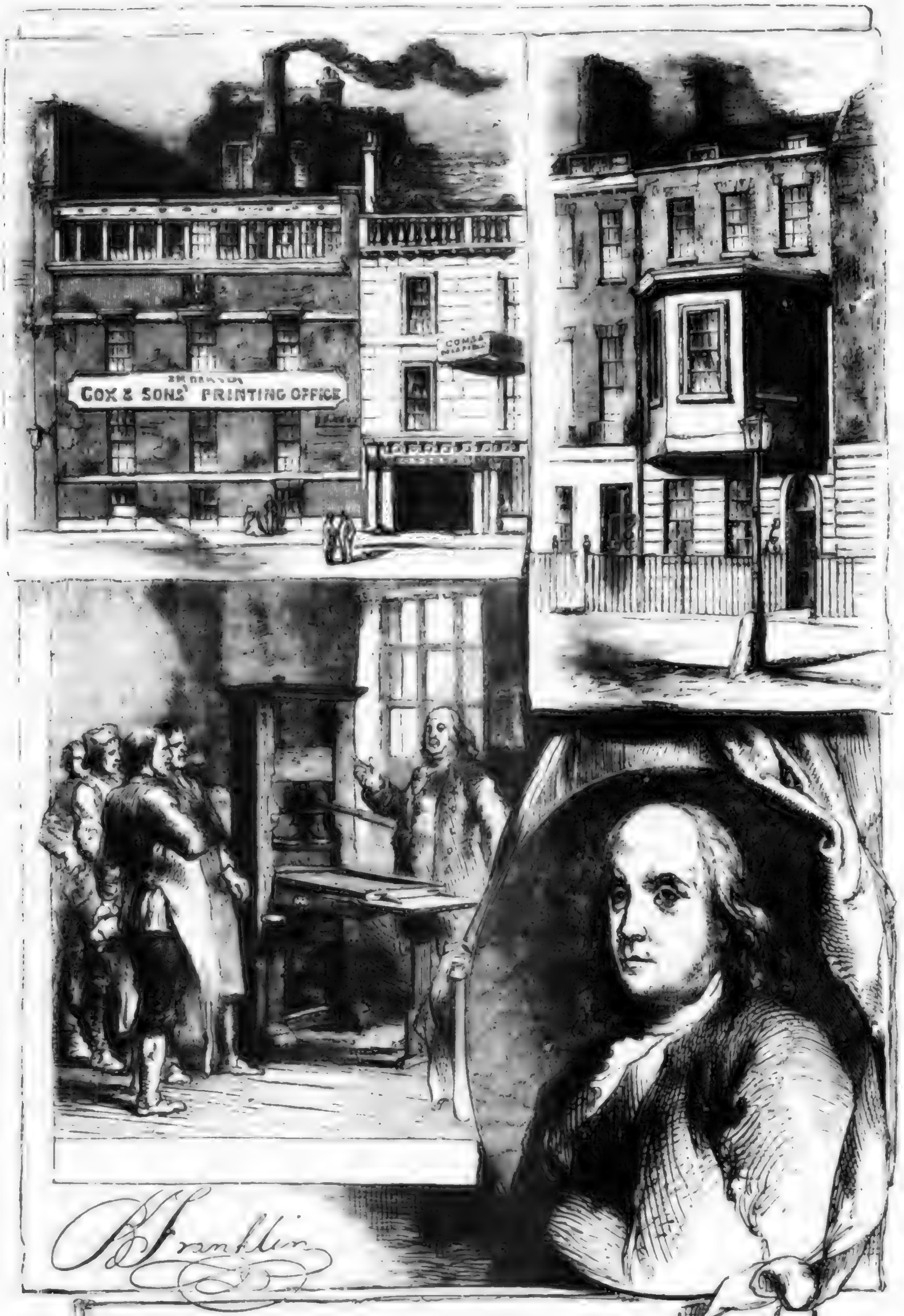


BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—THE PRINTING OFFICE WHERE HE WORKED IN LONDON—HIS HOUSE—THE PHILOSOPHER SHOWING THE PRESS AT WHICH HE HAD WORKED.

Just opposite a church he encountered a bridal party coming out. His dazed wits just comprehended *her* face in a mist of white, and in the group somewhere—for everything changed and melted into broken shapes before his eyes—the man he had met by the sea, Henry Jordan. Like a lightning-flash, he took it all in. Her wedding had been postponed, and he at last had seen her as a bride. And then wits and senses, and everything else that keeps a man among other men, went out, and he dropped like a log almost at her very feet.

Of course she screamed, and there was flurry and confusion in the bridal party, and a policeman bustled up, ready for arrest. But as he lifted the prostrate man, Mr. Rogers—in the company—saw his face; and the end of it was that, instead of being ignominiously jolted off to the station-house, he was carried away softly in a luxurious carriage, in which a scent of roses yet lingered. But he was unconscious of his state and style, and staid so for days that ran into weeks.

He came back at last. Through a shaded window a little wind rippled in, bringing a glint of close-at-hand sunshine with it. The room was still and cool, luxurious and airy. So much lay straight before his eyes. He would not have turned his head if the fate of half the universe depended upon it. Never again, probably, as long as he stays this side of Jordan, will he be so sublimely indifferent to everything earthly, as he was for those few minutes.

There was a soft rustle beyond him, and a woman's figure came lightly and softly across the range of his vision. At the sight of the wide-open, sane eyes, she stopped, with a little, half-frightened gesture. He essayed speech, and achieved a whisper:

"Kate!"

If he had not been more out of than in the body, he would never have so addressed her. As much as he thought anything, he had a vague notion that he was in some sort of preparatory Paradise, and she was there, too, of course.

She came toward him very quietly. He tried to put out his hand toward her, and discovered that, little as there was of his body, it was too much for him. She held something cool and tasteless to his lips, and then, obeying his eyes rather than his voice, sat down beside him, his head still resting on her arm. And so, with her face before him—a blessed, restful vision, after all the horrors of the past—he drifted out of consciousness again.

Mrs. Rogers coming in half an hour afterward, found her niece with the empty medicine-glass overturned at her feet, and both she and her patient fast asleep.

There came a waking. There always does come that, after everything, good or bad, and an explanation. The lady did the most of it, Cornish being equal only to broken sentences, and very few of those.

"I came to my cousin's wedding. Mrs. Rogers is my aunt."

"Mrs. Jordan," interrupting, and choking a little on the name.

"No, sir," a faint color coming into her face. "Mr. Jordan and I changed our minds a long time ago; but we are the best of friends. He was married to Hattie Rogers six weeks ago, and you nearly frightened the whole of us to death by fainting away among the bridesmaids. Mr. Rogers had you brought here to his brother's house. Now you may go to sleep again."

"Don't leave me!"

"No," a little sober look on her face.

"Never."

And the great heart-throb under the word made it a half-gasp.

"Never," bending over, and touching her lips to his forehead and cheek.

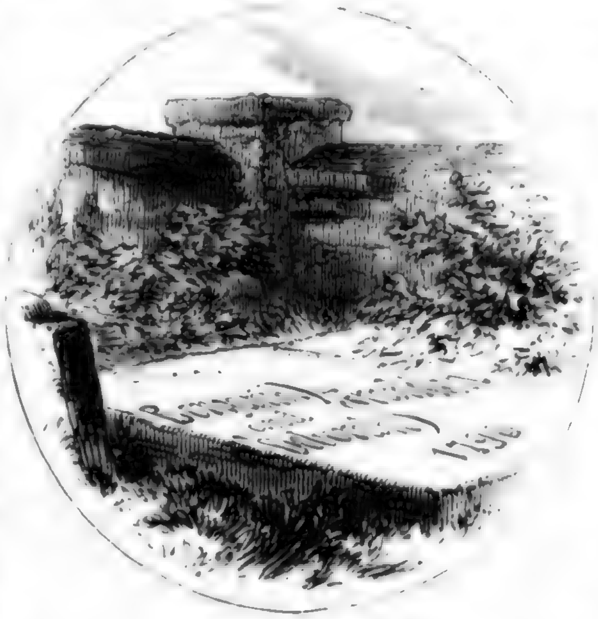
He was too weak for heroics. He drew a long breath of great content, and slipped away into a state too deliciously conscious for sleep, too dreamily irresponsible for waking.

Well, so that chapter of his experience ends, almost. Nobody left him any money, and his own fortune did not come back; at least, it has not yet done so. But Mr. Rogers's interest secured him a situation, where, if he has brains and business faculty, he has a chance to reach a paying partnership. And he and Kate Gardener were quietly married in November.

FRANKLIN.

The life of Benjamin Franklin is familiar to all from boyhood. His career we trace from the cradle almost to the grave. Whether working at his press in a London office, or, risen to greatness, standing there amid the craftsmen who had succeeded him—whether struggling up the toilsome way to fame and honors in Boston and Philadelphia, or standing a plain republican in France, to receive honors from all ranks and classes, he is the ideal American.

His character has thus been finely portrayed, and no words of ours could add to the picture:



THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

"With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory. The son of a rigid Calvinist, the grandson of a tolerant Quaker, he had, from boyhood, been familiar, not only with theological subtleties, but with a catholic respect for freedom of mind. Skeptical of tradition as the basis of faith, he respected reason rather than authority; and, after a momentary lapse into fatalism, escaping from the mazes of fixed decrees and free-will, he gained, with increasing years, an increasing trust in the overruling providence of God. Adhering to 'none of all the religions in the colonies, he yet devoutly, though without form, adhered to religion.'

"But, though famous as a disputant, and having a natural aptitude for metaphysics, he obeyed the tendency of his age, and sought, by observation, to win an insight into the mysteries of being. Loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected herself, revealed her laws. He was free from mysticism, even to a fault. His morality, repudiating ascetic severities, and the system which enjoins them, was indulgent to appetites of which he abhorred the sway; but his affections were of a calm intensity; in all his career, the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings.

"In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favorite of intelligent society; and with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in the expression of light-hearted gayety.

"In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of humor; but, while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the feebleness of men, a severe benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at his toils. To superficial observers, he might have seemed as an alien from speculative truth, limiting himself to the world of the senses; and yet, in study, and among men, his mind always sought, with unaffected simplicity, to discover and apply the general principles by which nature and affairs are controlled—now deducing from the theory of calorics improvements in fireplaces and lanterns, and now advancing human freedom by firm deductions from the inalienable rights of man.

"Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence; yet his hope was steadfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth, brought down, and applied to the affairs of life, the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies.

"He separated himself so little from his age, that he has been called the representative of materialism; and yet, when he thought on religion, his mind passed beyond reliance on sects to faith in God; when he wrote on politics, he founded the freedom of his country on principles that know no change; when he turned an observing eye on nature, he passed always from the effect to the cause, from individual appearances to universal laws; when he reflected on history, his philosophic mind found gladness and repose in the dear anticipation of the progress of humanity."

The remains of Franklin lie by the side of his wife, in the burying-ground of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and, in conformity with his directions, are covered with a simple marble slab. The inscription reads:

BENJAMIN }
and } FRANKLIN,
DEBORAH }
1790.

When the philosopher was but twenty-three years of age, he seems to have contemplated his earthly resting-place, and at that time wrote the following famous epitaph:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old Book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author.

It is full of feeling, full of wit, one of the most Benjamin Franklin-ish things that ever came from his pen. Why has it not been wrought into the marble that marks his grave?

GAUCHOS ATTEMPTING TO LASSO A LOCOMOTIVE.

SOME years ago, I was one of a party of engineers running a railroad track across the pampas of Buenos Ayres, and a queer life we had of it. Civilization and the nineteenth century were suddenly thrust amid those wild Gauchos, true Arabs of the past. They instinctively looked upon us as foes, and sought to rob, kill, or thwart us. We were like a small garrison surrounded by savage hordes.

At last we got ready for a trial trip. As the locomotive ran across the boundless prairie with its smoke and its clatter, Gauchos might be seen starting up in all directions, and then come flying toward us, half in terror, half bewildered with curiosity. Most of them reined in at a distance from the line, where their snorting stallions did not themselves suddenly halt.

We had run the distance we intended, and made ready for our return. As we had tested the road, we felt more secure, and put on the steam. Away we flew; but, to our amazement, we saw two Gauchos start out ahead of us, circle round, and halt on the track, to catch the new beast with the lasso. Before we could check our speed the lasso flew; but as it circled around the smokestack, horse and man went down before it, the lasso dragging the unfortunate Gaucho under the wheels.

Our position was one of danger; but we stopped, and did all that we could, taking up the body of the madman, and bearing it on to our destination, his friends following, but afraid to enter.

We endeavored to explain to them the nature of steam and its terrible power, but argument was useless; nothing could make them believe that boiling water could outstrip and outpull a horse. Horses in the iron box were, to their minds, a sensible explanation of what they saw.

BESSY SMALL.

CHAPTER I.

I FALL IN LOVE.

THE old farmhouse was not a very lively place; but my widowed mother clung to it with a tenacity with which age always clings to home and early associations. No arguments of mine could induce her to fix her residence in the great city, only a few miles distant.

At my solicitation, she had, years before, when I was first admitted to the bar, taken up her abode there; but she had soon grown tired of its noise, bustle, and unsociability, and gladly returned to the old farmhouse and her early friends.

So I was bound, when I had any spare time—and, in fact, I had too much, as my father's death had left me in possession of ample means; and, having no spur to exertion, I did not follow my profession so ardently as I might have done had I depended upon it for a livelihood—to visit her at the old place, gladden her fond eyes with the sight of her sole offspring, and relieve the monotony of her existence by a month of my society.

These periodical visits did us both good; as they pleased her, and the country air was like a tonic to me after a lengthened sojourn in town, which—I may as well confess it—I passed in rather a "fast" style, having acquired all the small vices of the age.

I invariably selected the Summer for my visits; as the fishing was excellent in the neighborhood, and I am rather partial to old Izaak Walton's gentle pastime.

So I passed the time on the broad sheet of water which the inhabitants dignified with the title of "lake," boating or fishing; or else in scouring the green lanes on the back of my favorite pony, as black as night, with an eye of fire, a perfect terror to the village urchins as I dashed by them; for my style of riding was a wild gallop, which Ebony, as I call him, infinitely prefers to a gentle canter.

My mother took little heed of my incomings and outgoings. So long as I enjoyed myself, and the fresh air and exercise brought back the color to my cheeks that a city life had made pallid, and constant bathing crisped my brown hair into a resemblance to the curly-headed darling she had trotted on her knee before gray threads were mixed with her own dark tresses, she was content.

I chatted with her old cronies, and no matter how much they bored me, I never suffered it to become manifest.

I was always on my good behavior at home, for I knew how sensitive the village folks were to any slight or ridicule.

One subject of difference alone arose between my mother and myself. She was most anxious to have me marry and settle down in life; she having formed the opinion that I was not exactly capable of taking care of myself, but needed a wife to give me steadiness, as a ship does ballast.

Some glimpses of my metropolitan life had been revealed to her, and she suddenly grew alarmed at the thought of my being a little too "wild." With true womanly instinct, she conceived the idea that a good wife was the necessary corrective; and perhaps she was not far from right, after all.

Having come to this conclusion, she unburdened her mind to me; and, as I neither assented nor dissented, she cast about her to see what young lady in the neighborhood was worthy of becoming her daughter-in-law.

Though I rather ridiculed the idea of choosing a wife as one would a horse, she persisted in the intention until it finally grew into a hobby, and became a little annoying.

I was trotted around to visit all the eligible young ladies in the neighborhood, receiving the somewhat flattering admonition from my mother that I "had but to choose."

Of course the natural result followed. I did not make my choice. The idea of being led up to a young girl, with the intimation that her father was worth so much, that it was an excellent match, that I could not do better, and so on, was rather revolting to my feelings, as I had some poetry in my composition, and possessed the idea that, when the right one came, I should know it without any prompting, and accept my "manifest destiny."

My mother grew annoyed at her repeated failures, said I was too particular, and recited for my benefit an ancient fable, the argument of which was that a certain individual—a prince, I think, he was—being led into a forest of beautiful birds, was told to take his choice, with the understanding that he must make that choice before he got out of the wood.

The prince proceeds upon his journey, but becomes bewildered by the gaudy plumage of innumerable birds, and pushes on, waiting to choose the handsomest, until he finally reaches the end of the forest without making any choice, and there is nothing left for him but an ugly old raven. There was no misunderstanding the application of this elegant allegory.

Notwithstanding this, I made no choice, but took to fishing stronger than ever; and when I was thinking of anything but women, I fell in love. It happened in this way.

At the end of the lake was a little hotel, kept by an old fellow by the name of Ben Dribrats, which was quite a resort to the fishermen, and he was somewhat celebrated for getting up fish suppers. When I was joined in my sport by any of the young fellows in the neighborhood, or from town, as often happened, we used to take our fish to the little hotel, get Ben to cook them, and serve them up. He did this very tastily; and as he had the good sense to keep the best of wines and cigars, we generally had a very nice time of it.

The meal was usually set in a small apartment looking out upon the lake, from which we always had a cool breeze, and served by some rustic maid from the village, more celebrated for a general healthy look than for beauty.

One afternoon, to my great astonishment, instead of the rosy-cheeked, buxom damsel who was accustomed to serve us, a new attendant made her appearance.

The change did not seem to affect my companion much—Tom Hayricks, the worthy deacon's hopeful son and heir—he had evidently seen her before.

But she made such an impression upon me—and I am not very susceptible, I assure you—that I actually could not eat my supper.

It seemed as if my soul went out to her at the very first glance. I had met my fate; I knew it, and resigned myself to my destiny. Yes; I, Henry Pastern, a wealthy man and considered as *blasé* in the beauties of town, had fallen in love with a servant-girl in a paltry hotel. Wouldn't my mother's hair bristle up with indignation if she knew it?

All this time I know you expect a description of my charmer.

You have prepared yourself to hear of something transcendantly lovely—a realization of a poet's dream, who goes mad over the description of his mistress's charms.

But this girl had nothing of the sort. I question if you would have thought her worthy of a second glance. Tom Hayricks did not; for, when I remarked, as she left the room, that she was rather pretty, he answered, carelessly, "Oh, so so."

It was plain she had created no impression upon him; and I felt quite a satisfaction at the thought, for Tom was a good-looking fellow.

Why had she created such an impression upon me? Upon my life, I cannot say. Love is an epidemic; its subtle essence is in the air, and you are inoculated before you know it.

She was not handsome, as I said; some people would have called her plain. Her features were not regular, or formed in classic mold. Her complexion was dark, almost to sallowness, and she had not the slightest tinge of color in her cheeks. Her forehead was broad and unnaturally high, she had a long, straight nose, a large, hazel eye, the smallest of mouths, and a pointed chin. Her hair was black, and arranged in smooth bands on either side of her broad brow. There was a world of decision in the thin lips, and a slumberous fire in the dreamy eyes. She carried her head with a peculiar, disdainful air, impossible to describe—a mixture of haughtiness and humbleness. Her form was well proportioned and lithe, and her every motion grace itself. Notwithstanding the dress she wore—nothing could have been plainer or neater—she gave me the idea of a queen in masquerade. I claim to be something of an adept in discovering character.

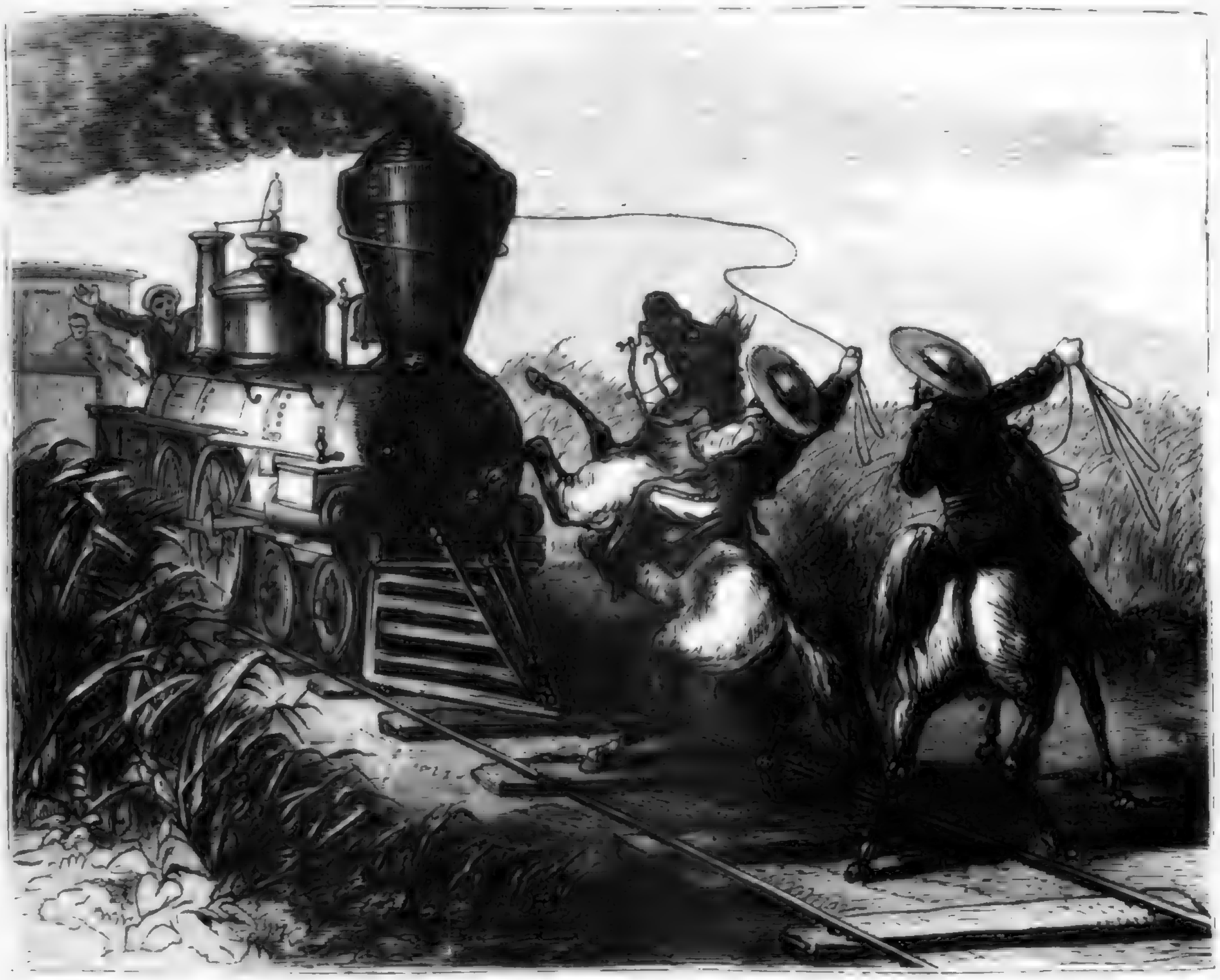
The girl's face was the title-page of a story which I was determined to read. It interested me as no face had ever done before.

CHAPTER II.

RESEARCHES AFTER TRUTH.

"So BEN has got a new girl," I remarked to Tom, as I helped him to a fish, nicely browned.

"Yes," he returned, briefly.



GAUCHOS ATTEMPTING TO LASSO A LOCOMOTIVE.—SEE PAGE 566.

"Who is she? Where did she come from?" I asked, assuming a careless tone to conceal my eager curiosity.

"Nobody knows where she came from. She is not particularly communicative upon that point, for I asked Ben myself the first time I saw her here. She has been here about a week, now."

"I never saw her before."

"No? Well, there is nothing remarkable about her. She came to the village a poor girl seeking employment, and Ben took her in. She gave her name as Bessy Small—which the boys have already twisted into 'Small Bessy,' on account of her size. Ben thinks, and I am of the same opinion, that the name is only an assumed one, as she is somewhat close in regard to her antecedents. The probability is that she has seen better days, and some sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune has thrown her out upon the world to get her living the best way she can. She has evidently received a good education—her conversation betrays that—and there is a certain air about her that speaks of gentle breeding."

"I observed that at the first glance."

"Indeed! I suppose it is the old story: brought to sudden poverty, she was too proud to depend upon her relatives, but determined to work her own way through the world. I admire her pluck—don't you?"

"I certainly do."

We finished our supper without any further allusion to Bessy Small, but I went home with my mind full of the strange girl; and that night black hair and hazel eyes mingled, in delightful confusion, in my dreams. In the morning I had come to the conclusion that my "destiny" was Bessy Small, and I determined to work it out.

My visits to the lake were now of daily occurrence. Fishing was a capital excuse; but my rod lay idle on the bank, and I sat in the shade, puffing away leisurely at a cigar, and waiting for an opportunity to exchange a word with Bessy Small as she flitted by in the pursuit of her avocations. She was very shy and distant at first; but she thawed gradually, and we soon became good friends.

At the moment we began to be intimate, I discovered a fact that aroused the demon jealousy in my breast. Bessy had become quite a favorite with the frequenters of the little hotel. She had a ready tongue to answer all, and her smiles were bestowed, I thought, altogether too indiscriminately. Old Ben's business began to improve wonderfully; all the young fellows came to eat their suppers, and chat with "Small Bessy," as she was now invariably called.

Another circumstance filled me with alarm. Bessy had grown handsome. The fresh country air had brought back the color to her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with a healthy lustre, her step was light and buoyant, and she caroled like a bird from morn to night.

No wonder old Ben prized her, and treated her more like a daughter than a servant. Even his brother, old Caleb Dribrats, who had passed all his life in New York, in a musty office, until he had become as dry and withered as his old parchments, shared in the favorable opinion with which Bessy was regarded. Caleb was on a visit to his brother—his usual practice of a Summer—when Bessy first made her appearance at the hotel.

Caleb was rather a singular character—a specimen of that class who make money their idol, and worship it with a fervency life-lasting.

A poor country lout, he had left his native village, and cast his lot in the great city, drudged and toiled and scraped and hoarded, until he was said to be worth quite a snug sum.

It was he who had built the little hotel, and put Ben, his junior by some ten years, into it.

At this time Caleb was fifty years of age—an old bachelor—he could not afford to get married, he said—a skinny, greasy little man. He was now the confidential clerk to a great broker in the city.

Some people said that old Caleb had not been over-scrupulous in his pursuit of wealth, and had soiled his fingers in some very peculiar transactions. Be that as it may, the old sinner had been cunning enough to keep clear of the law, and had never been "hauled over the coals" for his shortcomings.

One affair, however, in which he was concerned, had been noised about considerably; and Mr. Brasmuch, his present employer, had been equally associated in the affair.

It was a singular one.

I was in town at the time, and heard all that was ever made public, which was very little.

As near as I can remember, Mr. Brasmuch and Caleb were then both employed by a private banker—a Mr. Wainwright—who had received large sums from different parties for investment.

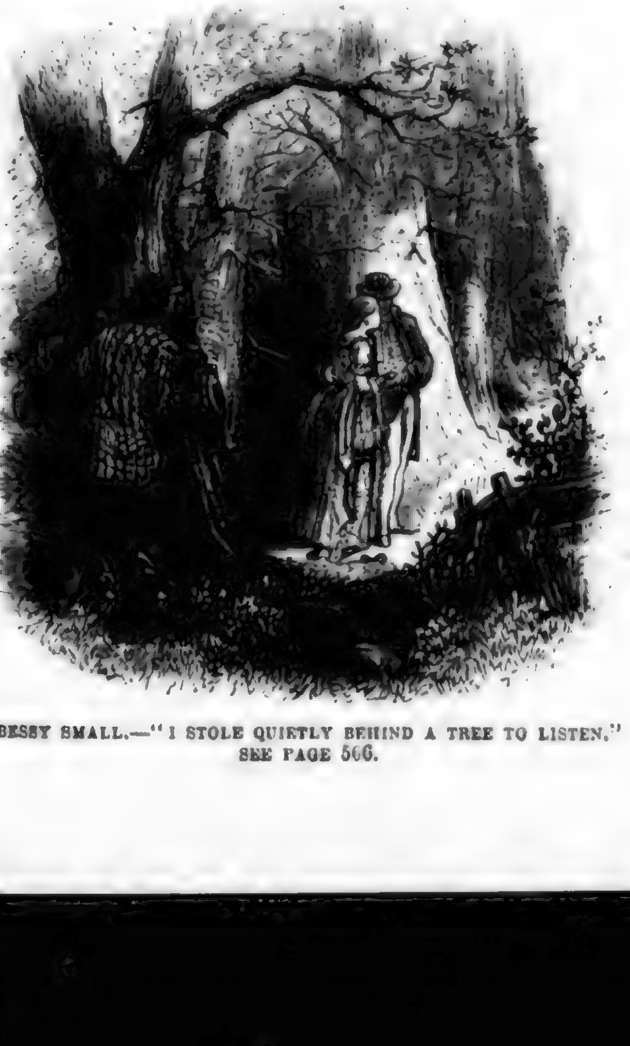
One day he declared that his safe had been robbed of valuable securities; but somehow a rumor got out that this was merely a trick to defraud his depositors. There was a run on his bank, and he was ruined; and though he sacrificed every dollar of his private fortune, which was quite a large one, and paid every demand against him, his credit was destroyed.

He took the affair so much to heart that he removed his family from the city, and was never heard of afterward.

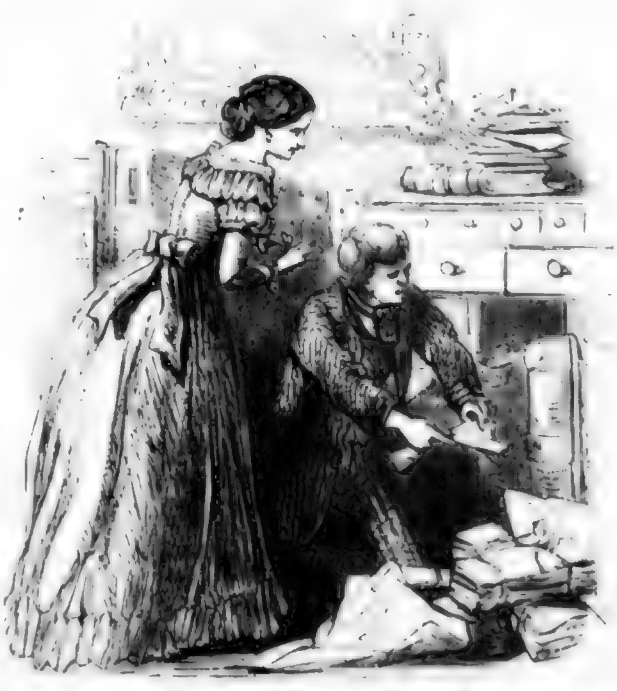
Mr. Brasmuch resumed the business in his own name; and his former employer, Mr. Wainwright, passed out of memory like a man dead.

Old Caleb, as I have said, when the Summer solstice came on, left his dingy office in the city, and came to the lake to rusticate, as if anything could put new life into his dry bones.

I soon discovered that there was more humanity in his withered carcass than I had given him credit for. Keenly alive to every circumstance, and with eyes rendered watchful by jealousy, I soon perceived that Caleb was smitten with the fresh charms and rosy youth of Bessy Small.



BESSY SMALL.—"I STOLE QUIETLY BEHIND A TREE TO LISTEN."
SEE PAGE 566.



BESSY SMALL.—"I FOUND A SMALL PACKAGE MARKED WITH THE NAME OF WAINWRIGHT."

I did not wonder at that.

Your old man is just as susceptible as your young one, and quite as inflammable.

But what I did wonder at was that Bessy seemed to encourage the old sinner, and flirted with him outrageously. It was as much as I could do to keep my hands off the antiquated lover.

Many a time of a cool Summer's evening, when her work was done, and she sat in the little balcony sewing, with the old dotard seated beside her, whispering soft nonsense, and leering at her out of his bleared eyes, it was as much as I could do to refrain from rushing upon him, and pitching him neck and heels into the lake.

I think a sudden and unexpected cold bath would have cooled his passion. But I did refrain. It was she that made me.

She seemed to know instinctively when the jealous fit was on me, and gave me a look from one of those speaking eyes of hers, which said plainly, "Don't. Can't you see I am only jesting with the old ape?"

And so I refrained; for somehow those eyes had acquired a strange power over me, and I had got into the habit of obeying their slightest request. But this state of things could not last for ever. Our courtship hitherto had been one of glances altogether.

True, we understood each other. She did not need for me to tell her that I loved her, and I was satisfied that I did not press an unwelcome suit; but I determined to come to an understanding, to have an assurance from her lips, and put a stop to this flirting, if possible, which seemed entirely uncalled for, and a great waste of time, which otherwise might be devoted to me.

I am not apt to delay the execution of any plan when I have once determined upon it. It never was my policy to beat about the bush, but to go straight on to the given point. So, when I said "good-night," I gave her a look, and then walked down the road until I was lost in the shadows.

I paused under the elm-tree in the bend. In ten minutes light footsteps came tripping along, and Bessy came up to my side. There was no moon that night. The lights from the hotel gleamed faintly. I could scarcely distinguish her features in the gloom.

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Chapter III.

UNDER THE ELM.

"Are you there?" asked Bessy.

"Yes," I answered. "I want to speak with you."

"I know you do. Do you know, sir, that I am conferring a great favor on you by coming to meet you? What would the good people hereabouts say, if they knew that Bessy Small met Harvey Pastern, the rich widow's son, under the great elm, alone, and at night? Why, Mr. Dribrats would give me warning at once."

She laughed; but it was a short, abrupt laugh, containing more scorn than merriment. I was not to learn now that Bessy had a rather disdainful opinion of the "good people" by whom she was surrounded; but, strangely enough, this disdain was carefully concealed from every one but myself. She had ever spoken her mind to me with the most unbounded trust. She evidently knew her confidence was not misplaced.

"Let them say what they please," I answered, somewhat hotly; "and if anybody does discover this meeting, and makes any comments upon it, just tell him or her, whichever it may chance to be, that you came to meet the man who stands ready to marry you just as quick as you will have him."

She clapped her hands together, and laughed gleefully—a free and natural laugh this time.

"Only listen to him!" she cried. "And did you entreat me to come here, with such a beseeching look, merely to tell me that?"

"Precisely."

"Why, I knew all that before."

And she laughed again.

"The language of the eyes has not failed, then?"

"Of course not. The way you fidget about whenever I speak to Mr. Caleb Dribrats is enough to open other eyes besides mine."

"The old dotard! Why do you waste time on him?"

Her brow darkened, I could see it even in the dim light in which we stood, and her thin lips contracted with a cold, hard expression.

"I may have a purpose," she answered, absently.

"What purpose? Surely, you would never think of marrying him?"

"Marry him?" she laughed long and loudly. "Oh no! I should just as soon think of marrying my grandfather. Marrying is the last thing I think of at present."

"Don't say that. I began to have hopes that I could persuade you to marry me."

"Did you?" She laughed again. "Do you know what you are talking about, Harvey Pastern? You are young, wealthy, and of a good family; you might take your pick—for you really are, without flattery, a fine type of manhood; while I am poor, obscure, and of a family whose name might be a disgrace. And yet you have made me a proposal of marriage. What do you think your friends would say if they knew it?"

"D— deliver me from my friends!" I exclaimed. I was going to be a little profane, but I wisely refrained. "I marry to please myself, not my friends."

"Very true; but still it is very annoying to meet the contempt and derision of former associates."

"The world is wide, Bessy; and I have wealth enough to make a home far from all annoyance. Two united hearts need neither friends nor associates."

"True again," she answered, gravely. "But your mother; have you thought of her? She would not consent; and could you deprive her of the pleasure she feels in your society?"

I became thoughtful. I had very strong doubts of gaining my mother's consent, myself. I had not yet arranged matters if she refused, leaving them until I had decided the question.

"Now then," said Bessy, rightly guessing the cause of my silence, "acknowledge that I am right, shake hands, and say good-night, and forget that so humble a personage as Bessy Small ever crossed your path."

She held out her hand; and I took it in mine, and held her fast. I had more to say.

"I dare say, Bessy," I began, "that you have given me the very best of advice; but unfortunately, being in love, I am not in a condition to profit by good advice. I love you fervently, with the first passion of my life. You are the only woman I have ever met whom I consider worthy of a second thought. I shall never cease to love you, and could not, even if such was my desire, which it is not, drive your image from my mind. You are not, I feel assured, in the position to which your birth and education entitle you. Confide in me—you know you can do so in safety—and suffer me to restore you to that place in society which some misfortune or accident has deprived you of."

"Why should you think me otherwise than I seem?" she asked, abruptly.

"Your manner, air, conversation, all convince me of the fact."

She seemed annoyed at my words.

"Have I played my part so badly, then?" she murmured, almost petulantly. "Do you think others share in your opinion?" she added, quickly, aloud.

"Perhaps, but not to the same extent as myself. They have not been so interested in discovering your true character as I have."

My answer appeared to afford her great satisfaction.

"It seems to me," she laughingly exclaimed, "that your discoveries have not amounted to much."

"True. I look to you for a solution of what still mystifies me."

"Proceed, Mr. Lawyer, with your cross-examination, for such appears to be your desire."

"Briefly, then, who and what are you?"

"You shall have my history in a nutshell. I call myself Bessy Small, I am twenty years of age, and I am maid-of-all-work at Mr. Benjamin Dribrats's hotel."

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"That is all I can tell even you."

She laid a strong stress on the *you*.

"Do you think you are dealing justly with me, Bessy? I love you."

"I do not doubt it. Do you know the first article of a lover's creed?"

"Upon my word, I must plead ignorance."

"I will tell you—faith. The man who loves me, and hopes one day to win me, must have faith—entire, absolute, implicit faith. Whatever I do, no matter how circumstances may be against me, or however strange my conduct may appear, he must never doubt me for a moment. If you cannot accede to that condition, you may as well go home, for you are only wasting your time here."

Did ever lover have a mistress so absolute, so provokingly cool?—I attempted to temporize.

"Bessy, you are scarcely fair. Where there is love there must be confidence. Come, now, confess your name is not Bessy Small."

"My name is Bessy," she answered, promptly; "and that I am small, your own eyes can convince you."

In law we would call that "dodging the question." I tried again.

"You are here for some secret purpose?"

"If I am, I intend to keep it a secret," she answered, with provoking coolness.

"Even from me?" reproachfully.

"Even from you," coldly.

"You do not love me!"

"Do you think so?" archly, and in that vivacious tone which was so charming from her lips.

"Bessy, I am going home!"

"Good-night."

She held out her hand.

I took it. It lay passively in mine.

"Do you know what I shall do when I reach home?"

"Go to bed?"

"Not at once. I shall go to my mother, shall tell her that I have at last found a girl whom I think worthy to become her daughter-in-law, and ask her consent to our marriage."

The little fingers closed over mine with a gentle pressure.

"You are beginning to have faith in me?"

"Yes."

The next instant, Bessy bounded away in the darkness. That was our "good-night."

I walked home like one in a dream—an ecstatic delirium. If you ever have been in the same position, you know just how I felt; if not, words are inadequate; and, as card-players say in *euchre*, "I pass."

Chapter IV.

WHAT I SAW IN THE WOOD.

On arriving home, I found my mother busy at her usual evening's occupation—knitting woollen stockings. I drew a chair beside her, and opened the ball at once. I need not recount our entire conversation—which was prolix, and of a somewhat stormy nature.

I began by reminding her that her great desire was to see me happily married and settled for life. She immediately displayed the greatest interest. I then told her that I had at last found the one I had been looking for. Of course she was naturally curious to know who it was. There was no help for it; she had to be told all I knew myself; which, as you know, was not much.

Her indignation knew no bounds; and the "idol of my affections" was spoken of as a "deceitful huzzy," a "cunning minx," and in other epithets equally choice, who had artfully entrapped an "innocent young man" (I was the innocent, and in this connection my mother used the word in its fullest sense) into a promise of marriage.

I quote from my mother now. "The good-for-nothing huzzy need never expect to be received as my daughter. Mother to a tavern-girl! Good heavens! what were we coming to? and your dead father's coat-of-arms hanging over the mantelpiece, and he so proud of it too; paid $100 to have it engraved. And we descended from the old Romans. Talk about descending from William the Conqueror? what was he to the old Romans? Julius Cæsar was one of them."

And so she went on like the sluice of a milldam; and I sat quietly, and heard it all, waiting until the water—figuratively speaking—had run out. The words only stopped with her breath.

"Bessy Small!" she gasped at length, shutting down the gates. "Good Lord!"

And she recommenced her knitting in the most energetic manner.

Then I began. I ventured to suggest that true desert did not arise from any position in life; with a slight touch from Bulwer, that "kings had stooped from their high sphere" to wed with peasant maids.

She had mentioned William the Conqueror. It was considered a great honor to be descended from that illustrious robber—I mean warrior; and yet, after all, he was only the son of a tanner's daughter, whose character would not bear the closest inspection. In fact, I mixed up history and logic until I got befogged myself, and completely bewildered my maternal relative.

Her anger died away in speechless wonder, her knitting-needles fell unheeded in her lap, and she sat gazing at me with open-mouthed admiration.

"Ah, Harvey!" she said at length, shaking her head, gravely, "you are smart, though I say it; and if you would only be a little more attentive to business, you would make the smartest lawyer in the country. Your father always said that a good education was the best thing in the world; and often and often I have heard him wish he had had the same opportunity he gave you. Well, you know, after all, what you want. If you love the girl, and she is what you say she is—pretty and well educated—why, marry her. I suppose you have made up your mind to do that, any way. But take my advice on one thing. Don't marry her here; take her to town, and keep her there a year or two. Don't tell people where you found her, and they will never know it. Good Lord! I wouldn't have our relations know anything about it for a mint of money. Don't bring her here; but when you are settled I will come and see you."

I was too much pleased to gain her consent to grumble at the conditions, though I had an idea that she would feel it an honor some day to receive Bessy Small beneath her roof. And so the affair was ended between us. Bessy Small's name was never mentioned from that night, and matters went on as usual; only my mother would smile significantly whenever I took my fishing-pole and started off for the lake.

One evening, after leaving the little hotel, where I had supped as usual, attended by Bessy, who was strangely thoughtful and absent, Tom Hayricks persuaded me to take a walk up to his house, to show me a "stunning" meerschaum which he had just purchased. His house lay on the other side of the lake, beyond the hotel. The road took quite a curve; but there was a short cut through the woods. I was familiar with this short cut, and, after taking a few whiffs at Tom's meerschaum, as it was a moonlight night, I came back that way.

As I approached a small grove of trees which lay at the back of the hotel, I saw a woman's white dress shining in the moonlight, and I heard the sound of voices. I paused, and then stole quietly behind a tree to listen. I performed this discreditable action because I had discovered that the woman was Bessy, in close and earnest conversation with a man. "All's fair in love," you know. If I had a rival, I was justified in using an accident which might lead to the discovery.

I could see Bessy's face quite plainly; but her companion, the man, was so muffled up (this in the Summer, mind—a very suspicious circumstance), that I could not distinguish a single feature. Nor could I, from where I stood, overhear a word of their conversation.

How long the conference had lasted, I know not. I had arrived just in time to see the end. There was a close embrace, a ringing kiss, and the man disappeared through the trees, making for the road. My first impulse was to follow him, and annihilate him upon the spot; but, on second thoughts, I considered that if anybody was to blame it was Bessy; so I resolved to give her "a piece of my mind."

XUM

She was so absorbed in thought that she did not perceive my approach until I stood at her side. Then she started, with a shrill cry of alarm. But the moment she recognized me, the look of terror vanished from her face, and she grew quite at ease. She held out her hand to me and smiled a welcome.

"Is it you, Harvey?" she said. "Only you? You quite startled me."

I was rather bewildered at this reception, after what I had seen. I rejected her hand, folded my arms, and sternly confronted her.

"Jealous again, eh?" cried this incomprehensible woman, with a ringing laugh.

"Have I not cause? I saw the man who just left your side, after such an affectionate farewell."

"Saw him, did you?" she asked, eagerly. "Then you would know him again?"

"No. I did not see his face. I only saw that it was a man."

"How do you know that it was not a woman dressed up in a man's clothes?" she asked.

"I am satisfied it was a man," I returned with decision; "and now, who was it?"

"I decline to answer that question," was the curt reply.

"Have I not a right to ask?"

"No. Our compact was 'implicit faith.' If your eyes see black, and I tell you it is white, you must believe me, not your eyes. This much to satisfy you: you have no rival; and what you have seen to-night needs no justification, did you know who that man was."

"That is precisely what I want to know."

"That is precisely what you cannot know, at present."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"Oh, no! If I did, I should not take you at all; and I expect I shall have to one of these days."

It was no use—she had bewitched me. I felt my anger and jealousy melting into thin air.

CHAFFINCHES FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 575.

"If you do not like my conditions," she continued, "renounce me. But so long as you follow me, you must be blind and deaf at my will. Now listen: I leave here to-morrow."

"Leave? Where are you going?"

"To New York—to be housekeeper for Mr. Caleb Dribrats. He is in love with me, and thinks I will marry him. What fools love makes of the men!"

"Me included?".

"Oh! that is your own application. Now kiss me. Good-by—it is late."

"I shall, without fail, follow you to New York."

"I know you will. I may have a use for you."

She was gone—dancing through the trees like a fairy.

I went home more in love than ever.

You would not have been such a fool? Oh! wouldn't you? Just you get in love once, and try it on!

The next morning very urgent business required my immediate presence in New York.

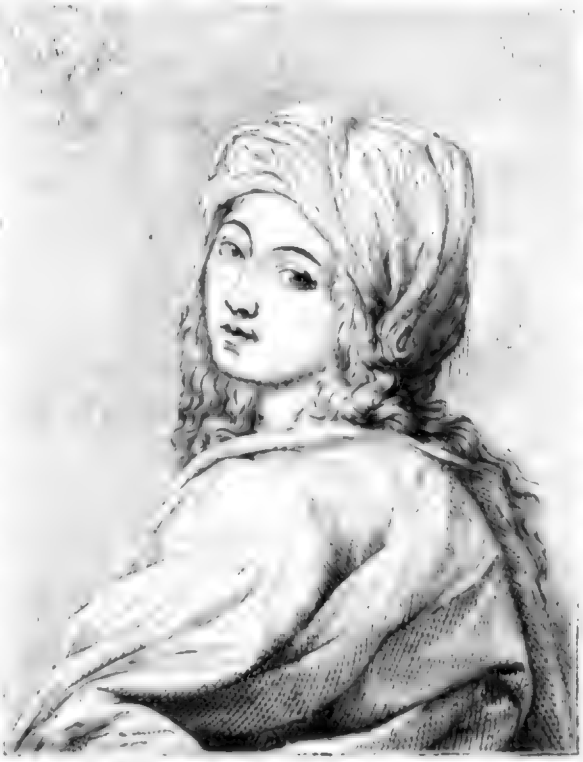
My mother smiled.

"Do not bring her here," she said. "William the Conqueror's mother may have been a tanner's daughter; but the ancient Romans came over before the Conqueror."

I had reopened my office, and had resumed my business, to all appearance, though few clients favored me with a call.

The chief part of my time was occupied in loitering around the habitation of Mr. Caleb Dribrats, with the hope of catching an occasional glimpse of Bessy. I could not call upon her, as she had expressly forbidden me to do so. Thus a fortnight passed away.

One day, while I was seated in my office, busily engaged in sketching pen-and-ink portraits of Bessy on a blotter, a lady was announced. She seated herself in the chair I proffered, and, when we were alone, raised her vail. It was Bessy



BEATRICE CENCI.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GUIDO. SEE PAGE 575.

herself. She laughed heartily, in her usual free and easy manner, at my astonishment.

"You here?" I stammered, as soon as I recovered from my surprise.

"As you see," she returned, merrily. "The mountain could not come to Mahomet, and so Mahomet comes to the mountain."

"It is an age since I have seen you."

"A lover's age—only a fortnight. You are looking remarkably well. You have not pined away to a shadow yet. Why don't you protest how glad you are to see me? Where are all your rhapsodies? Dumb as an oyster? I have come to take you into my confidence."

"At last! It is about time."

"Don't be too sanguine; I don't intend to tell you any more than I can help. Don't look so disconsolate; remember, 'faith' to the end; which, I hope, is not far distant."

"I am rejoiced to hear it."

"In the first place, of course, you are anxious to know what I have been doing in the last fortnight. I have received two offers of marriage, and—accepted both!"

"The deuce you have!"

"That is to say, I have made both my swains believe that I have accepted, which amounts to the same thing."

"I don't exactly see it in that light."

"No matter; I know what I am about."

"I wish I did."

"All in good time; patience, my estimable friend. Now listen. I came here as Mr. Caleb Dribrats's housekeeper, with the understanding, on his part, that I am soon to change that title for the more sounding one of Mrs. Dribrats. But mark what follows; his employer, Mr. Brasmuch, calls to see him, and I receive him in the absence of the ancient Caleb. Mr. Brasmuch is a widower, without kith or kin; a pompous old schemer, with uncounted wealth. He is quite charmed with me, and chats an hour while he awaits the arrival of Caleb. I improve the opportunity. Caleb comes at last, and is very much chagrined at finding us together. The jackal is afraid of the lion, and with reason. Mr. Brasmuch goes away very much in love. He repeats his visits, always happening to come when Caleb is out. He is in want of a housekeeper, and hints vaguely at placing me at the head of the finest establishment in town. Why not? Gold often buys youth and beauty, though the hand that offers it is palsied. I desert the disconsolate Dribrats, and take up my residence with the millionaire: and when I wish to be Mrs. Brasmuch, I have only to say so."

"I'd give a small sum, Bessy, to know exactly what you are driving at."

"Would you? The idea of a little woman like me puzzling a lawyer! But I won't forget you in my good fortune."

"Thank you," I returned, dryly.

I was not altogether pleased with what I had heard.

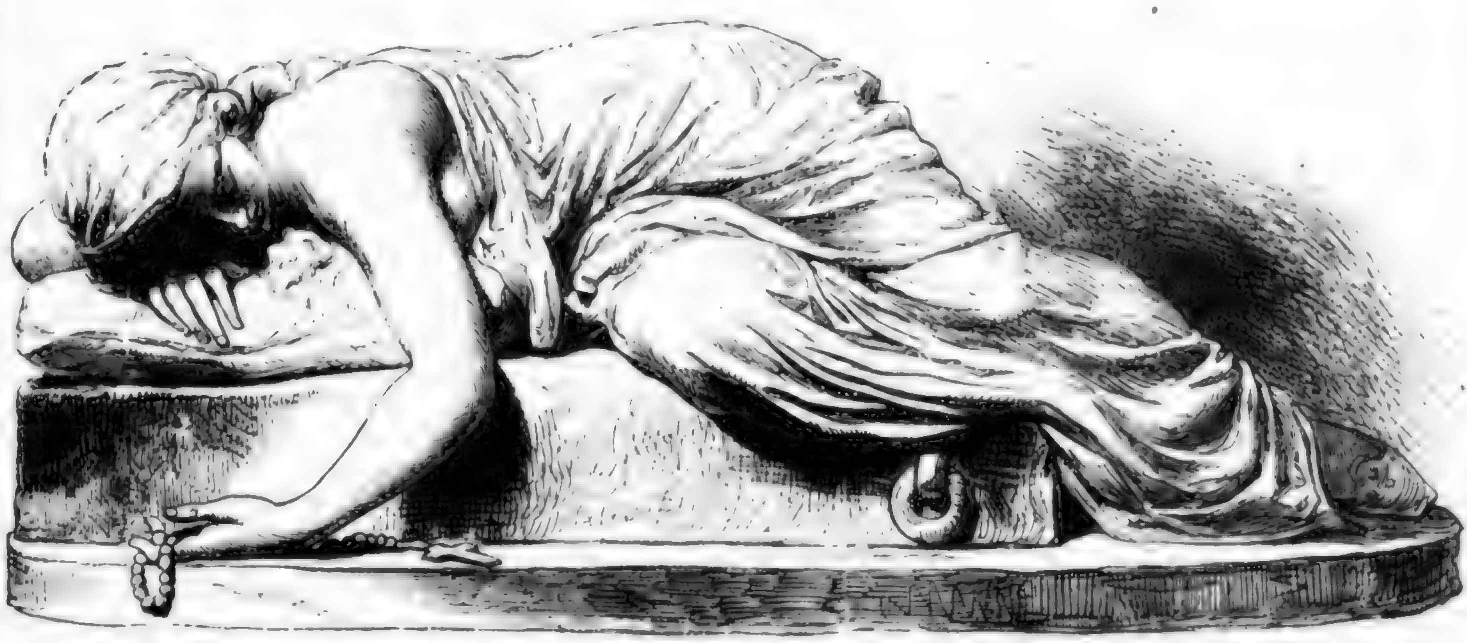
"Do you know Mr. Brasmuch?"

"No, I never saw him."

"Do you think he knows you—that he has ever seen you?"

"Not to my knowledge. I never mixed with his set."

"I thought not. Then you will do very nicely. Yesterday Mr. Brasmuch mentioned in my presence that he was very much in want of a confidential secretary for some new speculation he is about to engage in, and would prefer a young man from the country, if he could get one, unacquainted with New York life; in short, he wants a green hand, who might be made a tool of to further some rascality. A thought flashed through my mind like an inspiration; and I instantly replied that I had a brother, well educated, and a good penman, who was most anxious to obtain a situation in New York. He jumped at the chance,



BEATRICE CENCI IN PRISON THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION.—FROM THE STATUE BY MISS HOSMER.

XUM

and told me to write for my brother—that the place should be his."

"Where is this brother?"

"Not very far off—about the length of your chair from mine."

To say that I was thunderstruck is a mild description of the effect her words had upon me.

"Me? I your brother? Do you mean to say that you intend to introduce me to Mr. Brasmuch as your brother, and that you expect me to become his private secretary?"

"That is just what I intend to do, and what I expect you to do," she returned, in the most positive manner. "It is the easiest thing in the world. You have only to shave your mustache, and cut your hair short; you are pretty well browned up fishing on the lake, and you will not look unlike a country youth of twenty-three."

There never was a woman who had such a decided way of making everybody (witness, old Caleb and Mr. Brasmuch) she came in contact with do just as she pleased. She overruled every objection, pooh-poohed all my scruples, laughed at my wounded dignity, and the affair ended (as, of course, you knew it would) by my consenting to everything she wished.

I shaved my mustache (I had been six months cultivating it), clipped my curls until I looked like a prize-fighter, put on a last year's suit, so as not to appear too fashionable, packed up a few necessaries in an old valise, was driven to the house of Mr. Brasmuch, where I was introduced as Mr. Harvey Small (and small enough I felt) by the artful Bessy, and speedily installed as "private secretary," entering at once upon the discharge of my duties.

Chapter V.

I AM INDUCED TO COMMIT ROBBERY.

I soon discovered that Mr. Brasmuch had engaged in a hazardous speculation, and my business was to send a stereotyped letter to the gudgeons who were nibbling for shares, and acknowledge the receipt of the money which they were fools enough to send.

I enjoyed myself amazingly, however, being domiciled beneath the same roof with Bessy, and having the pleasure of escorting her to the various places of amusement, and upon excursions up the river. Of course Mr. Brasmuch saw no harm in this, as I was her brother.

But I observed one singular circumstance about Bessy whenever we went abroad. She invariably wore a thick vail, and never by any chance suffered her face to be seen.

Mr. Brasmuch also noticed this, and was much pleased at it.

He attributed it to her innocence and modesty—the old fool was completely wrapped up in her. His amorous cooings, which he took no particular pains to conceal from the brother, made me sick and mad.

It was as much as Bessy could do to keep me within bounds, and prevent an explosion, which would have ruined her scheme, whatever that might be. It was a trying time, and I wonder now, looking back, how I ever got through it.

There was a peculiarity about Mr. Brasmuch which—for I am singularly careless about other people's affairs—I should not have noticed myself, had not my attention been called to it by Bessy.

In a corner of the apartment which he used as library and office, and which was the scene of my labors, was a small safe, of which he kept the key, and which he never suffered anybody to go to but himself.

It had got pretty well into the dog-days, and one afternoon, when I was sweltering over my desk, Bessy came into the office.

This was a general habit with her, as Mr. Brasmuch always took a late breakfast, went into the city to his office, and did not return until six o'clock to his dinner—so we had the house from twelve until that time to ourselves.

When Bessy had put the house in order and the servants at work, she brought her sewing and kept me company.

I scratched away, and Bessy stitched in silence.

I looked up suddenly, and there she sat like a statue, her work in her lap, and her eyes riveted, so to speak, on the safe in the corner.

"Why, Bessy, what in the world are you thinking about?"

She started guiltily, and colored to the very temples.

I was surprised at this display of emotion in one generally so emotionless.

"Harvey," she said at length, drawing a long breath, and casting a cautious glance around, "I would give ten years of my life to be permitted to examine the contents of that safe."

"Curiosity, thy name is woman!" I returned, sententiously. "Remember the fate of Bluebeard's wives!"

"It is not altogether curiosity that sways me; but a deeper, stronger motive. I must see the contents of that safe!"

"Steal the key, then," I answered, carelessly.

"Impossible."

"Why so? Don't you know where he keeps it?"

"Yes; he keeps it upon his person, never leaving it for a moment. Oh, if I could steal it, just for one half-hour!"

Here was a new phase in Bessy's character. She had designs on Mr. Brasmuch's strong-box.

"My dear Bessy," I said, a little ironically, "don't you think we can get along without robbing Mr. Brasmuch of his money?"

"His money?" she answered, with infinite scorn. "What do I care for his money? That safe contains nothing but papers."

"Papers? Well, what then? How in the world can they concern you?"

"More than you think, Harvey. No questions; my lips are still sealed, and will be until you help me to open that safe."

"But how can I open it? I am not a locksmith."

"I have heard of impressions on wax taken from a keyhole, and a key thereby made to fit the lock; why could it not be done in this case?"

"It might."

"Then do it!" she cried, impulsively.

"Look here, Bessy," I remarked, laying down my pen, and wiping off the perspiration from my forehead. I was hot before, but her words put me in a perfect stew. "Look here, Bessy; are you aware that you are suggesting a nice little scheme that will send us both to prison, if we are found out?"

"I do not think so," she answered, coolly. "If that safe contains what I think it does, Mr. Brasmuch will not dare to lift a finger against us; but if it does not, he is too much in love to proceed against me. I will bear all the blame; your complicity in the affair shall never be known."

"It is a very ticklish business," I hesitated. "I am already in his house under false pretenses; and if we should be detected in breaking open his private safe, I do not very well see how we could get out of it."

"Harvey," she said, earnestly—more earnestly than she had ever spoken to me before—"the happiness of a life, the honor of a once respectable family, is at stake. The safe must be opened, or I can never become your wife; for I will never wed you while a stain rests upon the name I bear."

"Are there no other means?"

"None; that safe contains the solution of all my mystery. Open it, and you shall know who and what I am."

It ended as all our discussions ended—in my agreeing to do what she required. Besides, I began to get a glimmering of the truth. Short as my acquaintance was with Mr. Brasmuch, I had discovered that he was a rascal. Undoubtedly he had wronged Bessy in some swindling scheme, of which she was seeking proof among his private papers. So I agreed to open the safe.

I had arranged a very simple plan to accomplish that. It was to go to a safe manufactory and say that I had lost the key of my safe, and request that a man should be sent to open it for me—appointing an hour when Mr. Brasmuch was sure to be out. If the safe contained what we sought, well and good; if not, we should leave it open with its contents intact, leaving Mr. Brasmuch to believe he had accidentally left it unlocked. Bessy entirely approved the scheme.

"Had I known it was so easy," she said, "I should have done it myself without calling you to my assistance. Two heads are better than one, after all; and if I find what I want in that safe, Harvey, you are welcome to mine for the balance of my life."

The next day we put our scheme in operation. The man came and opened the safe, when I gave him an order for a new key, and he departed. We were alone in the office, the safe was open, and we stood before it, trembling with excitement.

"Now, Harvey, quick," cried Bessy. "Find if there are any papers bearing the name of 'Wainwright.'"

I plunged into the safe, and began the search, cautiously replacing things as nearly as possible in their original position. At last, after a thorough search, Bessy growing more feverish every moment, I found a small package marked with the name of "Wainwright." I took it out and placed it in Bessy's hands. She examined it eagerly, and uttered a cry of joy.

"You need look no further, Harvey!" she exclaimed. "These are the missing securities; my task is over, and I have triumphed."

"But what does all this mean?" I asked. "And what is this 'Wainwright' to you?"

"John Wainwright is my father," she answered, proudly. "These securities were stolen from him by Richard Brasmuch, his clerk; and that loss caused his ruin. I was then at a seminary near New York. I returned to find my father a beggar. He suspected Brasmuch; but to have accused him would have led to the destruction of the securities, and with them all proof. I devised my present scheme, with my father's sanction. It was he who aroused your jealousy by embracing me in the wood, where he had come to hear how I had progressed. My scheme was to make the acquaintance of Caleb Dribrats, and through him of Brasmuch. Neither had seen me since I was a child, hence there was not much fear of recognition. So I came to the little hotel to wait on Harvey Pastern, and fascinate him first of all. You know how I have succeeded with the others. My task is over, my father's fortune and credit will be restored with these, and I shall not come to you a dowerless bride; for if a man ever truly and faithfully won a wife, you are that man."

I waited patiently for the end of this long speech, and then gave the brave little girl a tremendous hug. We left the Brasmuch mansion at once, and went to the humble dwelling where Mr. Wainwright was living in retirement.

He was put in possession of the facts, and I received a cordial welcome.

He resolved to call on Mr. Brasmuch and see what he had to say for himself. We all went together.

We found Mr. Brasmuch contemplating the open safe in a melancholy attitude.

He surrendered at once, disgorged his plunder, and was let off, as we all had a repugnance to making the affair public.

The restored papers were enough to exonerate Mr. Wainwright, which was all he cared for.

A short time afterward I sent a letter to my mother, of which the following is an extract:

"As I am going to be married to Elizabeth Wainwright, daughter of John Wainwright, the banker, I thought you would like to witness the ceremony."

She did witness it, and after it was all over, she said to me:

"What's become of that artful huzzy that you were in such a hurry to marry, and would, too, if it hadn't been for me? What would become of these boys if they hadn' mothers?"

"She is *non est inventus*," I replied.

But as my mother doesn't understand the Latin for "she has disappeared," she gravely shook her head.

CHAFFINCHES FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

If the chaffinch shows a bad example by a general divorce, in which either all the wives or all the husbands run away; or, perhaps, as happens among the unfeathered bipeds, the fault is on both sides, they cannot be accused of disregard for their parental duties.

The chaffinch builds his own nest, and is not, like some birds, a squatter on his neighbor's demesne. Nor is his nest the first found by the schoolboy, as it is never easily seen, and requires a special training of the eye to detect it. In the tall hawthorns or crabtrees they build their nest, for the hen to lay her beautifully spotted eggs. The chief material of the nest is wool, matted so as to form a kind of loose felt, and with this felt are woven delicate mosses, spider webs, cottony down, and lichen, the latter stuck on the outside as if to mask the nest from observation. This pretty nest is deep, and lined with hair, especially from the cow, which it seeks industriously on trees and fences where the cattle are accustomed to rub. When the young brood is hatched, the parents are among the most attentive of birds in the pursuit of proper food, and the regularity with which they bring it to the eager little mouths. It is, indeed, a picture for a lover of nature to study.

BEATRICE CENCI.

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci, painted by Guido, is one of the sweetest in art, as her history is one of the saddest in the records of time.

The daughter of one of the richest and most powerful of the Roman nobles, she was cursed with a father, whose fiendishness was such, that even Cæsar Borgia was comparatively an angel. Not content with murdering two of his sons, he conceived an unnatural passion for his daughter, and so grossly outraged her that her betrothed, Count Orsini, with her connivance, assassinated him, and ridded the world of a monster. For this she was executed by the Papal Government, on the 11th of September, 1599.

Shelley, in his fearful tragedy of Cenci, has elaborated this revolting subject so magnificently as to deprive it of part of its natural horror.

The recumbent statue, representing the unfortunate Beatrice in prison the night before her execution, is the work of Harriet Hosmer, the distinguished American sculptress, and

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ranks among the most beautiful of the many charming creations of that talented lady. It is now, we believe, in the Hall of Statuary attached to the Mercantile Library at St. Louis.

JOSEPH II.

It is well known that the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria disliked parade and ostentation, and indulged his tastes for simple and private habits. One day, when riding out in a small calèche, which he drove himself, and attended only by one servant, he was overtaken by heavy rain, and returned toward Vienna; he was yet at some distance, when a person on foot, who was also going in that direction, hearing the noise, turned and made a sign to the driver to stop.

THE LITTLE FARMER.

The Emperor stopped his horse.

"Sir," said the traveler, who was a sergeant, "if it be not too great a liberty, I should be glad of a lift; you have room enough, and I should save my uniform, which I put on new this morning."

"Let us save the uniform, my brave fellow," said Joseph. "Place yourself here. Where do you come from just now?"

"Ah, ah! Where do I come from? I come from the house of a gamekeeper, one of my friends, who has given me a famous breakfast."

"What had you, then?"

"Guess."

"Nay, how can I guess?—beef?—soup?"

"Well done; yes, soup, and better than that."

"Some saurkraut?"

The sergeant chuckled, and repeated·

"Better than that."

"A breast of veal, then?"

"No, better than that."

"Well, then," said the facetious sovereign, "I can guess no longer, I must give it up."

"Why, then, a pheasant, my worthy—a pheasant killed on the preserve of his Majesty. What do you think of that, eh?" cried the sergeant, slapping his unknown companion smartly upon the shoulder.

"Ah, indeed!" replied he; "killed on the Emperor's preserve! It must have been all the better for that, I'll answer for it."

As they approached the city, and the rain continued to fall, Joseph asked him where he wished to be set down.

The sergeant made his excuses.

"No, no," said Joseph. "Your street?" and at length the sergeant informed his Majesty where he lodged, and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so many civilities.

"It is now your turn," said Joseph—"guess."

"A military man—I dare say, a lieutenant?"

"Better than that," said the monarch.

"A captain, then?" interrogated the sergeant.

"Better than that?"

He began to open his eyes.

"Perhaps better still."

"What the devil!" said the poor sergeant, shrinking into a corner of the calèche; "can you be field marshal?"

He feigned a grave voice, and said:

"Something better still."

"Ach, mein Gott! is it the Emperor?"

"Himself," said Joseph, unbuttoning his plain coat, and showing his decorations.

The poor fellow, in an agony, entreated the Emperor to let him alight.

"No, no; not yet," said Joseph. "After having eaten my pheasant, you would be too lucky if you got rid of me so easily; I shall certainly see you to your quarters."

And thus continuing to amuse himself, he drove him to them, after promising to forgive the sergeant for having made a poaching meal at the imperial expense.

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "On her Wedding-Morn," "Redeemed by Love," "A Woman's War," etc., etc.

Chapter XIV.

Miss L'Estrange was standing alone in the small conservatory on the morning following her eventful conversation with Lord Arleigh, when the latter was announced. How she had passed the hours of the previous night was known only to herself. As the world looks fairer and fresher for the passing of a heavy storm, the sky more blue, the color of flowers and trees brighter, so she, on this morning, after those long hours of agony, looked more beautiful than ever; her white morning-dress, made of choice Indian muslin, was relieved by faint touches of pink; fine white lace encircled her throat and delicate wrists. Tall and slender, she stood before a large plant with scarlet blossoms when he came in.

Lord Arleigh looked as he felt—ill at ease. He had not slept through thinking of the conversation in the balcony—it had made him profoundly wretched. He would have given much not to renew it; but she had asked him to come, and he had promised.

Would she receive him with tears and reproaches? Would she cry out that he was cold and cruel? Would she torture himself and herself by trying to find out why he did not love her? Or would she be sad, cold, and indifferent?

His relief was great when she raised a laughing, radiant face to his, and held out her hand in greeting.

"Good-morning, Norman," she said, in a pleasant voice. "Now confess that I am a clever actress, and that I have given you a real fright."

He looked at her in wonder.

"I do not understand you," he returned.

"It is so easy to mislead a man," she said, laughingly.

"I do not understand you, Philippa," he repeated.

"Did you really take all my pretty balcony scene in earnest last night?" she asked.

"I did indeed," he replied; and again the clear, musical laugh seemed to astonish him.

"I could not have believed it, Norman," she said. "Did you really think that I was in earnest?"

"Certainly I did. Were you not?"

"No," she answered.

"Then I thank Heaven for it," he said, "for I have been very unhappy about you. Why did you say so much if you did not mean it, Philippa?"

"Because you annoyed me by pleading the cause of the duke. He had no right to ask you to do such a thing, and you were unwise to essay such a task. I have punished you by mystifying you—I shall next punish him."

"Then you did not mean all that you said?" he interrogated, still wondering at this unexpected turn of events.

"I should have given you credit for more penetration, Norman," she replied. "I to mean such nonsense—I to avow a preference for any man! Can you have been so foolish as to think so? It was only a charade, acted for your amusement."

"Oh, Philippa," he cried, "I am so pleased, dear! And yet—yet, do you know, I wish that you had not done it? It has given me a shock. I shall never be quite sure whether you are jesting or serious. I shall never feel that I really understand you."

"You will, Norman. It did seem so ridiculous for you, my old playfellow, to sit lecturing me so gravely about matrimony. You took it so entirely for granted that I did not care for the duke."

"And do you care for him, Philippa?" he asked.

"Can you doubt it, after the description you gave of him, Norman?"

"You are mocking me again, Philippa," he said.

"But you were very eloquent, Norman," she persisted. "I have never heard any one more so. You painted his Grace of Hazlewood in such glowing colors that no one could help falling in love with him."

"Did I? Well, I do think highly of him, Philippa. And so, after all, you really care for him?"

"I do not think I shall tell you, Norman. You deserve to be kept in the dark. Would you tell me if you found your ideal woman?"

"I would. I would tell you at once, he replied, eagerly.

"If you could but have seen your face!" she cried. "I feel tempted to act the charade over again. Why, Norman, what likeness can you see between Philippa L'Estrange, the proud, cold woman of the world, and that sweet little Puritan maiden at her spinning-wheel?"

"I should never have detected any likeness unless you yourself had first pointed it out," he said. "Tell me, Philippa, are you really going to make the duke happy at last?"

"It may be that I am going to make him profoundly miserable. As punishment for your lecture, I shall refuse to tell you anything about it," she replied; and then she added, "You will ride with me this morning, Norman?"

"Yes, I will ride with you, Philippa. I cannot tell you how thankful and relieved I am."

"To find that you have not made quite so many conquests as you thought?" she said. "It was a sorry jest to play, after all; but you provoked me to it, Norman. I want you to make me a promise."

"That I will gladly do," he replied. Indeed, he was so relieved, so pleased, so thankful to be freed from the load of self-reproach, that he would have promised anything.

Her face grew earnest. She held out her hand to him.

"Promise me this, Norman," she said—"that, whether I remain Philippa L'Estrange or become Duchess of Hazlewood—no matter what I am, or may be—you will always be the same to me as you are now—my brother, my truest, dearest, best friend. Promise me."

"I do promise, Philippa, with all my heart," he responded. "And I will never break my promise."

"If I marry, you will come to see me—you will trust in me—you will be just what you are now—you will make my house your home, as you do this?"

"Yes—that is, if your husband consents," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Rely upon it, my husband—if I ever have one—will not dispute my wishes," she said. "I am not the model woman you dream of. She, of course, will be submissive in everything; I intend to have my own way."

"We are friends for life, Philippa," he declared; "and I do not think that any one who really understands me will ever cavil at our friendship."

"Then, that being settled, we will go at once for our ride. How those who know me best would laugh, Norman, if they heard of the incident of the Puritan maiden! If I go to another fancy ball this season, I shall go as Priscilla of Plymouth, and you had better go as John Alden."

He held up his hands imploringly.

"Do not tease me about it any more, Philippa," he begged. "I cannot quite tell why, but you make me feel both insignificant and vain; yet nothing would have been further from my mind than the ideas you have filled it with."

"Own you were mistaken, and then I will be generous and forgive you," she said, laughingly.

"I was mistaken—cruelly so—weakly so—happily so," he replied. "Now you will be generous and spare me."

He did not see the bitter smile with which she turned away, nor the pallor that crept even to her lips. Once again in his life Lord Arleigh was completely deceived.

A week afterward he received a note in Philippa's handwriting; it said, simply:

"Dear Norman: You were good enough to plead the duke's cause. When you meet him next, ask him if he has anything to tell you.
Philippa L'Estrange."

What the Duke of Hazlewood had to tell was that Miss L'Estrange had promised to be his wife, and that the marriage was to take place in August. He prayed Lord Arleigh to be present as his "best man" on the occasion.

On the same evening Lady Peters and Miss L'Estrange sat in the drawing-room at Verdun House alone. Philippa had been very restless. She had been walking to and fro; she had opened her piano and closed it; she had taken up volume after volume and laid it down again, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a book, prettily bound in crimson and gold, which Lady Peters had been reading.

"What book is that?" she asked, suddenly.

"Lord Lytton's 'Lady of Lyons,'" replied Lady Peters.

Philippa raised it, looked through it, and then, with a strange smile and a deep sigh, laid it down.

"At last," she said—"I have found it at last!"

"Found what, my dear?" asked Lady Peters, looking up.

"Something I have been searching for," replied Philippa, as she quitted the room, still with the same strange smile on her lips.

Chapter XV.

THE great event of the year succeeding was the appearance of the Duchess of Hazlewood. Miss L'Estrange, the belle and heiress, had been very popular; her Grace of Hazlewood was more popular still. She was queen of fashionable London. At her mansion all the most exclusive met. She had resolved upon giving her life to society, upon cultivating it, upon making herself its mistress and queen. She succeeded. She became essentially a leader of society. To belong to the Duchess of Hazlewood's "set" was to be of the *crême de la crême.* The beautiful young duchess had made up her mind upon two things. The first was, that she would be a queen of society; the second, that she would reign over such a circle as had never been gathered together before. She would have youth, beauty, wit, genius; she would not trouble about wealth. She would admit no one who was not famous for some qualification or other—some grace of body or mind—some talent or great gift. The house should be open to talent of all kinds, but never open to anything commonplace. She would be the encourager of genius, the patroness of the fine arts, the friend of all talent.

It was a splendid career that she marked out for herself, and she was the one woman in England especially adapted for it. The only objection to it was that while she gave every scope to imagination—while she provided for all intellectual wants and needs—she made no allowance for the affections; they never entered into her calculations.

In a few weeks half London was talking about the beautiful Duchess of Hazlewood. In all the "Fashionable Intelligence" of the day, she had a long paragraph to herself. The duchess had given a ball, had had a grand *réunion*, a *soirée*, a garden party. The duchess had been at such an entertainment, when a long description of her dress or costume would follow. Nor was it only among the upper ten thousand that she was so pre-eminently popular. If a bazaar, a fancy fair, a ball, were needed to aid some charitable cause, she was always chosen as patroness; her vote, her interest, one word from her, was all-sufficient.

Her wedding had been a scene of the most gorgeous magnificence. She had been married from her house at Verdun Royal, and half the county had been present at what was certainly the most magnificent ceremonial of the year. The leading journal, the *Illustrated Intelligence*, produced a supplement on the occasion which was very much admired. The Duke gave the celebrated artist, Monsieur Delorme, a commission to paint the interior of the church at Verdun Royal as it appeared while the ceremony was proceeding. That picture forms the chief ornament now of the grand gallery at the Court.

The wedding presents were something wonderful to behold; it was considered that the duchess had one of the largest fortunes in England in jewels alone. The wedding-day was the fourth of August, and it had seemed as though nature herself had done her utmost to make the day most brilliant.

It was not often that so beautiful a bride was seen as the young duchess. She bore her part in the scene very bravely. The papers told how Lord Arleigh was "best man" on the occasion; but no one guessed even ever so faintly of the tragedy that came that morning to a crisis. The happy pair went off to Vere Court, the duke's favorite residence, and there for a short time the public lost sight of them.

If the duke had been asked to continue the history of his wedding-day, he would have told a strange story—how, when they were in the railway carriage together, he had turned to his beautiful young wife with some loving words on his lips, and she had cried out that she wanted air, to let no one come near her—that she had stretched out her hands wildly, as though beating off something terrible.

He believed that she was overcome by excitement or the heat of the day; he soothed her as he would have soothed a child; and when they reached Vere Court he insisted that she should rest. She did so. Her dark hair fell round her white neck and shoulders, her beautiful face was flushed, the scarlet lips trembled as though she were a grieving child; and the young duke stood watching her, thinking how fair she was and what a treasure he had won. Then he heard her murmur some words in her sleep—what were they? He could not quite distinguish them; it was something about a Puritan maiden Priscilla and John—he could not catch the name—something that did not concern him, and in which he had no part. Suddenly she held out her arms, and in a voice he never forgot, cried, "Oh, my love, my love!" That of course meant himself. Down on his knees by her side went the young duke—he covered her hands with kisses.

"My darling," he said, "you are better now. I have been alarmed about you, Philippa; I feared that you were ill. My darling, give me a word and a smile."

She had quite recovered herself then; she remembered that she was Duchess of Hazlewood—wife of the generous nobleman who was at her side. She was mistress of herself in a moment.

"Have I alarmed you?" she said. "I did feel ill; but I am better now—quite well, in fact."

She said to herself that she had her new life to begin, and the sooner she began it the better; so she made herself very charming to the young duke, and he was in ecstasies.

Thenceforward they lived happily enough. If the young duke found his wife less loving, less tender of heart, than he believed her to be, he made no complaint.

"She is so beautiful and gifted," he would say to himself, "I cannot expect everything. I know that she loves me, although she does not say much about it. I know that I can trust her in all things, even though she makes no protestations."

They fell into the general routine of life. One loved—the other allowed herself to be loved. The duke adored his wife, and she accepted his adoration.

They were never spoken of as a model couple, although every one agreed that it was an excellent match—that they were very happy. The duke looked up with wondering admiration to the beautiful, stately lady who bore his name. She could not do wrong in his eyes; everything she said was right, all she did was perfect. He never dreamed of opposing her wishes. There was no lady in England so completely her own mistress, so completely mistress of every one and everything around her, as her Grace of Hazlewood.

When the season came round again, and the brilliant life which she had laid out for herself was hers, she might have been the happiest of women but for the cloud which darkened her whole existence. Lord Arleigh had kept his promise—he had been her true friend, with her husband's full permission. The duke was too noble and generous himself to feel any such ignoble passion as jealousy—he was far too confiding. To be jealous of his wife would never have entered his mind; nor was there the least occasion for it. If Lord Arleigh had been her own brother, their relationship could not have been of a more blameless kind; even the censorious world of fashion, so quick to detect a scandal, so merciless in its enjoyment of one, never presumed to cast an aspersion on this friendship. There was something so frank, so open about it, that blame was an impossibility. If the duke was busy or engaged when his wife wanted to ride or drive, he asked her cousin Lord Arleigh to take his place, as he would have asked his own brother. If the duke could not attend opera or ball, Lord Arleigh was at hand. He often said that it was a matter of perplexity to him which was his own home—whether he liked Beechgrove, Verdun Royal, or Vere Court best.

"No one was ever so happy, so blessed with true friends, as I am," he would say; at which speech the young duchess would smile that strange, fathomless smile so few understood.

If they went to Vere Court, Lord Arleigh was generally asked to go with them; the duke really liked him—a great deal for his own sake, more still for the sake of his wife. He could understand the childish friendship having grown with their growth; and he was too noble to expect anything less than perfect sincerity and truth.

The duchess kept her word. She made no further allusion to the Puritan maiden—that little episode had, so it appeared, completely escaped her memory. There was one thing to be noticed—she often read the "Lady of Lyons," and appeared to delight in it. When she had looked through a few pages, she would close the book with a sigh and a strange, brooding smile. At times, too, she would tease Lord Arleigh about his ideal woman; but that was always in her husband's presence.

"You have not found the ideal woman yet, Norman?" she would ask him, laughingly; and he would answer:

"No, not yet."

Then the duke would wax eloquent, and tell him that he really knew little of life—that if he wanted to be happy he must look for a wife.

"You were easily contented," the duchess would say. "Norman wants an ideal. You were content with a mere mortal—he never will be."

"Then find him an ideal, Philippa," would be the duke's reply. "You know some of the nicest girls in London; find him an ideal among them."

Then to the beautiful face would come the strange, brooding smile.

"Give me time," would her Grace of Hazlewood say; "I shall find just what I want for him—in time."

Chapter XVI.

IT was a beautiful June morning. For many years there had not been so brilliant a season in London; every one seemed to be enjoying it; ball succeeded ball, *fête* succeeded *fête*. Lord Arleigh had received a note from the Duchess of Hazlewood, asking him if he would call before noon, as she wished to see him.

He went at once to Verdun House, and was told that the duchess was engaged, but would see him in a few minutes. Contrary to the usual custom, he was shown into a pretty morning-room, one exclusively used by the duchess—a small, octagonal room, daintily furnished, which opened on to a small rose-garden, also exclusively kept for the use of the duchess. Into this garden neither friend nor visitor ever ventured; it was filled with rose-trees, a little fountain played in the midst, and a small, trellised arbor was at one side. Why had he been shown into the duchess's private room? He had often heard the duke tease his wife about her room, and say that no one was privileged to enter it; Why, then, was such a privilege accorded him?

He smiled to himself, thinking that in all probability it was some mistake of the servant's; he pictured to himself the expression of Philippa's face when she should find him there. He looked round; the room bore traces of her presence—around him were some of her favorite flowers and books.

He went to the long French window, wondering at the rich collection of roses, and there he saw a picture that never forsook his memory again—there he met his fate—saw the ideal woman of his dreams at last. He had treated all notion of love in a very off-hand, cavalier kind of manner; he had contented himself with his own favorite axiom —"Love is fate"; if ever it was to come to him it would come, and there would be an end of it. He had determined on one thing—this same love should be his slave, his servant, never his master; but, as he stood looking out, he was compelled to own his kingship was over.

Standing there, his heart throbbing as it had never done before, every nerve thrilling, his face flushed, a strange, unknown sensation filling him with vague, sweet wonder, Lord Arleigh met his fate.

This was the picture he saw—a beautiful, but by no means a common one. In the trellised arbor, which contained a stand and one or two chairs, was a young girl of tall, slender figure, with a fair, sweet face, inexpressibly lovely,—lilies and roses exquisitely blended—eyes like blue hyacinths, large, bright, and star-like, with white lids and dark, long lashes, so dark that they gave a peculiar expression to the eyes—one of beauty, thought, and originality. The lips were sweet and sensitive, beautiful when smiling, but even more beautiful in repose. The oval contour of the face was perfect; from the white brow, where the veins were so clearly marked, rose a crown of golden hair, not brown or auburn, but of pure, pale gold—a dower of beauty in itself.

The expression of the face was one of shy, virgin beauty. One could imagine meeting it in the dim aisles of some cathedral, near the shrine of a saint, as an angel or a Madonna; one could imagine it bending over a sick child, lighting with its pure loveliness the home of sorrow; but one could never picture it in a ball-room. It was a face of girlish, saintly purity, of fairest loveliness—a face where innocence, poetry, and passion all seemed to meet and blend in one grand harmony. There was nothing commonplace about it. One could not mistake it for a plebeian face; "patrician" was written on every feature.

Lord Arleigh looked at her like one in a dream.

"If she had an aureole round her head, I should take her for an angel," he thought to himself, and stood watching her.

The same secret, subtle harmony pervaded every action; each new attitude seemed to be the one that suited her best. If she raised her arms, she looked like a statue. Her hands were white and delicate, as though carved in ivory. He judged her to be about eighteen. But who was she, and what had brought her there? He could have stood through the long hours of the sunny day watching her, so completely had she charmed him, fascinated his every sense.

"Love is fate!" How often had he said that to himself, smiling the while? Now here his fate had come to him all unexpectedly—this most fair face had found its way to the very depths of his heart, and nestled there.

He could not have been standing there long, yet it seemed to him that long hours parted him from the life he had known before. Presently he reproached himself for his folly. What had happened to him? Why should he look upon himself as so completely changed? What had taken place? He had seen a fair face, that was all—a face that embodied his dream of loveliness. He had realized his ideal, he had suddenly and without thinking of it, found his fate—the face, the figure, the beauty that he had dreamed of all his life.

Nothing more than that; yet the whole world seemed changed. There was a brighter light in the blue skies, a new beauty had fallen on the flowers; in his heart was strange, sweet music; everything was idealized—glorified. Why? Because he had seen the face which had always filled his thoughts.

It seemed to him that he had been there long hours, when the door suddenly opened, and her Grace of Hazlewood entered.

"Norman," she said, as though in sudden wonder, "why did they show you in here?"

"I knew they were doing wrong," he replied. "This is your own especial sanctum, Philippa."

"Yes, it is, indeed; still, as you are here, you may stay. I want to speak to you about that Richmond dinner. My husband does not seem to care about it. Shall we give it up?"

They talked for a few minutes about it, and then the duchess said, suddenly:

"What do you think of my roses, Norman?"

"They are wonderful," he replied; and then, in a low voice, he asked:

"Philippa, who is that beautiful girl out there among your flowers?"

She did not smile, but a sudden light came into her eyes.

"It would be a great kindness not to tell you," she answered. "You see what comes of trespassing in forbidden places. I did not intend you to see that young lady."

"Why not?" he asked, abruptly.

"The answer to your question would be superfluous," she replied.

"But, Philippa, tell me at least who she is."

"That I cannot do," she replied; and then the magnificent face was lighted with a smile.

"Is she like your ideal woman, Norman?" she asked.

"My dear Philippa," he answered, gravely, "she is the ideal woman herself—neither more nor less."

"Found at last!" laughed the duchess. "For all that, Norman, you must not look at her."

"Why not? Is she married, engaged?"

"Married? That girl! Why, she has only just left school. If you really wish to know who she is, I will tell you; but you must give your word not to mention it."

"I promise," he replied.

He wondered why the beautiful face grew crimson and the dark eyes drooped.

"She is a poor relative of ours," said the duchess—"poor, you understand—nothing else."

"Then she is related to the duke?" he interrogated.

"Yes, distantly; and, after a fashion, we have adopted her. When she marries we shall give her a suitable *dot*. Her mother married unfortunately."

"Still, she was married?" said Lord Arleigh.

"Yes, certainly; but unhappily married. Her daughter, however, has received a good education, and now she will remain with us. But, Norman, in this I may trust you, as in everything else?"

"You may trust me implicitly," he replied.

"The duke did not quite like the idea of having her to live with us at first—and I do not wish it to be mentioned to him. If he speaks of it to you at all, it will be as my caprice. Let it pass—do not ask any questions about her; it only annoys her—it only annoys him. She is very happy with me. You see," she continued, "women can keep a secret. She has been here three weeks, yet you have never seen her before; and now it is by accident."

"But," said Norman, "what do you intend to do with her?"

The duchess took a seat near him, and assumed quite a confidential air.

"I have been for some time looking out for a companion," she said; "Lady Peters really must live at Verdun Royal—a housekeeper is not sufficient for that large establishment—it requires more than that. She has consented to make it her home, and I must have some one to be with me."

"You have the duke," he put in wonderingly.

"True, and a husband must, perforce, be all that is adorable; still, having been accustomed to a lady companion, I prefer keeping one; and this girl, so beautiful, so pure, so simple, is all that I need, or could wish for."

"So I should imagine," he replied. "Will you introduce her into society, Philippa?"

"I think not; she is simple as a child, yet wonderfully clever. No, society shall not have her. I will keep her for my own."

"What is her name?" asked Lord Arleigh.

The duchess laughed.

"Ah, now, man-like, you are growing curious! I shall not tell you. Yes, I will—it is the name above all others for an ideal—Madaline."

"Madaline," he repeated. "It is very musical—Madaline."

"It suits her," said the duchess; "and now, Norman, I must go. I have some pressing engagements to-day."

"You will not introduce me, then, Philippa?"

"No—why should I? You would only disturb the child's dream."

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD ARLEIGH could not rest for thinking of the vision he had seen; the face of the duchess's companion haunted him as no other face had ever done. He tried hard to forget it, saying to himself that it was a fancy, a foolish imagination, a day-dream; he tried to believe that in a few days he should have forgotten it.

It was quite otherwise. He left Verdun House in a very fever of unrest; he went everywhere he could think of to distract his thoughts. But the fair face, with its sweet, maidenly expression, the tender blue eyes, with their rich, poetic depths, the sweet, sensitive lips were ever present. Look where he would, he saw them. He went to the opera, and they seemed to smile at him from the stage; he walked home in the starlight—there they were, smiling at him from the stars; he tried to sleep—they haunted his dreams. What was he to do? No other face had so haunted him. He had seen faces, perhaps, more brilliant, eyes as beautiful had moved him; none had followed him as those eyes did.

"I think my heart and brain are on fire," he said to himself. "I will go and look once again at the fair young face; perhaps if she smiles at me or speaks to me I shall be cured."

He went; it was noon when he reached the Duke of Hazlewood's mansion. He inquired for the duchess, and was told that she had gone to Hampton Court. He repeated the words in surprise.

"Hampton Court!" he said. "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, my lord," was the footman's reply. "Her Grace has gone there, for I heard her talking about the pictures this morning."

He could hardly imagine the duchess at Hampton Court. He felt half inclined to follow, and then he thought that perhaps it would be an intrusion; if she had wanted his society, she would certainly have asked for it. No, he would not go. He stood for a few minutes irresolute, wondering if he could ask whether the duchess had taken her young companion with her, and then he remembered that he did not even know her name.

How was the day to pass? Matters were worse than ever. If he had seen her, if he could have spoken to her, he might perhaps have felt better; as it was, the fever of unrest had deepened.

He was to meet the duchess that evening at the French Embassy; he would tell her that she must relax some of her rigor in his favor. She was talking to the ambassador when he entered, but with a smiling gesture she invited him to her side.

"I hear that you called to-day," she said. "I had quite forgotten to tell you that we were going to Hampton Court."

"I could hardly believe it," he replied. "What took you there?"

"You will wonder when I tell you, Norman," she replied, laughingly. "I have always thought that I have a great capacity for spoiling people. My fair Madaline, as I have told you, is both poet and artist. She begged so hard to see the pictures at Hampton Court that I could not refuse her."

"I should not think the history of the belles of the Court of Charles II. would be very useful to her," he said; and she was quick to detect the jealousy in his voice.

"Norman, you are half inclined to be cross, I believe, because I did not ask you to go with us."

"I should have enjoyed it, Philippa, very much."

"It would not have been prudent," she observed, looking most bewitchingly beautiful in her effort to look matronly and wise.

He said no more, but if her Grace had thought of a hundred plans for making him think of Madaline, she could not have adopted one more to the purpose.

From the moment Lord Arleigh believed that the young duchess intended to forbid all acquaintance with her fair *protégée*, he resolved to see her, and to make her like him.

The day following, he went again to the mansion; the duchess was at home, and wished to see him, but at that moment she was engaged. He was shown into the library, where in a few minutes she joined him.

"My dear Norman," she said, with a bright smile of greeting, "Vere told me if you came to keep you for luncheon; he wants to see you particularly. The horse that won the Derby, he has been told, is for sale, and he wants you to see it with him."

"I shall be very pleased," replied Lord Arleigh. "You seem hurried this morning, Philippa."

"Yes; such a *contretemps!* Just as I was anticipating a few hours with you, the Countess of Farnley came in, with the terrible announcement that she was here to spend the morning. I have to submit to my fate, and listen to the account of Clara's last conquests, of the infamous behavior of her maid, of Lord Farnley's propensity for indiscreet flirtation. I tell her there is safety in number. I have to look kind and sympathetic while I am bored to death."

"Shall I accompany you, and help you to amuse Lady Farnley?"

She repeated the words with a little laugh.

"Amuse Lady Farnley? I never undertake the impossible. You might as well ask me to move the Monument; it would be quite as easy."

"Shall I help her to amuse you, then?" he said.

"No, I will not impose on your friendship. Make yourself as comfortable as you can, and I will try to hasten her departure."

Just as she was going away Lord Arleigh called to her.

"Philippa!" She turned her beautiful head half impatiently to him.

"What is it, Norman? Quick! The countess will think I am lost."

"May I go into your pretty rose-garden?" he asked. She laughed.

"What a question! Certainly; you may go just where you please."

"She has forgotten her companion," he said to himself, "or she is not about."

He went into the morning-room and through the long, open French window; there were the lovely roses in bloom, and there—oh, kind, blessed fate!—there was his beautiful Madaline, seated in the pretty, trellised arbor, busily working some fine point-lace, looking herself like the fairest flower that ever bloomed.

The young girl looked up at him with a startled glance—shy, sweet, hesitating—and then he went up to her.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said. "The duchess is engaged, and gave me permission to wait for her here."

She bowed, and he fancied that her white fingers trembled.

"May I introduce myself to you?" he continued. "I am Lord Arleigh."

A beautiful blush, exquisite as the hue of the fairest rose, spread over her face. She looked at him with a smile.

"Lord Arleigh," she repeated. "I know the name very well."

"You know my name very well—how is that?" he asked, in surprise.

"It is a household word here," she said. "I hear it at least a hundred times each day."

"Do you? I can only hope that you are not tired of it."

"No, indeed, I am not;" and then she drew back with a sudden hesitation, as though it had just occurred to her that she was talking freely to a stranger.

He saw her embarrassment, and did his best to remove it.

"How beautiful these roses are!" he said, gently. "The duchess is fortunate to have such a little paradise here."

"She ought to be surrounded by everything that is fairest and most beautiful on earth," she declared, "for there is no one like her."

"You are fond of her?" he said.

She forgot all her shyness, and raised her blue eyes to his.

"Fond of her? I love her better than any one on earth—except, perhaps, my mother. I could never have dreamed of any one so fair, so bewitching, so kind as the duchess."

"And she seems attached to you," he said, earnestly.

"She is very good to me—she is goodness itself;" and the blue eyes, with their depth of poetry and passion, first gleamed with light and then filled with tears.

"We must be friends," said Lord Arleigh, "for I, too, love the duchess. She has been like a sister to me ever since I can remember," and he drew nearer to the beautiful girl as he spoke. "Will you include me among your friends?" he continued. "This is not the first time that I have seen you. I stood watching you yesterday; you were among the roses and I was in the morning-room. I thought then, and I have thought ever since, that I would give anything to be included among your friends."

His handsome face flushed as he spoke; his whole soul was in his eyes.

"Will you look upon me as one of your friends?" he repeated, and his voice was full of softest music. He saw that even her white brow grew crimson.

"A friend of mine, my lord?" she exclaimed. "How can I? Surely you know I am not of your rank—I am not of the class from which you select your friends."

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "If that is your only objection, I can soon remove it. I grant that there may be some trifling difference. For instance, I may have a title; you—who are a thousand times more worthy of one—have none. What of that? A title does not make a man. What is the difference between us? Your beauty—nay, do not think me rude or abrupt—my heart is in every word that I say to you—your grace would ennoble any rank, as your friendship would ennoble any man."

She looked up at him and said, gently:

"I do not think you quite understand."

"Yes, I do," he declared, eagerly; "I asked the duchess yesterday who you were, and she told me—she trusted me with your whole story."

It was impossible for him not to see how she shrank with unutterable pain from the words. The point-lace fell on the grass at her feet—she covered her face with her hands.

"Did she? Oh, Lord Arleigh, it was cruel to tell it!"

"It was not cruel to tell me," he returned. "She would not tell any one else, I am quite sure. But she saw that I was really anxious—that I must know it—that it was not from curiosity I asked."

"Not from curiosity!" she repeated, still hiding her burning face with her hands.

"No, it was from a very different motive." And then he paused abruptly. What was he going to say? How far had he already left all conventionality behind? He stopped just in time, and then continued, gravely, "The Duchess of Hazlewood and myself are such true and tried friends, that we never think of keeping any secrets from each other. We have been, as I told you before, brother and sister all our lives. It was only natural that she should tell me about you."

"And, having heard my story, you ask me to be one of your friends?" she said, slowly. There was pain and pathos in her voice as she spoke.

"Yes," he replied; "having heard it all, I desire nothing on earth so much as to win your friendship."

"My mother?" she murmured.

"Yes—your mother's unfortunate marriage, and all that came of it. I can repeat the story."

"Oh, no!" she interrupted. "I do not wish to hear it. You know it, and would still be my friend?"

"Answer me one question," he said, gently. "Is this sad story the result of any fault of yours? Are you in any way to blame for it?"

"No; not in the least. Still, Lord Arleigh, although I do not share the fault, I share the disgrace—nothing can avert that from me."

"Nothing of the kind," he opposed; "disgrace and yourself are as incompatible as pitch and a dove's wing."

"But," she continued, wonderingly, "do you quite understand?"

"Yes; the duchess told me the whole story. I understand it, and am truly grieved for you; I know the duke's share in it and all."

He saw her face grow pale, even to the lips.

"And yet you would be my friend—you, whom people call proud—you, whose very name is history! I cannot believe it, Lord Arleigh."

There was a wistful look in her eyes, as though she would fain believe that it were true, yet that she was compelled to plead even against herself.

"We cannot account for likes or dislikes," he said; "I always look upon them as nature's guidance as to whom we should love and whom we should avoid. The moment I saw you I—I liked you. I went home, and I thought about you all day long."

"Did you?" she asked, wonderingly. "How very strange!"

"It does not seem strange to me," he observed. "Before I had looked at you for three minutes I felt as though I had known you all my life. How long have we been talking here? Ten minutes, perhaps—yet I feel as though already there is a something that has cut us off from the rest of the world and left us alone together. There is no accounting for such strange feelings as these."

"No," she replied, dreamily, "I do not think there is."

"Perhaps," he continued, "I may have been fanciful all my life; but years ago, when I was a boy at school, I pictured to myself a heroine such as I thought I should love when I came to be a man."

She had forgotten her sweet, half-sad shyness, and sat with a faint flush on her face, her lips just parted, her blue eyes fixed on his.

"A heroine of my own creation," he went on; "and I gave her an ideal face—lilies and roses blended, rose-leaf lips, a white brow, eyes the color of hyacinths, and hair of pale gold."

"That is a pretty picture," she said, all unconscious that it was her own portrait he had sketched.

His eyes softened and gleamed at the *naïveté* of the words.

"I am glad you think so. Then my heroine had, in my fancy, a mind and soul that suited her face—pure, original, half sad, wholly sweet, full of poetry."

She smiled, as though charmed with the picture.

"Then I grow to be a youth, and then to be a man," he continued. "I looked everywhere for my ideal among all the fair women I knew. I looked in courts and palaces, I looked in country houses, but I could not find her. I looked at home and abroad, I looked at all times and all seasons, but I could not find her."

He saw a shadow come over the sweet, pure face, as though she felt sorry for him.

"So time passed, and I began to think that I should never find my ideal, that I must give her up, when one day, quite unexpectedly, I saw her."

There was a gleam of sympathy in the blue eyes.

"I found her at last," he continued. "It was one bright June morning; she was sitting out among the roses, ten thousand times fairer and sweeter than they."

She looked up at him with a startled glance. Not the faintest idea had occurred to her that he was speaking of her.

"Do you understand me?" he asked.

"I—I am frightened, Lord Arleigh."

"Nay, why should you fear? What is there to fear? It is true. The moment I saw you sitting here I knew that you were my ideal, found at last."

"But," she said, with the simple wonder of a child, "I am not like the portrait you sketched."

"You are unlike it only because you are a hundred times fairer," he replied; "that is why I inquired about you—why I asked so many questions. It was because you were to me a dream realized. So it came about that I heard your true history. Now will you be my friend?"

"If you still wish it, Lord Arleigh, yes; but, if you repent of having asked me, and should ever feel ashamed of our friendship, remember that I shall not reproach you for giving me up."

"Giving you up?" cried Lord Arleigh. "Ah, Madaline—let me call you Madaline, the name is so sweet—I shall never give you up! When a man has been for many years looking for some one to fill his highest and brightest dreams, he knows how to appreciate that some one when found."

"It seems all so strange," she said, musingly.

"Nay, why strange? You have read that sweetest and saddest of all love-stories, 'Romeo and Juliet'? Did Juliet think it strange that, so soon after seeing her, Romeo should be willing to give his life for her?"

"No, it did not seem strange to them," she replied, with a smile; "but it is different with us. This is the nineteenth century, and there are no Juliets."

"There are plenty of Romeos, though," he remarked, laughingly. "The sweetest dreams in life are the briefest. Will you pluck one of those roses for me and give it to me saying, 'I promise to be your friend?'"

"You make me do things against my will," she said; but she plucked a rose, and held it toward him in her hand. "I promise to be your friend," she said, gently.

Lord Arleigh kissed the rose. As he did so their eyes met; and it would have been hard to tell which blushed the more deeply. After that, meetings between them became more frequent. Lord Arleigh made seeing her the one great study of his life—and the result was what might be imagined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE yacht of Mr. Conyers, one of the richest commoners in England—a yacht fitted as surely no yacht ever before had been fitted—was for sale. He was a wealthy man, but to keep that sea-palace afloat was beyond his means. The Duchess of Hazlewood was sole mistress of a large fortune in her own right; the duke had made most magnificent settlements upon her. She had a large sum of money at her command; and the idea suddenly occurred to her to purchase Mr. Conyers's yacht unknown to her husband, and present him with it. He was fond of yachting—it was his favorite amusement. She herself was a wretched sailor, and would not be able to accompany him; but that would not matter. It was not of her own pleasure that the Duchess of Hazlewood was thinking, while the old, strange, brooding smile lingered on her beautiful face and deepened on her perfect lips.

"It would be the very thing," she said to herself; "it would afford me the opportunity I am seeking—nothing could be better."

She purchased the yacht and presented it to the duke, her husband. His pleasure and astonishment were unbounded.

She was, as a rule, so undemonstrative that he could not thank her sufficiently for what seemed to him her great interest in his favorite pursuit.

"The only drawback to the splendid gift, Philippa, is that you can never enjoy it; it will take me away from you."

"Yes, I do indeed deplore that I am a wretched sailor, for I can imagine nothing pleasanter than life on board of such a yacht as that. But, while you are cruising about, Vere, I shall go to Verdun Royal and take Madaline with me; then I shall go to Vere Court—make a kind of royal progress, set everything straight and redress all wrongs, hold a court at each establishment. I shall enjoy that more than yachting."

"But I shall miss you so much, Philippa," said the young husband.

"We have the remainder of our lives to spend together," she rejoined; "if you are afraid of missing me too much, you had better get rid of the yacht."

But he would not hear of that—he was delighted with the beautiful and valuable present. The yacht was christened *Queen Philippa;* and it was decided that, when the end of the season had come, the duke should take his beautiful wife to Verdun Royal, and, after having installed her there, should go at once to sea. He had invited a party of friends—all yachtsmen like himself—and they had agreed to take *Queen Philippa* to the Mediterranean, there to cruise during the Autumn months.

As it was settled so it was carried out; before the week had ended, the duke, duchess, and Madaline were all at Verdun Royal. Perhaps the proud young wife had never realised before how completely her husband loved her. This temporary parting was to him a real pain.

A few days before it took place he began to look pale and ill. She saw that he could not eat, that he did not sleep or rest. Her heart was touched by his simple fidelity, his passionate love; although the one fell purpose of her life remained unchanged.

"If you dislike going, Vere," she said to him one day, "do not go—stay at Verdun Royal."

"The world would laugh if I did that, Philippa," he returned; "it would guess at once what was the reason, because every one knows how dearly I love you. We should be called Darby and Joan."

"No one would ever dare to call me Joan," she said, "for I have nothing of Joan in me."

The duke sighed—perhaps he thought that it would have been all the better if she had had; but, fancying that there was something, after all, slightly contemptuous in her manner, as though she thought it unmanly in him to repine about leaving her, he said no more.

One warm, brilliant day he took leave of her, and she was left to work out her purpose. She never forgot the day of his departure—it was one of those hot days when the Summer skies seem to be half obscured by a copper-colored haze; when the green leaves hang languidly, and the birds seek the coolest shade; when the flowers droop with thirst, and never a breath of air stirs their blossoms; when there is no picture so refreshing to the senses as that of a cool, deep pool in the recesses of a wood.

She stood at the grand entrance, watching him depart, and she knew that, with all her beauty, her grace, her talent, her sovereignty, no one had ever loved her as this man did. Then, after he was gone, she still stood on the broad stone terrace, with that strange smile on her face which seemed to mar while it deepened its beauty.

"It will be a full revenge," she said to herself. "There could be no fuller. But what shall I do when it is all known?"

She was not one to flinch from the course of action she had marked out for herself, nor from the consequences of that course; but she shuddered, even in the heat, as she thought what her life would be when her vengeance was taken.

"He will never forgive me," she said—"he will look upon me as the wickedest of women. It does not matter; he should not have exasperated me by slighting me."

Then the coppery haze seemed to gather itself together—great, purple masses of cloud piled themselves in the sky, a lurid light overspread the heavens, the dense, oppressive silence was broken by a distant peal of thunder, great raindrops fell—fierce, heavy drops. The trees seemed to stretch out their leaves to drink in the moisture, the parched flowers welcomed the grateful down-pour; and still the Duchess of Hazlewood stood out on the terrace, so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she never heeded the rain.

Madaline hastened out to her with a shawl.

"Dear Duchess," she cried, "it is raining; and you are so absorbed in thought that you do not notice it."

She laughed a strange, weird laugh, and raised her beautiful face with its expression of gloom.

"I did not notice it, Madaline," she said; "but there is no need for anxiety about me," she added, proudly.

They re-entered the house together. Madaline believed that the duchess was thinking of and grieving over the departure of the duke. Lady Peters thought the same. They both did their best to comfort her—to amuse her and distract her thoughts. But the absent expression did not die from her dark eyes. When they had talked to her for some little time, she took up the "Lady of Lyons."

"How much you admire that play!" said Madaline. "I see you reading it so often."

"I have a fancy for it," returned the duchess; "it suits my taste. And I admire the language very much."

"Yet it is a cruel story," observed Madaline; "the noblest character in it is *Pauline.*"

"She was very proud; and pride, I suppose, must suffer," said the duchess, carelessly.

"She was not too proud, after all, to love a noble man when she once recognized him, duchess."

"She learned to love the prince—she would never have loved the gardener," remarked Philippa; "it was a terrible vengeance."

"I do not like stories of vengeance," said Madaline. "After all, though, I love the *Claude* of the story, and find much true nobility in him—much to admire. When reading the play, I am tempted all the time to ask myself, How could he do it? It was an unmanly plot."

There was a strange light in the dark eyes, a quiver on the scarlet lips, as Philippa said:

"Do you think so? Suppose that some one offended you as *Pauline* offended *Claude*—laughed at the love you offered, scorned, mocked, despised you—and that such vengeance as his lay in your power; would you not take it?"

The sweet face flushed.

"No; I would rather die," Madaline replied, quickly.

"I would take it, and glory in it," said the duchess, firmly. "If I were wounded, insulted, and slighted as *Claude* was, I would take the cruelest revenge that I could."

Madaline took one of the jeweled hands in her own and kissed it.

"I should never be afraid of you," she said; "you could not hurt any one. Your vengeance would end in the bestowal of a favor."

"Do you think so highly of me, Madaline?" asked Philippa, sadly.

"Think highly of you! Why, you would laugh if you knew how I love you—how I adore you. If all the world were to swear to me that you could do the least thing wrong, I would not believe them."

"Poor child!" said the duchess, sadly.

"Why do you call me 'poor child'?" she asked, laughingly, in her juvenile innocence.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY DUBASTY.

"Because you have such implicit faith, and are sure to be so cruelly disappointed."

"I would rather have faith and bear the disappointment than be without both," said Madaline.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the day of his departure, the duke had said to his wife:

"I have invited Norman to spend a few weeks with you; have some pleasant people to meet him.' He tells me he shall not go to Scotland this year."

"I will ask Miss Byrton and Lady Sheldon," Philippa had promised.

"Only two ladies!" the duke had laughed. "He will want some one to smoke his cigar with."

"I will trust to some happy inspiration at the time, then," she had replied; and they had not mentioned the matter again.

Early in August, Lord Arleigh wrote that if it were convenient he should prefer paying his promised visit at once. He concluded his letter by saying:

"My dear Philippa, your kind, good husband said something to me about meeting a pleasant party. I should so much prefer one of my old style of visits—no parties, no ceremonies. I want to see you and Verdun Royal, not a crowd of strange faces. Lady Peters is *chaperon*, if you have any lingering doubt about the 'proprieties.'"

So it was agreed that he should come alone, and later on, if the duchess cared to invite more friends, she could do so.

The fact was that Lord Arleigh wanted time for his wooing. He had found that he could not live without Madaline. He had thought most carefully about everything, and had decided on asking her to be his wife. True, there was the drawback of her parentage—but that was not so grievous, not so terrible. Of course, if she had really been lowly born—descended from the dregs of the people, or the daughter of a criminal—he would have trampled his love under foot. He would have said to himself, "*Noblesse oblige*," and, rather than tarnish the honor of his family, he would have given her up.

This was not needed. Related to the Duke of Hazlewood, there could not be anything wrong. The duchess had told him distinctly that Madaline's mother had married beneath her, and that the whole family on that account had completely ignored her. He did not remember that the duchess had told him so in as many words, but he was decidedly of the opinion that Madaline's mother was a cousin of the duke's, and that she had married a drawing-master, who had afterward turned out wild and profligate. The drawing-master was dead. His darling Madaline had good blood in her veins—was descended from an ancient and noble family. That she had neither fortune nor position was immaterial to him. He had understood from the duchess that the mother of his fair young love lived in quiet retirement. He could not remember in what words all this had been told to him, but this was the impression that was on his mind. So he had determined upon making Madaline his wife if he could but win her consent. The only thing he feared was her own unwillingness. She was fair and fragile, but she had a wonderful strength of will.

He had thought it all over. He remembered well what the duchess had said about the duke's not caring to hear the matter mentioned. Lord Arleigh could understand that, with all his gentleness, Hazlewood was a proud man, and that, if there had been a *mésalliance* in his family, he would be the last to wish it discussed. Still, Lord Arleigh knew that he would approve of the marriage. It was plain, however, that it would be better for it to take place while he was away from England, and then it would not, could not, in any way compromise him. A quiet marriage would not attract attention.

If he could only win Madaline's consent! She had been so unwilling to promise him her friendship, and then so unwilling to hear that he loved her. He could form no idea as to how she would receive the offer of marriage that he intended to make her.

That was why he wished to go alone. He would have time and opportunity then. As for Philippa, he did not fear any real objection from her; if she once believed or thought that his heart was fixed on marrying Madaline, he was sure she would help him.

Marry Madaline he must—life was nothing to him without her. He had laughed at the fever called love. He knew now how completely love had mastered him. He could think of nothing but Madaline.

He went down to Verdun Royal, heart and soul so completely wrapped in Madaline that he scarcely remembered Philippa—scarcely remembered that he was going as her guest; he was going to woo Madaline, fair, sweet Madaline—to ask her to be his wife, to try to win her for his own.

It was afternoon when he reached Verdun Royal. The glory of Summer was over the earth. He laughed at himself, for he was nervous and timid; he longed to see Madaline, yet trembled at the thought of meeting her.

"So this is love!" said Lord Arleigh to himself, with a smile. "I used to wonder why it made men cowards, and what there was to fear; I can understand it now."

Then he saw the gray towers and turrets of Verdun Royal rising from the trees; he thought of his childish visits to the house, and how his mother taught him to call the child, Philippa, his little wife. Who would have thought, in those days, that Philippa would live to be a duchess, and that he should so wildly worship, so madly love, a fairer, younger face?

He was made welcome at Verdun Royal. Lady Peters received him as though he were her own son. Then the duchess entered, with a glad light in her eyes and a smile that was half wistful. She greeted him warmly; she was pleased to see him—pleased to welcome him; the whole house was at his service, and everything in it. He had never seen the duchess look better; she wore her favorite colors, amber and white.

"I have attended to your wishes, Norman," she said; "you must not blame me if you are dull. I have asked no one to meet you."

"There is no fear of my ever being dull here, Philippa," he returned. "You forget that I am almost as much at home as you are yourself. I can remember when I looked upon coming to Verdun Royal as coming home."

A shadow of pain crossed her face at this reference to those early, happy days. Then he summoned up courage, and said to her:

"Where is your fair companion, Philippa!"

"She is somewhere about the grounds," replied the duchess. "I can never persuade her to remain in-doors unless she has something to do. So you have not forgotten her?" added the duchess, after a short pause.

"I have not forgotten her, Philippa. I shall have something very important to say to you about her before I go away again."

She gave no sign that she understood him, but began to talk to him upon a number of indifferent matters—the warmth of the weather, his journey down, the last news from her husband—and he answered her somewhat impatiently. His thoughts were with Madaline.

At last the signal of release came.

"We need not play at 'company,' Norman," said the duchess. "As you say, Verdun Royal has always been like home to you. Continue to make it so. We dine at eight—it is now nearly five. You will find plenty to amuse yourself with. Whenever you wish for my society, you will find me in the drawing-room or my boudoir."

He murmured some faint words of thanks, thinking to himself how considerate she was, and that she guessed he wanted to find Madaline. With a smile on her face she turned to him as she was quitting the room.

"Vere seemed very uneasy when he was going away, lest you should not feel at liberty to smoke when you liked," she said. "Pray do not let the fact of his absence prevent your enjoying a cigar whenever you feel inclined for one."

"A thousand thanks, Philippa," returned Lord Arleigh, inwardly hoping that Madaline would give him scant time for the enjoyment of cigars.

Then he went across the lawn, wondering how she would look, where he should find her, and what she would say to him when she saw him. Once or twice he fancied that he saw the glimmer of a white dress between the trees. He wondered if she felt shy at seeing him, as he did at seeing her. Then suddenly—it was as though a bright light had fallen from the skies—he came upon her, standing under a great linden-tree.

"Madaline!" he said, gently. And she came to him with outstretched hands.

CHAPTER XX.

LATER on that afternoon the heat seemed to have increased, not lessened, and the ladies had declared even the cool, shaded drawing-room, with its sweet scents and mellowed lights, to be too warm; so they had gone out on to the lawn, where a sweet western wind was blowing. Lady Peters had taken with her a book, which she made some pretense of reading, but over which her eyes closed in most suspicious fashion. The duchess, too, had a book, but she made no pretense of opening it—her beautiful face had a restless, half wistful expression. They had quitted the drawing-room all together, but Madaline had gone to gather some peaches. The duchess liked them freshly gathered, and Madaline knew no delight so keen as that of giving her pleasure.

When she had been gone some few minutes, Lord Arleigh asked where she was, and the duchess owned, laughingly, to her fondness for ripe, sun-kissed peaches.

"Madaline always contrives to find the very best for me," she said. "She is gone to look for some now."

"I will go and help her," said Lord Arleigh, looking at Philippa's face. He thought the fair cheeks themselves not unlike peaches, with their soft, sweet, vivid coloring.

She smiled to herself with bitter scorn as he went away.

"It works well," she said; "but it is his own fault—Heaven knows, his own fault."

An hour afterward, Lady Peters said to her, in a very solemn tone of voice:

"Philippa, my dear, it may not be my duty to speak, but I cannot help asking you if you notice anything?"

"No, nothing at this minute."

But Lady Peters shook her head with deepest gravity.

"Do you not notice the great attention that Lord Arleigh pays your beautiful young companion?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the duchess—and all her efforts did not prevent a burning, passionate flush rising to her face.

"May I ask you what you think of it, my dear?"

"I think nothing of it. If Lord Arleigh chooses to fall in love with her, he may. I warned him when she first came to live with me—I kept her most carefully out of his sight; and then, when I could no longer conveniently do so, I told him that he must not fall in love with her. I told him of her birth, antecedents, misfortunes—everything connected with her. His own mother or sister could not have warned him more sensibly."

"And what was the result?" asked Lady Peters, gravely.

"Just what one might have expected from a man," laughed the duchess. "Warn them against any particular thing, and it immediately possesses a deep attraction for them. The result was, that he said she was his ideal, fairly, fully and perfectly realized. I, of course, could say no more."

"But," cried Lady Peters, aghast, "you do not think it probable that he will marry her?"

"I cannot tell. He is a man of honor. He would not make love to her without intending to marry her."

"But there is not a better family in England than the Arleighs of Beechgrove, Philippa. It would be terrible for him—such a *mésalliance*; surely, he will never dream of it."

"She is beautiful, graceful, gifted and good," was the rejoinder. "But it is useless for us to argue about the matter. He has said nothing about marrying her; he has only called her his ideal."

"I cannot understand it," said poor Lady Peters. "It seems strange to me."

She would have thought it stranger still if she had followed them and heard what Lord Arleigh was saying.

He had followed Madaline to the southern wall, whereon the luscious peaches and apricots grew. He found her, as the duchess had intimated, busily engaged in choosing the ripest and best. He thought he had never seen a fairer picture than this golden-haired girl standing by the green leaves and rich fruit. He thought of Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter."

> "One arm aloft—
> Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape—
> Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood. . . . .
> The full day dwelt on her brows, and sunned
> Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
> And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
> And on the beauteous wave of such a breast
> As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
> She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

He repeated the lines to himself as he stood watching her, and then he went nearer and called:

"Madaline!"

Could he doubt that she loved him? Her fair face flushed deepest crimson; but, instead of turning to him, she moved half coyly, half shyly away.

"How quick you are," he said, "to seize every opportunity of evading me! Do you think you can escape me, Madaline? Do you think my love is so weak, so faint, so feeble, that it can be pushed aside lightly by your will? Do you think that, if you tried to get to the other end of the world, you could escape me?"

Half blushing, half laughing, trembling, yet with a happy light in her blue eyes, she said:

"I think you are more terrible than any one I know."

"I am glad that you are growing frightened, and are willing to own that you have a master—that is as it should be. I want to talk to you, Madaline. You evade me lest you should be compelled to speak to me; you lower those beautiful eyes of yours, lest I should be made happy by looking into them. If you find it possible to avoid my presence, to run away from me, you do. I am sure to woo you, to win you, to make you my sweet, dear wife—to make you happier, I hope, than any woman has ever been before—and you try to evade me, fair, sweet, cruel Madaline!"

"I am afraid of you, Lord Arleigh," she said, little dreaming how much that naïve confession implied.

"Afraid of me! That is because you see that I am quite determined to win you. I can easily teach you how to forget all fear."

She raised her blue eyes to his.

"Can you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, I can indeed, Madaline. Deposit those peaches in their green leaves on the ground. Now place both your hands in mine."

She quietly obeyed the first half of his request as though she were a child, and then she paused. The sweet face crimsoned again; he took her hands in his.

"You must be obedient," he said. "Now look at me."

But the white lids drooped over the happy eyes.

"Look at me, Madaline," he repeated, "and say, 'Norman, I do love you. I will forget all the nonsense I have talked about inequality of position, and will be your wife.'"

"In justice to yourself I cannot say it."

He felt the little hands tremble in his grasp, and he released them with a kiss.

"You will be compelled to say it some day, darling. You might as well try now. If I cannot win you for my wife, I will have no wife, Madaline. Ah, now you are sorry that you have vexed me!

> 'And so it was—half sly, half shy;
>   You would and would not, little one,
> Although I pleaded tenderly,
>   And you and I were all alone.'

Why are you so hard, Madaline? I am sure you like me a little; you dare not raise your eyes to mine, and say, 'I do not love you, Norman.'"

"No," she confessed, "I dare not. But there is love and love; the lowest love is all self, the highest is all sacrifice. I like the highest." And then her eyes fell on the peaches, and she gave a little cry of alarm.

"What will the duchess say?" she cried. "Oh, Lord Arleigh, let me go!"

"Give me one kind word, then."

"What am I to say? Oh, do let me go!"

"Say, 'I like you, Norman.'"

"I like you, Norman," she said; and, taking up the peaches, she hastened away. Yet, with her flushed face and the glad light in her happy eyes, she did not dare to present herself at once before the duchess and Lady Peters.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAS there some strange, magnetic attraction between Lord Arleigh and Madaline, or could it be that the valet, knowing or guessing the state of his master's affections, gave what he no doubt considered a timely hint? Something of the kind must have happened, for Madaline, unable to sleep, unable to rest, had risen in the early morning, while the dew was on the grass, and had gone out into the shade of the woods. The August sun shone brightly, a soft wind fanned her cheeks.

Madaline looked round before she entered the woods. The square turret of Verdun Royal rose high above the trees. Then she opened the little gate, and passed under the trees. They were tall and thick-set, with great, umbrageous boughs and massive, rugged trunks, the boughs almost reaching down to the long, thick grass. A little brook went singing through the woods—a brook of clear, rippling water. Madaline sat down by the brookside. Her head ached for want of sleep, her heart was stirred by a hundred varied emotions.

Did she love him? Why ask herself the question? She did love him—she trembled to think how much. It was that very love which made her hesitate. She hardly dared to think of him. In her great humility she overlooked entirely the fact of her own great personal loveliness, her rare grace and gifts. She could only wonder what there was in her that could attract him.

He was a descendant of one of the oldest families in England—he had a title, he was wealthy, clever, he had every great and good gift—yet he loved her; he stooped from his exalted position to love her, and she, for his own sake, wished to refuse his love. But she found it difficult.

She sat down by the brookside, and, perhaps for the first time in her gentle life, a feeling of dissatisfaction rose within her; yet it was not so much that as a longing that she could be different from what she was—a wish that she had been nobly born, endowed with some great gift that would have brought her nearer to him. How happy she would have been then—how proud to love him—how glad to devote her sweet, young life to him! At present it was different; the most precious thing that she could give him—which was her love—would be most prejudicial to him. And just as that thought came to her, causing the blue eyes to fill with tears, she saw him standing before her.

She was not surprised; he was so completely part and parcel of her thoughts and her life that she would never have felt surprised at seeing him. He came up to her quietly.

"My darling Madaline, your face is pale, and there are tears in your eyes. What is the matter? What has brought you out here when you ought to be in-doors? What is the trouble that has taken away the roses and put lilies in their places?"

"I have no trouble, Lord Arleigh," she replied. I came here only to think."

"To think of what, sweet?"

Her face flushed.

"I cannot tell you," she answered. "You cannot expect that I should tell you everything."

"You tell me nothing, Madaline. A few words from you would make me the happiest man in the world, yet you will not speak them."

Then all the assumed lightness and carelessness died from his manner. He came nearer to her; her eyes drooped before the fire of his.

"Madaline, my love, let me plead to you," he said, "for the gift of your love. Give me that, and I shall be content. You think I am proud," he continued; "I am not one-half so proud, sweet, as you. You refuse to love me—why? Because of your pride. You have some foolish notions that the difference in our positions should part us. You are quite wrong—love knows no such difference."

"But the world does," she interrupted.

"The world!" he repeated, with contempt. "Thank Heaven, it is not my master! What matters what the world says?"

"You owe more to the name and honor of your family than to the world," she said.

"Of that," he observed, "you must allow me to be the best judge."

She bowed submissively.

"The dearest thing in life to me is the honor of my name, the honor of my race," said Lord Arleigh. "It has never been tarnished; and I pray Heaven that no stain may ever rest upon it. I will be frank with you, Madaline, as you are with me, though I love you so dearly that my very life is bound up in yours. I would not ask you to be my wife if I thought that in doing so I was bringing a shadow of dishonor on my race—if I thought that I was in even ever so slight a degree tarnishing my name; but I do not think so. I speak to you frankly. I know the story of your misfortunes, and, knowing it, do not deem it sufficient to part us. Listen and believe me, Madaline—if I stood with you before the altar, with your hand in mine, and the solemn words of the marriage service on my lips, and anything even then came to my knowledge which I thought prejudicial to the fame and honor of my race, I should without hesitation ask you to release me. Do you believe me?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I believe you."

"Then why not trust me fully? I know your story—it is an old story, after all. I know it by heart; I am the best judge of it. I have weighed it most carefully; it has not been a lightly considered matter with me at all, and, after thinking it well over, I have come to the conclusion that it is not sufficient to part us. You see, sweet, that you may implicitly believe me. I have no false gloss of compliments. Frankly, as you yourself would do, I admit the drawback; but, unlike you, I affirm that it does not matter."

"But would you always think so? The time might come when the remembrance of my father's——"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "The matter must never be discussed between us. I tell you frankly that I should not care for the whole world to know your story. I know it—the duke and duchess know it. There is no need for it to be known to others; and, believe me, Madaline, it never will be and never need be known—we may keep it out of sight. It is not likely that I shall ever repent, for it will never be of any more importance to me than it is now."

He paused abruptly, for her blue eyes were looking wistfully at him.

"What is it, Madaline?" he asked, gently.

"I wish you would let me tell you all about it—how my mother, so gentle and good, came to marry my father, and how he fell—how he was tempted and fell. May I tell you, Lord Arleigh?"

"No," he replied, after a short pause, "I would rather not hear it. The duchess has told me all I care to know. It will be better, believe me, for the whole story to die away. If I had wished to hear it I should have asked you to tell it me."

"It would make me happier," she said; "I should know then that there was no mistake."

"There is no mistake, my darling—the duchess has told me; and it is not likely that she has made a mistake, is it?"

"No; she knows the whole story from beginning to end. If she has told you, you know all."

"Certainly I do; and, knowing all, I have come here to beg you to make me happy, to honor me with your love, to be my wife. Ah, Madaline, do not let your pride part us!"

He saw that she trembled and hesitated.

"Only imagine what life must be for us, Madaline, if we part. You would perhaps go on living with the duchess all your life—for, in spite of your coyness and your fear, I believe you love me so well, darling, that, unless you marry me, you will marry no one—you would drag on a wearied, tried, sad, unhappy existence, that would not have in it one gleam of comfort."

"It is true," she said, slowly.

"Of course it is true. And what would become of me? The sun would have no more brightness for me; the world would be as a desert; the light would die from my life. Oh, Madaline, make me happy by loving me!"

"I do love you," she said, unguardedly.

"Then why not be my wife?"

She drew back trembling, her face pale as death.

"Why not be my wife?" he repeated.

"It is for your own sake," she said. "Can you not see? Do you not understand?"

"For my sake. Then I shall treat you as a vanquished kingdom—I shall take possession of you, my darling, my love!"

Bending down, he kissed her face—and this time she made no resistance to his sovereign will.

"Now," said Lord Arleigh, triumphantly, "you are my very own, nothing can separate us—that kiss seals our betrothal; you must forget all doubts, all fears, all hesitation, and only say to yourself that you are mine—all mine. Will you be happy, Madaline?"

She raised her eyes to his, her face bedewed with happy tears.

"I should be most ungrateful if I were not happy," she replied; "you are so good to me, Lord Arleigh."

"You must not call me 'Lord Arleigh'—say 'Norman.'"

"Norman," she repeated, "you are really so very good to me."

"I love you so well, sweet," he returned. The happy eyes were raised to his face.

"Will you tell me," she asked, "why you love me, Norman? I cannot think why it is. I wonder about it every day. You see girls a thousand times better suited to you than I am. Why do you love me so?"

"What a question to answer, sweet! How can I tell why I love you? I cannot help it; my soul is attracted to your soul, my heart to your heart, Madaline. I shall be unwilling to leave you again; when I go away from Verdun Royal, I shall want to take my wife with me."

She looked at him in alarm.

"I am quite serious," he continued. "You are so sensitive, so full of hesitation, that, if I leave you, you will come to the conclusion that you have done wrong, and will write me a pathetic little letter, and go away."

"No, I should not do that," she observed.

"I shall not give you a chance, my own; I shall neither rest myself nor let any one else rest until you are my wife. I will not distress you now by talking about it. I shall go to the duchess to-day, and tell her that you have relented in my favor at last; then will you let us decide for you, Madaline, will you not?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile; "it would be useless for me to rebel."

"You have made some very fatal admissions," he said, laughingly. "You have owned that you love me; after that, denial, resistance, coyness, shyness, nothing will avail. Oh, Madaline, I shall always love this spot where I won you! I will have a picture of this brookside painted some day. We must go back to the house now; but, before we go, make me happy, tell me of your own free will that you love me."

"You know I do. I love you, Norman—I will say it now—I love you ten thousand times better than my life. I have loved you ever since I first saw you; but I was afraid to say so, because of—well, you know why."

"You are not afraid now, Madaline?"

"No, not now," she replied; "you have chosen me from all the world to be your wife. I will think of nothing but making you happy."

"In token of that, kiss me—just once—of your own free will."

"No," she refused, with a deep blush.

"You will, if you love me," he said; and then she turned her fair face to his. She raised her pure, sweet lips to his and kissed him, blushing, as she did so, to the very roots of her golden hair.

"You must never ask me to do that again," she said, gravely.

"No," returned he; "it was so remarkably unpleasant, Madaline, I could not wish for a repetition;" and then they went back to the house together.

"Norman," said Madaline, as they stood before the great gothic porth, "will you wait until to-morrow before you tell the duchess?"

"No," he laughed, "I shall tell her this very day."

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was almost noon before Lord Arleigh saw Philippa, and then it struck him that she was not looking well. She seemed to have lost some of her brilliant color, and he fancied she was thinner than she used to be. She had sent for him to her boudoir.

"I heard that you were inquiring for me, Norman," she said. "Had you any especial reason for so doing?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have a most important reason. But you are not looking so bright as usual, Philippa. Are you not well?"

"The weather is too warm for one to look bright," she said; "much sunshine always tires me. Sit down here, Norman; my room looks cool enough, does it not?"

In its way her room was a triumph of art; the hangings were of pale amber and white—there was a miniature fountain cooling the air with its spray, choice flowers emitting sweet perfume. The fair young duchess was resting on a couch of amber satin; she held a richly jeweled fan in her hands, which she used occasionally. She looked very charming in her dress of light material, her dark hair carelessly but artistically arranged. Still there was something about her unlike herself; her lips were pale, and her eyes had in them a strange, wistful expression. Norman took his seat near the little couch.

"I have come to make a confession, Philippa," he began.

"So I imagined; you look very guilty. What is it?"

"I have found my ideal. I love her, she loves me, and I want to marry her."

The pallor of the lovely lips deepened. For a few minutes no sound was heard except the falling of the spray of the fountain, and then the Duchess of Hazlewood looked up and said:

"Why do you make this confession to me, Norman?"

"Because it concerns some one in whom you are interested. It is Madaline whom I love, Madaline whom I wish to marry. But that is not strange news to you, I am sure, Philippa."

Again there was a brief silence; and then the duchess said, in a low voice:

"You must admit that I warned you, Norman, from the very first."

"You warned me? I do not understand."

"I kept her out of your sight. I told you it would be better for you not to see her. I advised you, did I not?"

She seemed rather to be pleading in self-defense than thinking of him.

"But, my dearest Philippa, I want no warning—I am very happy as to the matter I have nearest my heart. I thank you for bringing my sweet Madaline here. You do not seem to understand?"

"Do you love her so very much, Norman?"

"I love her better than any words of mine can tell," he said. "The moment I saw her first I told you my dream was realized—I had found my ideal. I have loved her ever since."

"How strange!" murmured the duchess.

"Do you think it strange? Remember how fair and winsome she is—how sweet and guileless. I do not believe there is any one like her."

The white hand that held the jeweled fan moved more vigorously.

"Why do you tell me this, Norman? What do you wish me to do?"

"You have always been so kind to me," he said—"you have ever been as a sister, my best, dearest, truest friend. I could not have a feeling of this kind without telling you of it. Do you remember how you used to tease me about my ideal? Neither of us thought in those days that I should find her under your roof."

"No," said the duchess, quietly, "it is very strange."

"I despaired of winning Madaline," he continued. "She had such strange ideas of the wonderful distance between us—she thought so much more of me than of herself, of the honor of my family and my name—that, to tell you the truth, Philippa, I thought I should never win her consent to be my wife."

"And you have won it at last," she put in, with quiet gravity.

"Yes—at last. This morning she promised to be my wife."

The dark eyes looked straight into his own.

"It is a miserable marriage for you, Norman. Granted that Madaline has beauty, grace, purity, she is without fortune, connection, position. You, an Arleigh of Beechgrove, ought to do better. I am speaking as the world will speak. It is really a wretched marriage."

"I can afford to laugh at the world and please myself in the choice of a wife. There are certain circumstances under which I would not have married any one; those circumstances do not surround my darling. She stands out clear and distinct as a bright jewel from the rest of the world. To-day she promised to be my wife, but she is so sensitive and hesitating that I am almost afraid that I shall lose her even now, and I want to marry her as soon as I can."

"But why," again asked the duchess, "do you tell me this?"

"Because it concerns you most nearly. She lives under your roof—she is, in some measure, your *protégée*."

"Vere will be very angry when he hears of it," said the duchess. And then Lord Arleigh looked up proudly.

"I do not see why he should. It is certainly no business of his."

"He will think it so strange."

"It is no stranger than any other marriage," said Lord Arleigh. "Philippa, you disappoint me. I expected more sympathy at least from you."

The tone of his voice was so full of pain that she looked up quickly.

"Do not think me unkind, Norman. You could not expect any true friend of yours to be very delighted at such a marriage as this, could you?" It seemed as though she knew and understood that opposition made his own plan seem only the dearer to him. "Still, I have no wish to fail in sympathy. Madaline is very lovely and winning—I have a great affection for her—and I think—nay, I am quite sure—that she loves you very dearly."

"That is better—that is more like your own self, Philippa. You used to be above all conventionality. I knew that in the depths of your generous heart you would be pleased for your old friend to be happy at last—and I shall be happy, Philippa. You wish me well, do you not?"

Her lips seemed hard and dry as she replied:

"Yes, I wish you well."

"What I wished to consult you about is my marriage. It must not take place here, of course. I understand, and think it only natural, that the duke does not wish to have public attention drawn in any way to Madaline. We all like to keep our little family secrets; consequently I have thought of a plan which I believe will meet all the difficulties of the case."

The pallor of the duchess's face deepened.

"Are you faint or ill, Philippa?" he asked, wondering at her strange appearance.

"No," she replied, "it is only the heat that affects me. Go on with your story, Norman; it interests me."

"That is like my dear old friend, Philippa. I thought a marriage from here would not do—it would entail publicity and remark; that none of us would care for—besides, there could scarcely be a marriage under your auspices during the absence of the duke."

"No, it would hardly be *en régle*," she agreed.

"But," continued Norman, "if Lady Peters would befriend me—if she would go away to some quiet seaside place, and take Madaline with her—then, at the end of a fortnight, I might join them there, and we could be married, with every due observance of conventionality, but without calling undue public attention to the ceremony. Do you not think that a good plan, Philippa?"

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"Look interested in it, or you will mar my happiness. Why, if it were your marriage, Philippa, I should consider every detail of high importance. Do not look cold or indifferent about it."

She roused herself with a shudder.

"I am neither cold nor indifferent," she said; "on the contrary, I am vitally interested. You wish me, of course, to ask Lady Peters if she will do this?"

"Yes, because I know she will refuse you nothing."

"Then that is settled," said the duchess. "There is a pretty, quiet little watering-place called St. Mildred's—I remember hearing Vere speak of it last year—which would meet your wishes, I think, if Lady Peters and Madaline consent."

"I am sure they will consent," put in Lord Arleigh, hopefully.

"There is another thing to be thought of," added the duchess—"a *trousseau* for your fair young bride."

"Yes, I know. She will have every fancy gratified after our marriage; but there will not be time for much preparation before it."

"Let me be fairy godmother," said the duchess. "In three weeks from to-day I engage to have such a *trousseau* as has rarely been seen. You can add dresses and ornaments to it afterward."

"You are very good. Do you know," he said, "that it is only now I begin to recognize my old friend? At first you seemed so unsympathetic, so cold—now you are my sister Philippa, the sharer of my joys and sorrows. We had no secrets when we were children."

"No," she agreed, mournfully, "none.'

"And we have none now," he said, with a happy laugh. "How astonished Vere will be when he returns and finds that Madaline is married! And I think that, if it can all be arranged without any great blow to his family pride, he will not be ill-pleased."

"I should imagine not," she returned, listlessly.

"And you, Philippa—you will extend to my beloved wife the friendship and affection that you have given to me?"

"Yes," she replied, absently.

"Continue to be her fairy godmother. There is no friend who can do as you can do. You will be Madaline's sheet-anchor and great hope."

She turned away with a shudder.

"Philippa," he continued, "will you let me send Lady Peters to you now, that I may know as soon as possible whether she consents?"

"You can send her if you will, Norman."

Was it his fancy, or did he really, as he stood at the door, hear a deep, heart-broken sigh? Did her voice, in a sad, low wail, come to him—"Norman, Norman!"

He turned quickly, but she seemed already to have forgotten him, and was looking through the open window.

Was it fancy again, when the door had closed, or did she really cry—"Norman!"

He opened the door quickly.

"Did you call me, Philippa?" he asked.

"No," she replied; and he went away.

"I do not understand it," he thought; "there is something not quite right. Philippa is unlike herself."

Then he went in search of Lady Peters, whom he bewildered and astounded by telling that it lay in her power to make him the happiest of men.

"That is what men say when they make an offer of marriage," she observed; "and I am sure you are not about to make one to me."

"No; but, dear Lady Peters, I want you to help me to marry some one else. Will you go to the duchess? She will tell you all about it."

"Why not tell me yourself?" she asked.

"She has better powers of persuasion," he replied.

"Then I am afraid, if so much persuasion is required, that something wrong is on the *tapis*," said Lady Peters. "I cannot imagine why men who have beautiful young wives go yachting. It seems to me a terrible mistake."

Lord Arleigh laughed.

"The duke's yachting has very little to do with this matter," he said. "Lady Peters, before you listen to the duchess, let me make one appeal to you. With all my heart I beseech you to grant the favor that she will ask."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her hand. Tears of emotion rose to the lady's eyes.

"Is it something for you, Lord Arleigh?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "for my own unworthy self."

"Then I will do it if possible," she replied.

But, when the Duchess of Hazlewood had told her what was needed, and had placed the whole matter before her, Lady Peters looked shocked.

"My dear Philippa," she said, "this is terrible. I could not have believed it. She is a lovely, graceful, pure-minded girl, I know; but such a marriage for an Arleigh! I cannot really believe it."

"That is unfortunate," said her Grace, dryly, "for he seems very much in earnest."

"No money, no rank, no connection, while he is one of the finest matches in England!"

"She is his ideal," was the mocking reply. "It is not for us to point out deficiencies."

"But what will the duke say?" inquired her ladyship.

"I do not suppose that he will be very much surprised. Even if he is, he will have had time to recover from his astonishment before he returns. The duke knows that 'beauty leads man at its will.' Few can resist the charm of a pretty face."

"What shall I do?" asked Lady Peters, hopelessly; "what am I to say?"

"Decide for yourself. I decline to offer any opinion. I say simply that if you refuse he will probably ask the favor of some one else."

"But do you advise me to consent, Philippa?" inquired Lady Peters, anxiously.

"I advise you to please yourself. Had he asked a similar favor of me, I might have granted or I might have refused it; I cannot say."

"To think of that simple, fair-faced girl being Lady Arleigh!" exclaimed Lady Peters. "I suppose that I had better consent, or he will do something more desperate. He is terribly in earnest, Philippa."

"He is terribly in love," said the duchess, carelessly; and then Lady Peters decided that she would accede to Lord Arleigh's request.

(To be continued.)

OUR CASTLE.

By Catharine Earnshaw

In perfumed air of orient climes,
In sunlight of serenest gold,
Which, flickering through our arched limes,
Flecks yellow on that verdant mold—
Beneath these royal, purple skies,
Here shall our castle's turrets rise.

Its battlemented walls shall gleam
With crimson glows and fairy lights,
And through its mullioned glass shall stream
The starlight of enchanted nights;
While soft the scented airs shall blow,
And hours that come shall never go.

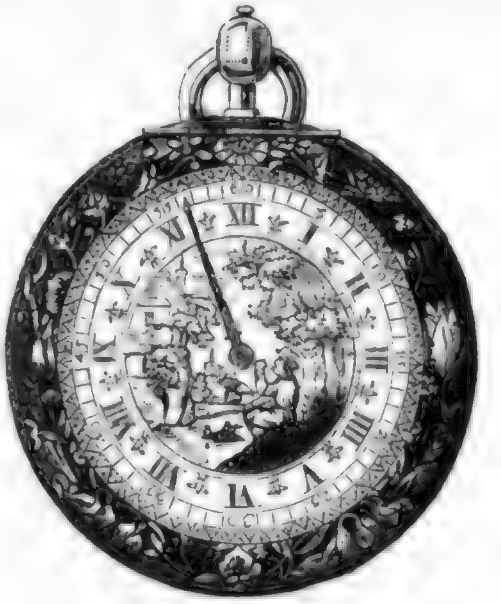
In gardens with our languid blooms
The fireflies keep their revel dance—
And darting through the dewy glooms
Their elfin torches glance;
And in this odorous dusk we roam
Queens regnant of our castle home.

Such roses never bloomed before
As bloom and kiss our castle walls,
The airs that sighed in days of yore
Breath sweeter through our fountained halls;
'Neath magic skies, in magic lands,
Our charmed Spanish castle stands.

With scarlet lips, the dying day
Breathes splendor o'er our rampant heights.
The bul-bul's long, melodious lay
Pours sweetness through the Eden nights;
Through starry-bloomed pomegranate trees
Flows sweet the dreamful evening breeze.

Afar, the sea in violet flush
Lies dreaming to the listening night –
And we, in this entrancing hush
Quaff all we dream of dear delight -
A lonely life 'neath Southern skies,
The books we love—each other's eyes.

For you and I, my friend,
Our castle's turrets stand;
For us those days that never end
Bring bliss to our Elysian land—
Imperial hours of pleasures rare,
For love and you and everywhere.



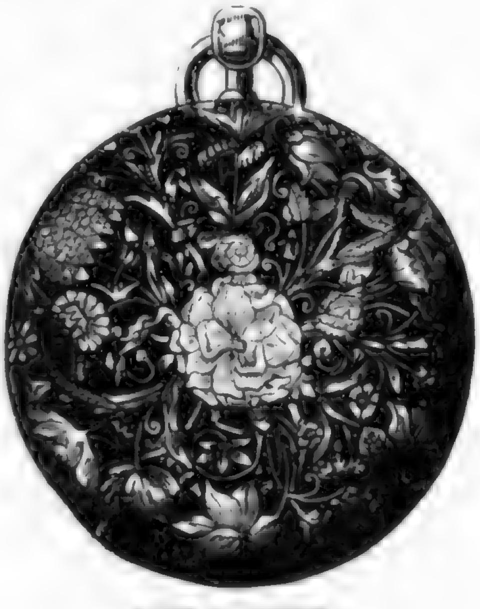
WATCH OF CHARLES I.

WATCH OF CHARLES I.

The watch which this unfortunate monarch wore habitually and which on the scaffold he presented to Sir Thomas Herbert, has been preserved to this day as a precious souvenir of the ill-fated Stuart. The present owner, Townley Milford, Esq., recently placed it among the articles exposed to the public eye in an Exhibition of Medieval Art in London.

The face of the watch is beautifully engraved, and the back and rim are elaborately engraved and pierced with foliage and scroll-work. From its undoubted authenticity, this is probably one of the most interesting relics of King Charles I. now remaining; and from its being one of his last gifts, it is more historically interesting.

People always fancy that we cannot become wise without becoming old also; but, in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters he is likely to be as right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.



WATCH OF CHARLES I.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

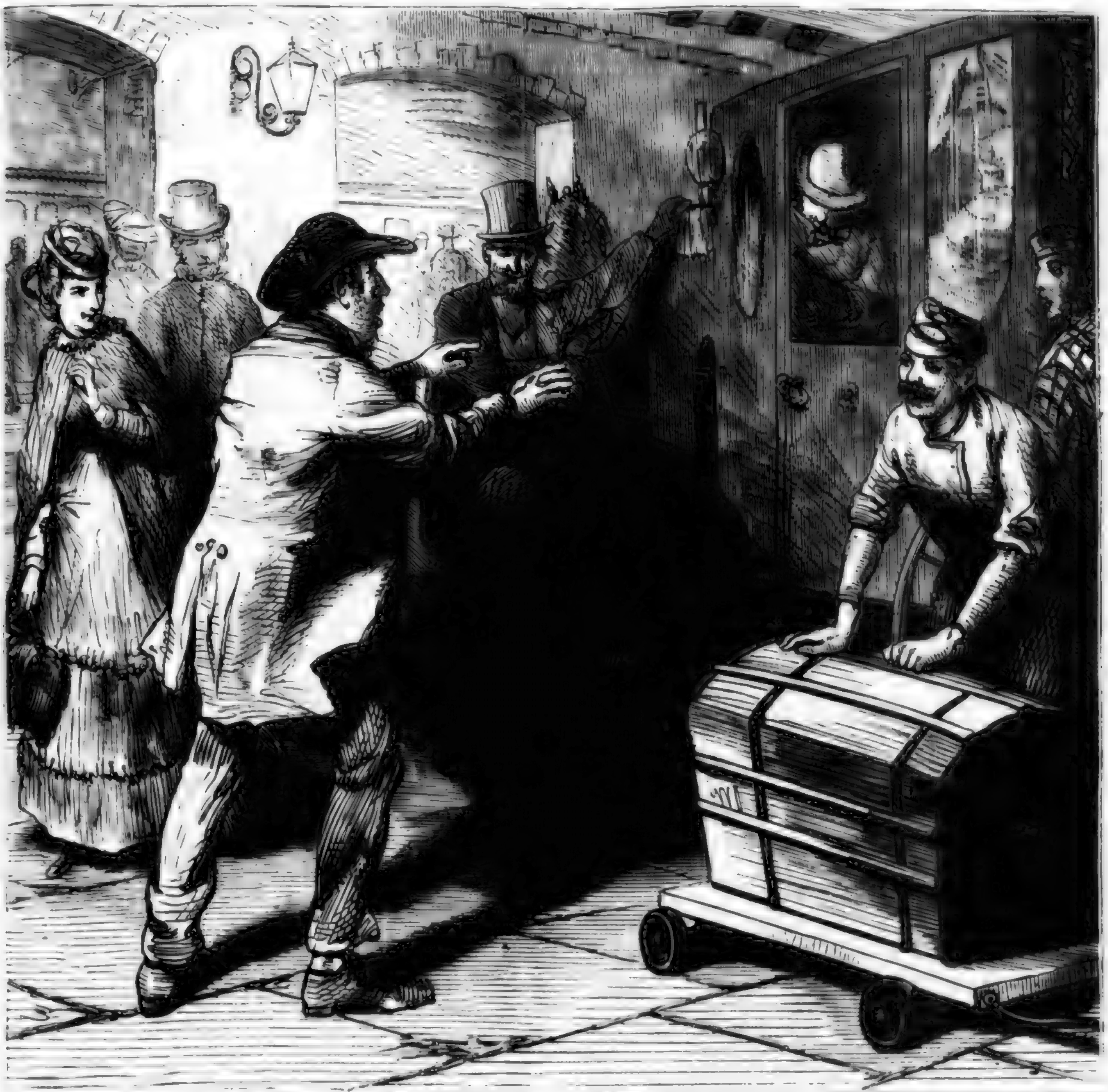
"Waiting for the train, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir."

He growled. I smiled.

"Confound 'em! They're always late!" he growled again.

Of course, I, too, confounded them in my heart of hearts; but, being a woman, I hid my sorrows in my breast, and endured heroically.



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.—"'STOP! STOP!' SHOUTED THE INFURIATED OLD MAN. THE DRIVER LAUGHED SIGNIFICANTLY, AND DROVE OFF."

Heroically! If there isn't heroism in waiting patiently for a train three hours over-due; in enduring the smell of tobacco; the profanity of rough men; the gas from the great monster of a coal-stove that always dwells in waiting-rooms; in suffering the pangs of hunger; in dying of headache and heartache; in knowing that your complexion is begrimed by cinders; that your chignon is coming down, and your crimps straightening out; that your bonnet is awry; that your hands are dirty; that you present, upon the whole, a woefully battered appearance, which is painfully suggestive of having been out over night, and not getting home in the morning—if to be and to know all this, and still to smile, and smile and be amiable, is not heroism, pray what is?

I had been there three mortal hours. I had eaten all my sandwiches, and read all my newspapers; moreover, I had committed to memory all the posters on the walls. I had composed several cantos of poetry, and a tragedy, deep and bloody enough to thrill the hardest heart.

It was only a small effort more in the same direction to look benignly on the old man, and even attempt consolation.

"I dare say the train will be here soon now," I said, pleasantly.

He turned his face toward me, and snarled. In so doing, he showed an array of long, yellow, pointed teeth. It was not an agreeable spectacle. And now that I noticed it, his wizened, wrinkled, old face—his narrow, cold, leaden eyes, which could scarcely light up, I fancied, but at the impulse of anger—his grizzled, shaggy beard and slouching figure,

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made up a *tout ensemble* far from prepossessing. "You dare say!" he growled. "What do you know about it? They'll come when it's too late. The deuce take 'em!"

He scowled and muttered, and bit his finger-nails.

"If you were my father, old fellow," I thought, "I should run away, or drown myself."

But he wasn't, most fortunately; and so I felt a curious desire to poke him up a little—make him show his teeth and growl, like the ugly old bear that he was.

"You seem to be in a hurry to go on," I said.

"In a deuce of a hurry, ma'am," he snapped out, very shortly.

I looked at him, wondering why. He turned upon me suddenly.

"See here! you look like a sensible person. I'm tempted to tell you my errand. Ah! you look curious now. After all, perhaps, you'll sympathize with that pair of young fools," he sneered.

"I must say, sir, that I think there's more excuse for a young fool than an old one," I said, quietly.

He bounded out of his chair, went to the door, opened it, and slammed it behind him.

"For mercy's sake, ma'am!"

This was the little, red, fat station-master. He was engaged in feeding with fuel the monster of a stove I have mentioned, and he paused in his work, and surveyed me with open-eyed wonder.

"What have I done?" I asked, laughing.

"Done! done!" he repeated; and he swung his hands, and chuckled alarmingly. "Why, there ain't a man, woman, or child who ever heard of him that would dare to say so much to him. Why, that's Old Grinder!"

"Old Grinder! Is it?"

"Old Grinder, ma'am. I reckon you've heard of him?" in a tone which implied that not to know Old Grinder would be to argue one's self unknown.

"Oh, yes! I had heard of Old Grinder. Of course I had. Wasn't he a miserly, cruel old fellow, and hadn't he a dear, sweet little blossom of a daughter called Nannie—I had seen her once, and never shall I forget the tender, patient, sorrowful face—and wasn't there something about a lover?"

The station-master smiled. He was a man who dearly loved a dish of gossip; and I was a woman, curious and sympathetic. He told me the story then. Parts of it I knew, for I had spent long, idle Summers in Old Grinder's close neighborhood.

He was the richest old curmudgeon in all the country round. There was a time when he was not called Old Grinder, but John Oakley, which was his real name; and in those days he won a fair, gentle woman, who was drawn to him by heaven knows what attraction, invisible to all eyes but hers.

Poor, pretty Nannie Oakley lived through a few pale years of wedded life, and then died, leaving behind her another Nannie, her daughter. This girl was of different metal from her mother. The rougher nature of her father, modified by her mother's gentleness, bloomed anew in a sweeter, more beautiful form. Nannie was full of spirit, but tender as a dove; vivacious and graceful at once, with rare imagination, and rare faculty.

Meanwhile, as Nannie grew up, her father grew old, grew cross, grew miserly, grew unendurable and exacting to an intolerable degree. Prudence in youth is apt to degenerate into parsimony in old age. When Nannie was fifteen, she was left to go barefooted, left without any instruction whatever. She grew up as innocent and as wild as any young savage of the woods.

The situation had its elements of romance. A pure, sweet, blithe young girl imprisoned in a rickety old house, and tyrannized over by a Nero among men! No doubt she cast longing eyes outward into the great, unknown, wonderful world—the world full of all beautiful possibilities—the world which a young girl's imagination explores over and over with a new delight.

No doubt she had dreamed—of the tenderness of love, the sweetness of friendship, of a home full of all gracious happiness. And, perhaps, sometimes her hope forsook her, and her courage died. For the people who saw her, said that at last she got the look of a patient, suffering creature in her eyes—that her beauty grew into such pathos that it touched all hearts.

But at last, and just in time, the fairy prince came.

He came this time in the humble guise of a clerk—a youth of two-and-twenty, who bent his young back, and strained his young, bright eyes over the almost inextricable tangle into which John Oakley's ignorance of new ways, his penuriousness and greed had precipitated his affairs.

Richard Sherman brought order out of this chaos, and the result came in profits which began to pour in.

Oakley was glad, not grateful.

"I'll raise your salary next year. I'll give you——"

And he named a sum at which the young man colored, but not with pleasure.

"I can't keep a wife, sir, on that sum."

"A wife!" thundered the old man. "What do you want of a wife, you young idiot?"

Richard got down from his desk.

"I think, Mr. Oakley, we had better part. I can command twice my present salary elsewhere, easily. I should not have stayed with you so long, if it hadn't been for your daughter."

It was all out now.

John Oakley's face grew purple with rage. He raved—he swore. At last, as the readiest way to punish the young man, he poured out his rage upon Nannie.

Imagine the young girl's torture—how she was driven from misery to despair, till at last, one bitter Winter's night, she fled from the place she had called home, with a woman's trust in his love. They had got upon the railway at the nearest station, and, in any event, would have two hours' start of the old man. Now, thanks to some inexplicable delay, there would be five.

"I tell you, miss," said the station-master, concluding his story, "it's the most blessedest Providence that ever happened. They'll get the knot tied before the old man overtakes 'em."

I brightened up. It was for this I had suffered the tedium of waiting—for this I had eaten cold bread and butter, and gone without a cup of tea for twelve hours! My sufferings were nothing. I could have danced and sung songs. The sight of John Oakley trudging up and down the platform, thrashing his arms about in impatient anger, afforded me exquisite satisfaction.

"May the train be delayed," I prayed in my heart, "till the lovers are united past the power of John Oakley to separate them."

The minutes flew all too fast now.

The hours chased each other. And presently, to my great sorrow, the train came.

I got a seat in sight of John Oakley. Somehow I had a premonition that I was called to special service in Nannie's behalf.

The train sped on; the white Winter's day brightened into a golden close.

By-and-by we ran into a little station. Out from the waiting-room came a tall, manly fellow, leading a slight figure, wrapped in a waterproof. In passing the door, her hood slipped aside, and I saw her face. Ah, me! how startled I was! For I knew that face at once—*spirituelle* and piquant, full of life and fire, yet so feminine and sweet!

Now, what malign fate had sent them here?

The old man was nodding his head upon his breast. Presently I saw the young man start, and in an instant Nannie uttered a suppressed shriek.

I hastily rose and went toward them.

"You are Richard Sherman, and this is Nannie?"

He nodded—looked in my face with frank, true eyes.

I slipped my hand under the waterproof, and clasped hers warmly.

"Keep your face concealed in the hood, my dear," I whispered. "Mr. Sherman, you had better draw your muffler up."

He obeyed mechanically. He was momentarily bewildered, but only for a moment.

"How do you happen to be here?" I asked, distressed.

"We stopped to throw him off the scent. We thought he would follow in the three o'clock train, and that we could take the six o'clock with safety. We knew he would rush straight through town, believing us to be gone West."

"Oh, dear, how unlucky! This *is* the three o'clock train. It was delayed three hours."

Richard glanced over at his enemy, drowsing opposite.

"You had better go straight to town now. You will easily elude him. Perhaps I can help you."

He thanked me by a grateful look, and I crept back to my place.

The train sped on. The darkness deepened. Lights flashed out from happy homes as we passed them. We saw a table spread for tea; a mother suckling her babe, while she waited for its father to come home.

I wonder they did not touch his heart. I wonder no memory of the wife hid away under the violets for so many years, came to soften him; that no tender reluctance to mar his sweet young daughter's life grew up in his soul.

At last, with a rush and a roar, we swept into the station.

The crowd passed out. I put myself between John Oakley and the lovers. I saw them alight. Somebody pushed by, and, somehow, Nannie got separated from Richard.

"Nannie!" I heard him say, in a quick tone of alarm.

John Oakley heard, too. He pushed by me. The bright light in the station fell upon them.

"By heaven, there they are!" he muttered, exultantly.

He flung himself out. Richard saw his danger. In an instant, he had put Nannie into a carriage, and sprang in after her. He gave an order under his breath. The driver mounted the box.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the infuriated old man.

The driver laughed significantly, and drove off. As the carriage turned into the stream of light, Old Grinder's sharp eyes saw the name on the panel.

He turned, blundering upon me in the dark, just as I had discovered my own carriage in waiting.

He seized its door.

"To the Clarendon House, as fast as you can go!" he roared.

The coachman stared.

"It is all right," I whispered; "only drive home, and by the longest way."

My good Christie told me afterward that he thought I was bringing home some lunatic friend from the asylum. Fortunately, he was that rare servant who obeys without question, and so he quietly put me in.

It was not a pleasant situation. The old man growled at my entrance; he muttered to himself; he seemed, indeed, very much like a maniac.

Christie drove off, through lighted streets, through dark alleys, through lighted streets again. Oakley began to be impatient. We came upon a wide, open road. We were bowling over it in fine style, when he turned upon me suddenly. In the chance light from the street-lamp his face was frightful.

"I started to go to the Clarendon House. Where are we?" he said, fiercely.

"You are in my private carriage, sir, on your way to my residence at Brookside."

"The——"

I won't repeat the words he used. When his rage was partly spent, he howled:

"Let me get out—let me get out, I say!"

"You shall get out if you wish, Mr. Oakley; but as we are already half-way to Brookside, I think you had better go on. My husband will take you back in the carriage. You will reach the Clarendon, thus, sooner than you can by walking."

He swore, but he submitted. Presently he became maudlin, talked about conspiracies and ingratitude, and otherwise entertained me in fine style till Christie drove up to my own gate. Then I ran up the steps into arms that waited for and welcomed me.

In a breath I had told the story.

"And, oh, Bertie, you must go back with him; but please don't go as quick as you can."

Bertie laughed, put on his greatcoat leisurely, lighted his cigar, kissed me, and went.

I took out my watch, looked at it, and sighed. It would be an hour and a half, perhaps two hours, before I could look for him back.

I felt myself quite a saint. Had I not sent away my own husband, whom I had not seen for a fortnight, for the sake of these two lovers?

Of course I ought to have been sustained by a consciousness of well-doing, but I wasn't. The time dragged heavily. To be sure, it was sweet to be home again, to feed my paroquet, and tease the little white kitten; to hear the servants say how they had missed me, and how master had moped. But I wanted Bertie, and it was a good two hours before he came.

I ran down to meet him. He came in powdered all over with fresh-fallen snow.

"We shall have snow for New Year's," he said, shaking off a white cloud. "Well, how has my little woman been?" looking down at me with bright, happy eyes.

I forgot my day's adventure at that minute—forgot the long hours I had waited for the train.

"Nannie is such a pretty girl!" said Bertie.

"Oh, never mind that! Only tell me—did they get off? And what did Mr. Oakley say? and where did you leave him?"

"They got off, my lady. We drove to the Clarendon. Mr. Oakley thundered at the clerk. That gentlemanly person opened his book, and smiled as he pointed to an entry, 'Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sherman.' 'They left ten minutes since in the owl train,' he said, blandly."

"And Mr. Oakley?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Raved, of course. I expostulated. Finally he cooled down, bought a homeward ticket, and I left him Waiting for the Train."

NEGRO MUSIC—THE HANDJA OR SANSA.

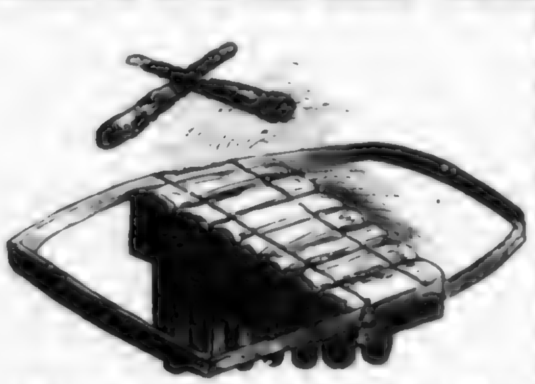
The musical instruments of Africa are not very elaborate. The handja represented in our cut is one of the most elaborate. The sansa is another form, with nine iron keys, generally played with the thumb, while the fingers pass behind to hold it. The hollow end faces the breast of the player. Persons of a musical turn, if too poor to buy one of these, may be seen playing vigorously on an instrument made with a number of thick corn-stalks sewn together, and keys of split bamboo. Sometimes the instrument is played with a calabash as a sounding-board, and bits of shell and metal added to produce a jingling sound.

The superior music of the whites has no little attraction for the African race, and the following curious anecdote will not be amiss in this connection:

THE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 638.

There had been a rebellion against the teachings of the missionaries, and the savages came down to the mission-house to strip it. While the spoilers were engaged in their destructive operations, one of them strayed into the burying-ground attached to the establishment, and stepping over what seemed a newly made grave, his heathenish ears were struck by a peculiarly sweet and musical wailing that, without doubt, proceeded from the tomb. Although a backslider from Christian teaching, his conscience smote him with a force that made him gasp again. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder with mouth and eyes distended, hesitating whether to stand still and see the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels.

In a moment, however, he adopted the latter course, and, darting off to the camp, with breathless amazement, announced to Africaner (the chief) the startling discovery he had made, of life and music in the grave. Fearless of the living as of the dead, the chief arose and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap succeeding notes of music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse was at once had to exhumation, and the mysterious musician brought to light. It proved to be Mrs. Albrecht's pianoforte, which, being too cumbrous to be taken in a hasty flight had been buried in a soil where, from the entire absence of moisture, it might but for this circumstance have remained unscathed.



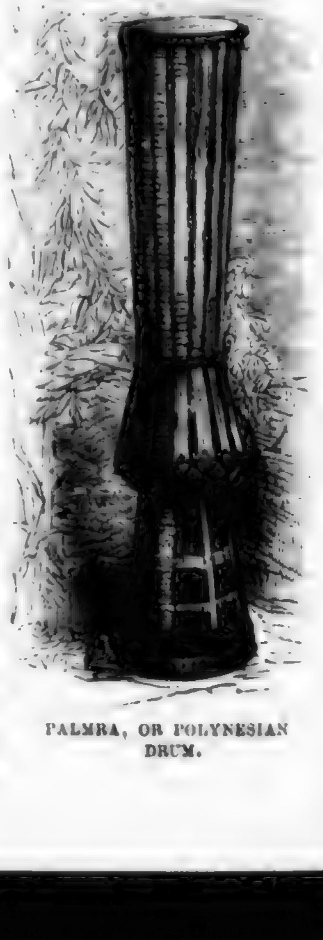
NEGRO MUSIC—THE HANDJA OR SANSA.—SEE PAGE 595.

A POLYNESIAN DRUM.

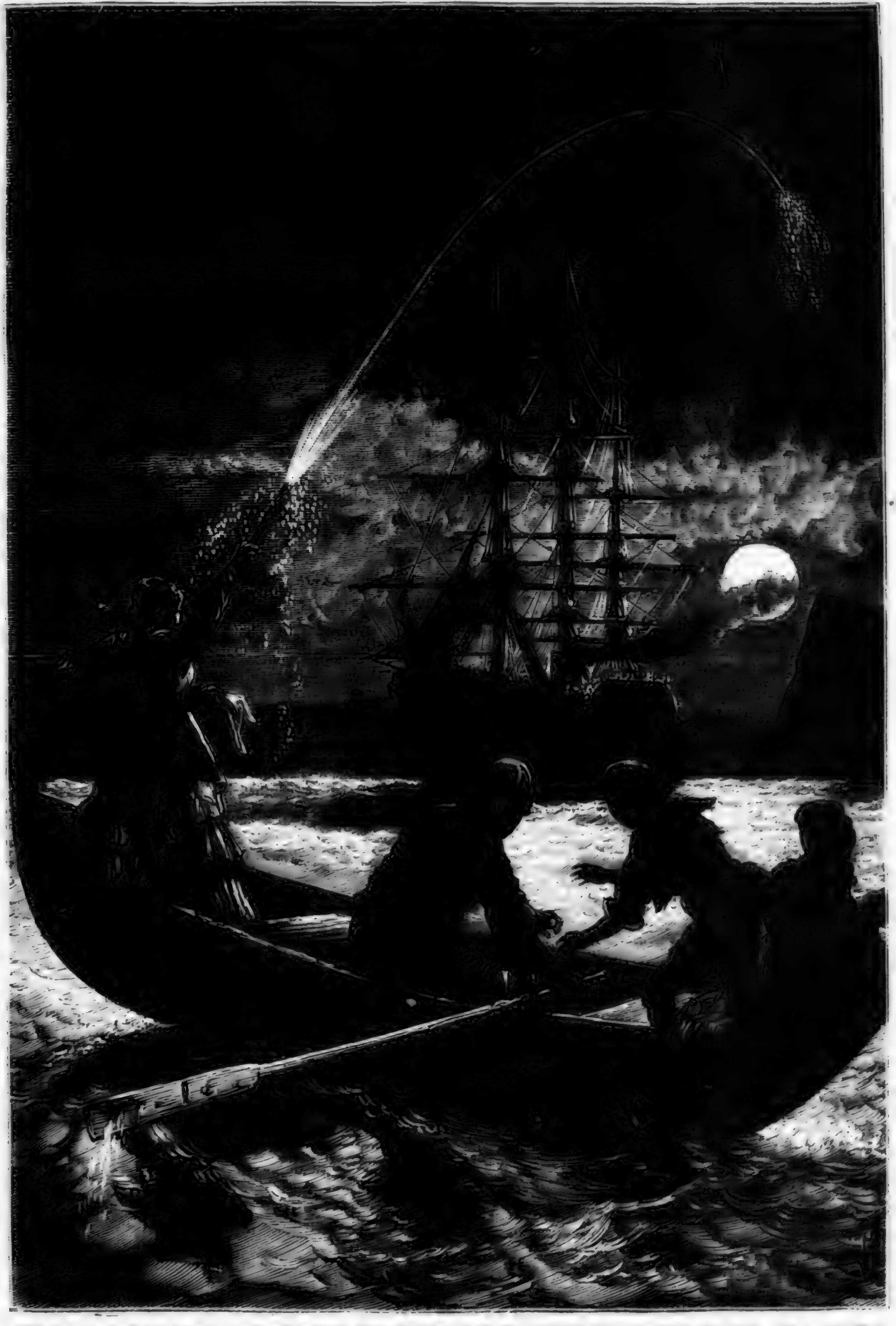
The Palmra or sacred Polynesian drum was cut out of a block, hollowed at one end, but solid at the other, which served as a pedestal. Over the open top was stretched a piece of shark's skin, from the fringed edges of which a lacework of cocoa-nut threads descended to the base, producing over the carved work a most pleasing effect.

The instrument which we describe is the sacred, not the ordinary, drum. Fallen now into disuse, it is a curiosity, preserved by the virtuoso, but one to be looked upon with awe. As the open palm of the drummer in the temple descended in measured beats, at midnight, on the tight-drawn shark-skin, the wild, mournful, thrilling sound echoed through the frail huts of the natives. The anger of the gods spoke in the weird reverberation, and all quivered with terror. A human victim was required for the altar.

Kawi was a beautiful maiden of Onai, dwelling near the Temple of Manoa, beloved by and betrothed to Kameha; but Alvai, priest of the gods, had claimed her. She rejected his suit and laughed at his threat of vengeance. Her father was too powerful a chief to fear the hated priest. On the night before the marriage she made, in gladness, her preparations for the day of happiness, and lay down on her rustic couch to dream in bliss of a life of peace. But suddenly the Palmra sounded. She started to her feet. What instinct told her that the summons was for her—that the



PALMRA, OR POLYNESIAN DRUM.



HOW THE "ARGOS" WAS SAVED.—"THE GREAT BLACK HULK OF THE WAR-VESSEL APPEARED STEALING ROUND THE POINT, LIKE A LEVIATHAN UPON THE WATERS, AND FROM THE LITTLE BOAT ROCKING IN HER PATH SHOT ONE BLUE LIGHT AND THEN ANOTHER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

gods designated her as the appointed victim? Fleet as the kinchil, she bounded from her cabin, flinging a brand on her bed, and, amid the darkness, stole toward the mountain by an unfrequented path, where she had often met her beloved.

Scarcely had she plunged into the dense foliage which nature offered for her shelter, than the lurid glare of fire lit up the scene. As she paused and looked back, she beheld by the illumination the priest and his minions rush toward the blazing house; she saw her father, mother, sisters, all safely emerge. Then she heard her name burst in all a mother's anguish from the lips she knew so well.

The priest's voice rose, too:

"Save her, my followers—save the victim whom the gods demand!"

The wretched mother stood appalled! Oh, should her child utter a word, what a death was before her! Did she pray for life or death? In vain her name was repeated; no answer came.

"The gods have claimed my daughter, Alvai, and they have her. The fire is a mightier priest than thou."

A crowd had now assembled, and the furious father cried:

"Men! the priest is tabooed; the gods reject him, and wrest the victim from his polluted hand. Kawi was too pure for the impure Alvai to touch. Let him die!"

In the now dying light, she saw the flashing spears bury their bright heads in the breast of the priest, who had brought destruction on himself.

All mourned Kawi as lost; and, though no trace of her body was found, it was easy for superstitious minds to believe her taken by the gods.

Meantime, she threaded the mountain-paths, supporting life easily by the abundant fruit which nature lavishes on that lovely clime; but her eyes strained anxiously toward her home.

At last, on the third day, Kameha came, pensive and downcast, along the path so often trod in rapturous joy. A shudder seizes him, and a cry bursts from his lips, as Kawi stands before him. A finger raised to her lips warns him to silence; and quickly leading him through apparently impassable thickets, she at last reached a little opening, where he detected signs of her abode.

Here she paused, and soon convinced her lover that she was still his real, living Kawi. Blessing the drum which spoke such a warning, they concerted a plan of escape, and that night his swift boat bore her to a distant island.

THE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

Books teem with anecdotes of the fidelity of the dog, and their attachment to their master, his property and family. Many of these incidents attest alike memory, judgment, and reflection, no less than affection; and cases which are well authenticated show these in dogs of all degrees, from the noble Newfoundland down to the apparently worthless cur. Wordsworth has beautifully embodied one of these in the following lines:

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
   A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
   Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
   Its motions, too, are wild and shy,
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
   Unusual in its cry.
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes the ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
   That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
   A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, doth the leaping fish
   Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crag repeats the raven's croak
   In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
   The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Toward the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
   As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground!
Th' appall'd discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
   The man had fallen—that place of fear;
At length upon the shepherd's mind
   It breaks, and all is clear;
He instantly recalls the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveler pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
   This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
   This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since that day
   When this ill-fated traveler died
The dog had watched about the spot,
   Or by his master's side;
How nourish'd here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

HOW THE "ARGOS" WAS SAVED.

By Jane G. Austin.

Two lovers stood in a balcony, with the rich light of a tropic moon above them, and the perfumed air of a tropic night around them—two lovers, whom Fate has brought thousands of miles—he, from his father's baronial castle upon the Rhine; she, from her quiet New England home—here to this little island, midway between, to meet, to admire, to love, and to confess their love, all in that swift and overwhelming fashion in which Fate's decrees sometimes work themselves out, even to the surprise of the actors themselves. Both are silent—she very sad, and he enjoying her sorrow, after the fashion of a man; and from the grove of orange-trees beneath them come the cooing tones of a half-awakened canary bird whispering of his love in dreams, and further on is heard the rhythmic beat of the rising tide upon the black sands and lava cliffs. He is first to speak:

"Yes, darling, war is declared between my country and France, and the steamer that came in to-day brings the sailing orders of the *Argos*. It is cruel enough for me to have to leave you at all, but so suddenly——"

"And to go to fight; perhaps, oh, Victor!—perhaps to be—killed! I cannot, I cannot bear it."

"Kate, darling—dearest Kate——"

And as the slender figure of the girl sank upon the stalwart chest of her lover, and the dark braids of her hair mingled with the blonde luxuriance of the silky beard that swept over them, the picture was as pretty a one as ever tropic moon looked down upon, or rythmic sea and cooing canaries ever set to music.

"And this French frigate that came into the harbor today," asked Kate, presently, as a new thought stung her back to self-command—"what is to prevent her assailing you, even here? She is larger than the *Argos*, is she not?"

"Yes, darling; *Le Roi Charlemagne* is an iron-clad first-class frigate, and the *Argos* is but a wooden corvette," replied the Baron-lieutenant von Holle, composedly, as he raised his head and looked out upon the shining waters, where lay the two vessels, grim, watchful, and ominous, with all their beauty.

"And if she were to fight you, Victor?"

"*Le Roi Charlemagne* could not fail to demolish the *Argos* with one broadside, or to run her down with one blow of her iron beak."

"And why does she not do it?"

"Because, my pet, we lie here, in neutral waters, and the law of nations protects us within three miles of the shores of any neutral power; but let *Le Roi Charlemagne* catch us outside, and we should not have a chance even for a fight before we should be sent to the fishes."

"Oh, Victor, how you frighten me! What shall I do—oh, what shall I do? I *cannot* see you go from me straight to your death. You must resign."

"Hush, Kate, my love—hush! I cannot allow even you to speak to me of resigning, like a coward, at the moment when war is declared, and every soldier and every sailor becomes a drop of his country's life-blood. But, since you are resolved to kill yourself with terror beforehand, my poor little trembler, I must turn traitor and tell you a secret—a secret, Kate, which is to me as valuable as my life, and which I confide to you far less willingly than I would put that life in your hands; but I know that my Kate is fit for a sailor's wife, and fit to be trusted with the secrets of his service."

"I am to be trusted, Victor," replied the girl, simply, and her dark eyes fixed anxiously upon his own.

"Well, then, Kate, the *Argos* is already quietly getting up her steam, and will sail in the dark hours between moonset and sunrise of this very night. The *Charlemagne* will follow, no doubt; but she cannot know what course we are intending to pursue, and will not be likely to have an Island pilot on board—as we shall. We can slip through, too, where she cannot; and if we once get the start, she will not overhaul us before we are safe within the waters of St. George. All depends upon promptness in starting, and in our speed at sea. It will be a sharp race and a short one; but I have faith in the heels of the *Argos*, and my one prayer to Heaven is, that we may shortly meet with a Frenchman of our own calibre, and revenge upon him the ignominy of the present flight."

"Oh, Victor, if the next twenty-four hours were but past! How can I survive the suspense?"

"Darling, you will pray for me, and for my brave comrades; and such prayers must needs avail, if any can. And now, my own, the moment has come for the last words, the last promises."

The girl threw herself, weeping, into his arms, and for many moments no sound was heard but the rhythmic wash of the waves upon the sand, and the sobbing of the night wind as it crept through the orange-groves and bore their perfume out upon the silent reaches of the sea.

An hour later the cutter of the *Argos* pushed off from the quay, with the Baron-lieutenant von Holle at the helm, and every Prussian sailor and officer who had that day been permitted on shore safely on board.

"No deserters—no traitors among the *Argoses*," said the lieutenant, proudly, to himself, as his eye ranged over the double line of familiar faces and no kindly Mentor whispered him that Judas was of the company.

Kate Ludlow, lingering in the balcony where she had parted with her lover, watched the dancing speck upon the waters until the moonlight flashed upon the tossed oars as the cutter touched the side of the *Argos*. Then, whispering "Good-bye, dear love — good-bye!" she placed her hand upon the curtain dividing the balcony from the *salon* of the Casa Branca—the only hotel of the Island, and consequently the common resort of both German and French officers. Several of the latter had lingered after the Germans had left the house; and a few words spoken by one of these, close behind the curtain, arrested the young girl's attention and held her motionless.

"Sails to-night!"

"So the sailor says."

"All right. Let us be off, and carry the news on board."

"Stop! Here is something more and better. This fellow is the steward of the *Argos*, you understand, and has improved his opportunities of eaves-dropping. He had the whole story, and he offers, for a consideration equal to the risk, to injure the machinery of the *Argos* so materially that she shall be obliged to lay-to before reaching the neutral waters of any of the other islands. Then, you see, the *Roi Charlemagne* comes up, and—pouf!"

"He will do all this, this steward?"

"So he swears, and I have promised him a thousand francs in the name of Captain Bonneval, to be paid at the first French naval station we may touch at."

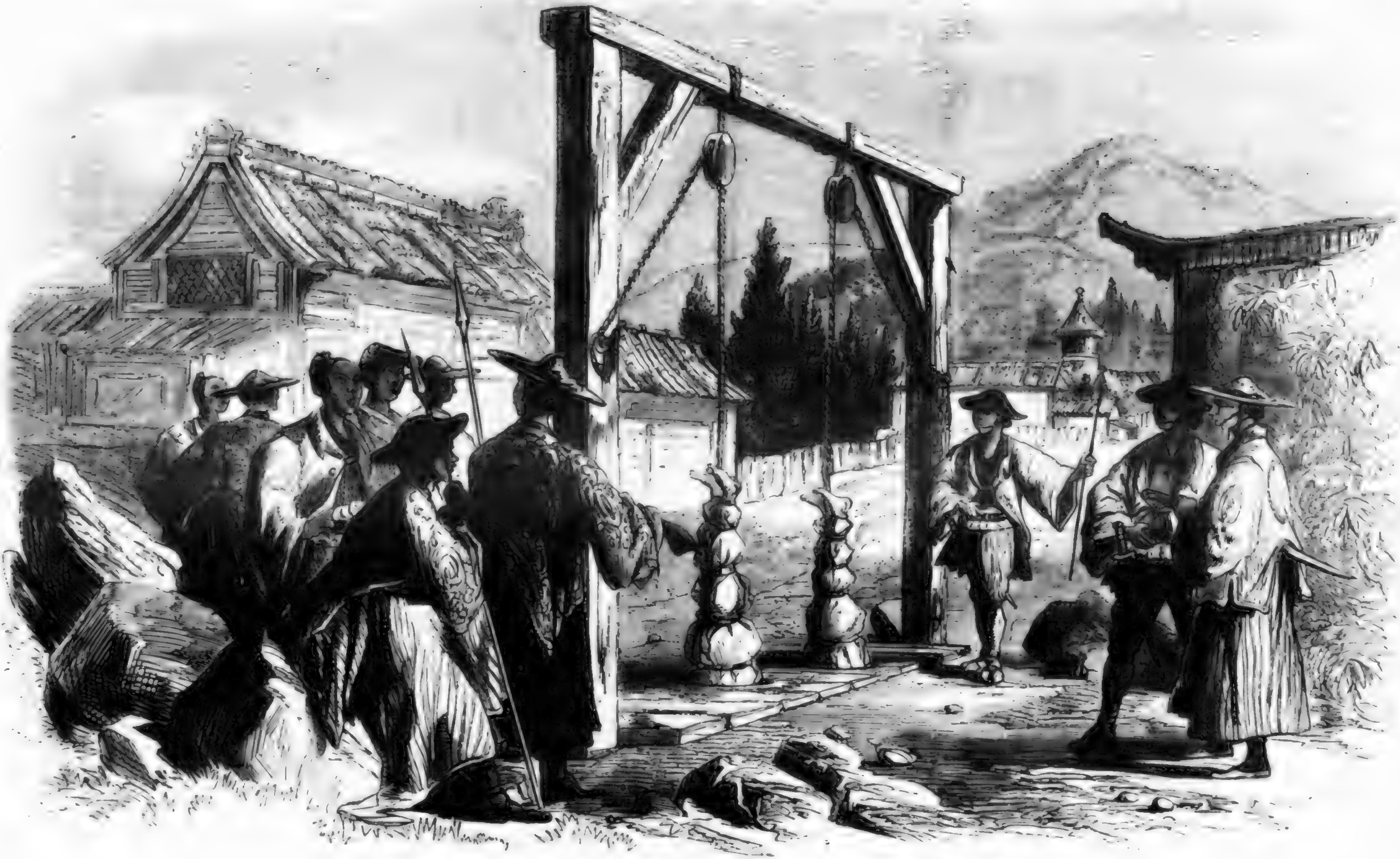
"You were safe in doing that, if he gives up the *Argos*, and when you add to this, the prize-money——"

"Not forgetting the golden acknowledgments sure to be heaped upon me by the grateful messmates who share in the prize-money."

"Ah, bah, Alphonse! Are you yet young enough to look for gratitude! But, come, we must be getting to the quay, and carry our precious news to market."

The last voice died away as the speaker moved through the long saloon, and in a few moments more, Kate, peering cautiously over the balcony, saw the two Frenchmen issue from the arched entrance of the hotel, and take their way toward the quay; two handsome, gay, *débonnaire* young fellows, as one might hope to see, and yet if a mandate of her's could have given them both to death, most assuredly they both had died before they reached the water's edge, for, cruel as the grave, and relentless as destiny is the love of a woman's heart that sees its own in danger, and may defend it by sacrifice of another.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" muttered the girl, wildly pressing her hands upon her burning temples. "They sail before morning, and I could not find a boat or a boatman at this hour, even if they would allow one to leave the quay without a permit; and, mamma, what will she say—she would forbid anything not rigidly conventional; and I—shall I let all these brave fellows die, or languish in a



A JAPANESE PUNISHMENT IN THE OLDEN TIME.—PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS.—SEE PAGE 606.

foreign prison to save a little dignity, a little pride? I will save them, and I will not tell mamma until the thing is done. I must speak with José."

Which soliloquy proves, if you please, that Kate Ludlow was one of those independent American lasses, at whom European mammas hold up the hands of consternation and the eyes of horror, but who, also, possess a certain amount of heart, resolution, and courage, very convenient in emergencies like the present.

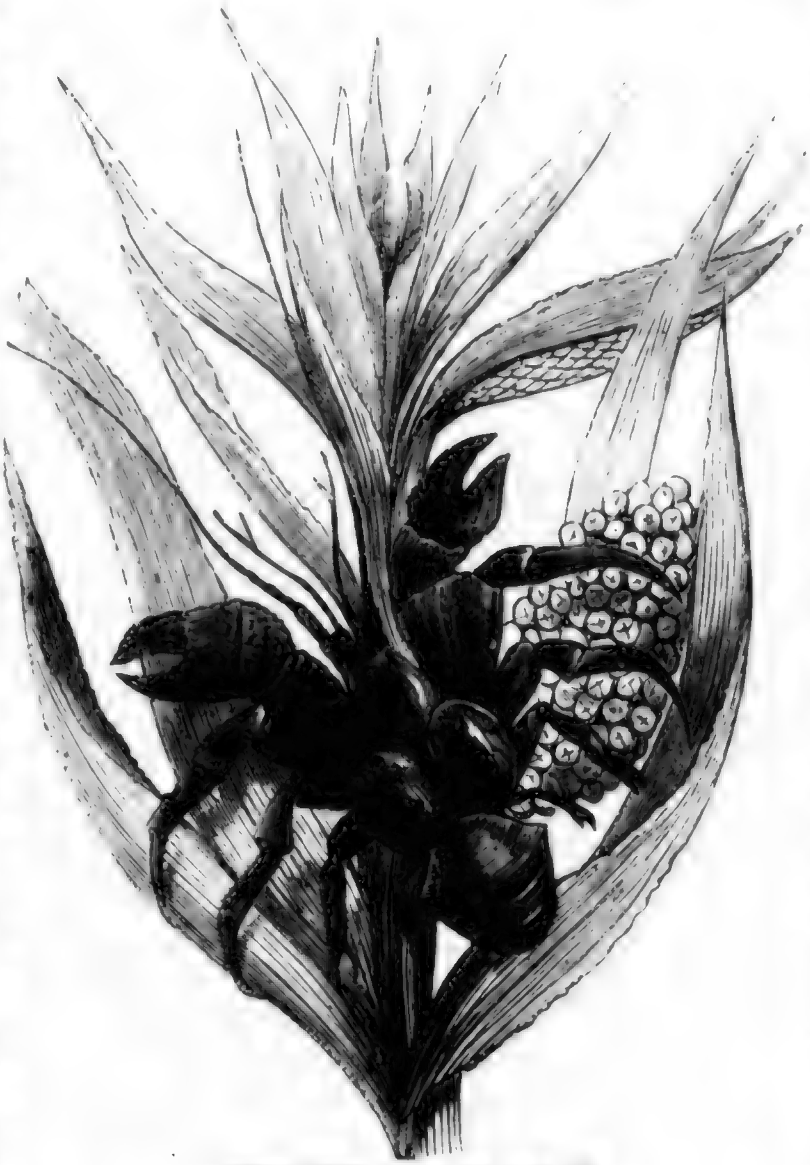
José was the landlord's son, a youth of twenty, slight, dark, glowing, and passionate as the youth and the genius of the tropics is apt to present itself. He was desperately in love with Kate, as a matter of course, and she, quite adequate to the situation, calmly ignored the passion, and made the adorer useful when she chose, rewarding him by smiles and pleasant words, which fed the fever in the poor child's veins, until his eyes glistened, and his pulses throbbed with a delirious joy, all but maddening.

"Oh, Jeronyma! Ask Senhor José to speak with me here for a moment," said Kate, in very fair Portuguese, to one of the wild-eyed girls, lazily clearing the rooms of the *debris* of the late occupancy.

The girl, who adored her young master in very much the same hopeless fashion that he adored Kate, departed scowling and muttering upon her errand, and Kate stepped again into the balcony, where, after a moment, she was joined by José, joyful, eager, and expectant.

"The senhora sent for me," began he, breathlessly, but was pitilessly cut short:

"Yes, José, I want some advice, and, perhaps, some help, in an affair I am determined to carry through, with or without your assistance." And then she told him in brief, strong phrases what she had heard; and ended as she had begun, with a request for advice and help.



TREE-CLIMBING CRAB.—SEE PAGE 606.

"The German Baron was here to-night, and stood in this very balcony, with the senhora for an hour and a half," said the boy, sullenly.

"And I wish to God he stood here now!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. José bowed with a mocking smile.

"Was it to say this that Senhora Katrina desired my presence?" asked he, with bitterness.

"José, you are very ungenerous; you grieve me, and sneer at me when I am in need of a true friend. Go! I will ask help of no one."

"Senhora! For you I will do all and everything that you can ask, even though my life be needed to complete the offering; but why should I annoy myself to help those German dogs, when, after all, I like the Frenchmen best?"

"They spend more money at your father's bar, I daresay," said Kate, stung to a retort that made her blush even as she uttered it, and which roused a kindred instinct in the heart of the young Portuguese.

"The Germans prefer love-making to spending money," said he, significantly. "It is a cheaper amusement, and they are very economical. I will not intrude my vulgar presence longer upon the senhora if she will graciously dismiss me; or has she complaints to make of the table or the service? Shall I send my father to receive her orders?"

"That will do, José. I was wrong to speak as I did, and I am sorry to have troubled you with my affairs. Good-night."

The boy lingered, his eyes fixed imploringly upon the haughty, handsome face, half averted from him; and had she chosen, Kate Ludlow might, with a word of relenting, have made in that moment a slave who would have served her through fire and water, death and destruction, but though she knew it only too well, she neither spoke nor moved; this boy had insulted her lover and her lover's nation, and should he, after that, be allowed the honor of serving them? And, moreover, could our young republican forget that the insulted was a baron of sixteen quarterings, and the insulter the son of a publican? Ah, no; trust to an American for that! So Kate calmly turned her eyes toward the sea, and her profile to José, and he, after one moment of penitent hesitation, tossed his handsome head, muttered a bitter Portuguese oath behind his clinched teeth, and noiselessly glided away.

"Yes, I will do it; I will do it alone! I will tell mamma, for it is proper to do so; but whatever she says, I will do it, or die in the attempt."

Sealing her resolve with a nod as pregnant of meaning as Lord Burleigh's, Miss Ludlow sought her mother's chamber, briefly narrated to that amiable, but feeble widow, the events of the evening, and her own plans; listened respectfully to the maternal remonstrance, argument, beseeching; replied to the whole with a loving, but most obstinate, reassertion of her plans; and finally, as she had intended from the beginning, wrung a most reluctant assent from the poor, weak woman, and hastily made a few changes in her dress.

"You surely won't go alone, Kate?" remonstrated her mother, from the bed, as Kate at last turned toward the door, twisting a scarf about her neck and head.

"No, mother dear; Jeronyma is to go with me. I spoke to the landlord about it as I came up."

"You did not tell him where you were going?"

"No, indeed; it is a profound secret. I told him I had an important errand to Praya, and could not put it off until morning." He muttered: 'These wonderful Americans!' and sent for the donkeys, "which, by-the-way, I hear clattering into the *sagao* at this moment. Good-by."

"Good-by, if ——"

"Being so very willful you must go," laughed Kate, and ran out of the room.

In the paved and covered court called *sagao*, through which Azorean houses are entered, Kate found two donkeys fully equipped; Manoel, their driver—handsome, intelligent, and wicked—and Jeronyma, her dark face varying in expression, from pleasure at an unexpected jaunt, to jealous suspicion and uneasiness at her companionship.

"All ready?" asked Kate, cheerily, as she sprang lightly into the saddle of her favorite Caroche.

"Is senhor José of the party?" asked Jeronyma, in her thick and heavy *patois*.

"Certainly not, Jeronyma. Manoel, help her up, and let us be off. What donkey is that?"

"Senhora, it is Marinero," replied the donkey-boy, hoisting Jeronyma stoutly to the saddle.

"And why not Espagnol? He is a better animal, and I sent for the best," asked Kate, angrily.

"Senhora, Espagnol has been to the Caldera to-day, and can scarcely stand to-night. I left him lying upon his side and panting."

"Poor fellow! I know a companion of his who can lie upon his feet, without panting," remarked Miss Ludlow, in English, and Manoel, although professing not to understand that tongue, replied: "Sim, senhora," with an appreciative grin that made the young lady blush.

With an impatient gesture she seized the reins, shouted "*Passa-ca-asno!*" and shot through the deep archway of the *sagao*, with the lovely moonlighted street, whose stone pavement and echoing walls caught up and repeated again and again the hurrying, clattering footfalls of the beasts, the soft pattering of Manoel's following feet, and the impatient sounds by which the American girl strove to hasten the animal she rode.

Down the quiet moonlit street beside the sea, with the salt spray dashing up through the intervals between the houses, through the Alameda, where stands the ruinous old convent with its broken lattices that no man cares to scale, and its handful of withered virgins whom no man cares to tempt from their allegiance; down the Rue de Conceçao, over the massive bridge which spans so frail a thread of water, past the old church of Nossa Senhora de Conceçao, until, at the foot of the long, steep hill, with the orange-trees peering over the walls at either hand, and the breath of magnolias weighing down the sultry air, Caroche paused, with that decisive air which no wise person disputes in a donkey, and Jeronyma's voice became audible in panting appeal.

"Misericordia, senhora! Senhor—oh, senhora! I am dying, I am fainting—my heart is broken in two pieces."

"It will mend itself as we go up the hill. Forward!" exclaimed Kate, shaking her donkey's rein.

"Senhora, they must walk up the hill!" remonstrated Manoel, who, during the late rapid course, had found time to roll a corn-husk cigarette, and was determined to save breath enough to smoke it.

"Of course they must walk up the hill, but not a step for the rest of the way. How long will it take to reach Praya, Manoel?"

"From here? It should take an hour, senhora."

"Get me to the beach in half an hour, Manoel, and you shall have a Spanish dollar for yourself."

"*A peso!*" murmured Manoel, whose daily wages were a fifth part of that sum, and he handled his goads in a manner ominous for Caroche and Marinero so soon as they should have risen the long hill. The hill was a mile in length, and though the orange and magnolia groves perfumed all the air, though nightingales sung, and the full moon shone, and the great sea thundered and glittered far below, filling the night with its mighty presence, Kate, lover of nature though she was, neither heard, nor felt, nor saw.

"On, on!" she muttered over and over, and her whole supple body writhed and worked, as if by its own effort it might accelerate the tedious motion. At the top of the hill she paused, and looked eagerly back. Far away in the city harbor lay a dozen great vessels at anchor, and Kate's quick eye selected the *Argos* in a moment, and, at a little distance beyond her, the huge black hulk of *Le Roi Charlemagne*, the lights at her stem and stern so very far apart, as Kate said to herself with a shiver, when compared with those of the *Argos*.

"She would sink her with a single blow, he said so, though he was not a bit frightened," murmured she; "but they shall never come to the trial if I can help it. Come, Manoel—forward, forward! *Pasa-ca-asno!*"

"*Passa-ca-asno!*" echoed the donkey-boy, and with a flourish of his goad sent the two nimble beasts clattering down the hill before them at break-neck speed.

At the first bend in the steep road Marinero tripped, and Jeronyma, with a dismal shriek, flew over his head and into a thicket of fuchsias and wild-roses beside the road.

Kate was forced to halt long enough to make sure that no serious damage had befallen the frightened and angry girl, and during the momentary stillness she caught the regular beat of galloping hoofs a short distance in advance, listened for a moment, and turned toward Manoel, who, having just replaced Jeronyma in her saddle, was picking up his goad.

"Espagnol has recovered from his fatigue, and is not only upon the road, but is a-head of us," said she, in the tone of contemptuous triumph this young woman was a little too apt to assume.

Manoel glanced at her with a malicious grin, but made no reply, except by thrusting the sharp end of his goad into the haunch of poor Caroche, who leaped into the air, threw up his tiny back hoofs, and started down the hill at a rate that put a definite stop to further conversation.

Jeronyma, crying, scolding, and perhaps swearing a little, was forced to follow, and Manoel's lithe, lean form swung along behind, with an ease that spoke volumes for the strength held in reserve within that sinewy frame.

Another turn in the road, and then a long, straight descent, with a circular threshing-ground at the foot, its hard-beaten, earthen surface gleaming whitely in the moonlight, and drawing the eye toward it as toward a glimmering sheet of water. Glancing in its direction as she made the curve in the road, Kate was just in time to see the figure of a man beating forward his galloping donkey past the white disk of the threshing-ground, and disappear in the deep lane beyond.

She turned and looked at Jeronyma, who was close beside her; the blue-black, glittering eyes of the girl were fixed upon the valley below, and as Kate turned she hissed between her teeth:

"Senhor José—here!"

Miss Ludlow smiled to herself, and threw over her shoulder the mandate:

"Faster, O Manoel, faster!"

Manoel nodded, and brought down the goad upon poor

Caroche, who snorted indignantly, but put forth the small remnant of his speed, and, like a vision, the little cavalcade swept down the hill, past the ghostly threshing-ground, and in between the high walls of the village of Praya, halting at last in the space between the church and the sea.

"Thanks to the Holy Virgin, we have stopped at last," moaned Jeronyma, sliding helplessly to the ground, while Marinero made a frantic push toward the empty water-trough. Kate did not dismount, but looked keenly about her, and signed Manoel to approach closely.

"You know Francisco Gorka, whose boat we hired last week—the man who rows so fast and well?"

"Yes, senhora, I know him."

"Which is his house?"

"It is down that lane, the third."

"Run—or no, José will be there before you, and you will help him rather than me. Take the donkey by the bridle, and make him gallop. Take me to the man's house—don't you understand?"

"To the house of Francisco, senhora?" asked Manoel, glancing keenly about him.

"Yes, stupid! Ah, you are looking for José, but I tell you to begin with, that I have money and he has next to none; I can make you rich, do you understand? and if you help me to save the *Argos*, I will do it. Work for me, body and soul, this night, and I will pay you what you will. Money, I tell you, boy, money!"

And, carried away by her resolve to buy this creature, who could help or hinder her as he chose, the girl leaned toward him, with the moonlight glittering in her dark eyes, and flashing from her clinched teeth, and, seizing him by the shoulder, shook him with all her strength.

The lad looked up at her attentively, and took his resolve, even while writhing from beneath her hand.

"The Americans are rich, and they are fools with their money," muttered he, in Portuguese; and aloud he said: "I will help you, senhora, and you will pay me what I ask? It is a bargain, and Senhor José may go to the devil. What is the patronage of the hotel to me? I will go back to San Miguel and keep donkeys of my own."

"If we succeed in hailing the *Argos*, you shall. Now, faster. Is this the lane?"

"But me! Oh, senhora—mine! Me—me—you are then deserting me here in the wilderness."

So wailed Jeronyma, uncomforted even by the pious wish hurled back at her by Manoel, that all the inhabitants of a nameless region might seize her by her clattering tongue and drag her down to eternal perdition—a wish that rolled so nimbly over his Portuguese tongue, that Kate failed to catch his meaning, and took it for a piece of consolation.

The whitewashed cabin of Francisco, with its shuttered, unglazed window-holes showing blackly in the brilliant moonlight, like dark eyes in a pallid face, was reached before the oath was cold upon Manoel's lips, and, leaping lightly up the steps, he put his head in at the nearest opening, and called:

"Oh, Francisco! Come hither quickly, man, quickly. Here are dinheros to be gained more than any of our poor Portuguese senhors can offer, I promise you."

The sound of whispering which had caught the boy's quick ear, and, in fact, suggested the closing sentence of his remarks, suddenly closed, and, after a moment, the door opened, and the stalwart fisherman stepped out into the moonlight, his dark face and arms and crisp black hair showing picturesquely against the white wall of his dwelling. He looked nervous and embarrassed, and Manoel, springing down the steps, hastily whispered to Kate:

"Call him away from the house, senhora. Senhor José is within there, and is listening."

Kate nodded, and beckoned to the man.

"I wish to speak with you, Maestro Francisco. Will you come here?" said she, in tolerable Portuguese.

Francisco hesitated and glanced toward the house. Manoel, carelessly whistling, strode up the steps and whispered in his ear:

"Oh, Francisco, she is an American, and will pay you twice, *three* times what he will," and a turn of his glittering eye translated the pronoun so effectually that the fisherman did not seek to deny the presence of a visitor, but with a shrug and a gesture that said more plainly than words, "So be it! What do I care?" he went down the steps, and followed Kate, who had slipped from her immovable steed, and led the way a little further down the lane.

At last she paused and faced the man, her rich beauty glowing beneath the wonderful moonlight, until Francisco's eyes glistened and his breath came thick with wonder and admiration.

"Oh, senhora, what can I do for you?" asked he, as the girl paused and pressed her hand upon her tumultuous heart.

The admiration in the man's voice and eyes were not to be mistaken, and Kate welcomed the proofs of a new power placed within her grasp; a feebler nature would have been terrified—this was steadied.

"You can do much, maestro," said she, quietly. "The Prussian war-steamer called the *Argos*——"

"I know her, senhora."

"All the better. She will sail at three o'clock or thereabouts, this morning. The channel brings her close in upon the northern headland of your harbor, does it not?"

"Yes, senhora. Close to Ribeirinha?"

"So near that if you are lying off that point in your boat you can easily run across her course and hail her?"

"Surely, yes, senhora; but a Prussian war-steamer would not stop though a whole fleet of fishing-boats should hail her—not to mention that I speak neither Prussian nor English."

"I know all that, and I have provided for it. This is a Roman candle—a blue-light, perhaps, you call it."

"Senhora, I do not call it at all. I know nothing of such things;" and Francisco retreated a little from the neighborhood of what to him was an "infernal machine."

Kate Ludlow made a movement of impatience, and muttered, in English:

"That wretched José! He could have done all this, and spared me the expense. Now, I must go."

Then—resuming her laborious efforts—in Portuguese, she said:

"It is a signal which will surely cause the *Argos* to pause to inquire its meaning. I have three of them, and they were given me by one of the officers, who explained their meaning to me, and who promised, if one should be fired at any time when the *Argos* was within hail, he would come to inquire its meaning."

"No doubt the senhora is right; but I do not comprehend these matters. I am only a poor fisherman."

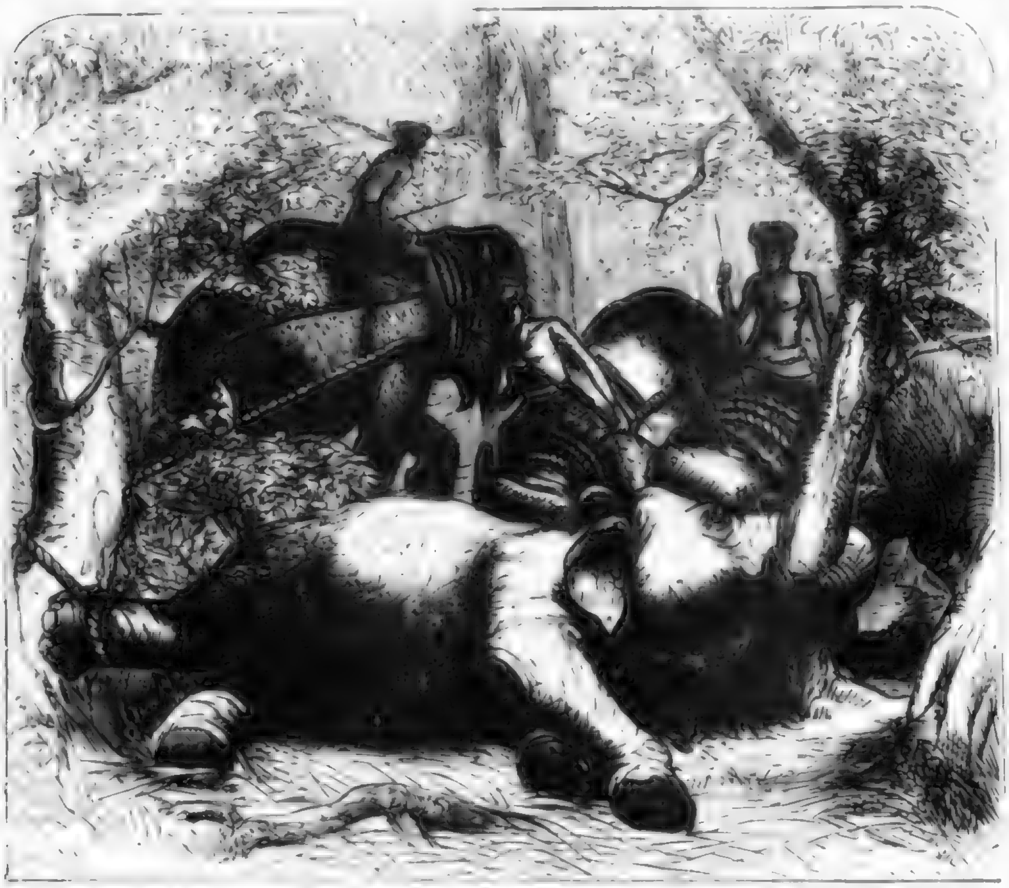
"But you can fire this, man, without understanding it. I will show you how."

"No, no, senhora; pardon me, but I will have nothing to do with such matters. The padre says——"

"Then Manoel must do it; and he is but a boy, and not a very trusty one. You will row him out."

"I will row him out, senhora. I will row all night, if you choose, and as far as you choose; but I will not go with that thing, and only Manoel to take care of it. What does he know—a donkey-boy like him? We should never come back, and I have a family, senhora."

"You have been bargaining with José Ribeiro, and he



ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—FEMALE DECOY ELEPHANT PULLING DOWN A CAPTIVE. SEE PAGE 607.

has hired you to prevent my warning the *Argos*," exclaimed Kate, blazing out in wrath, and stepping so close to the boatman that he drew back, spread out his hands, palm-downward, and bowed humbly.

"Pardon, senhora; but you shall try me, and see what I will do within the limits of reason. I am no man's servant, and do not fear Senhor José nor his father."

"Then, will you row in your boat to intercept the *Argos* with me as your passenger? Me—me, I say!"

"And the—the thing, senhora?"

"Yes—all three of them. Are you afraid to go where a woman goes?"

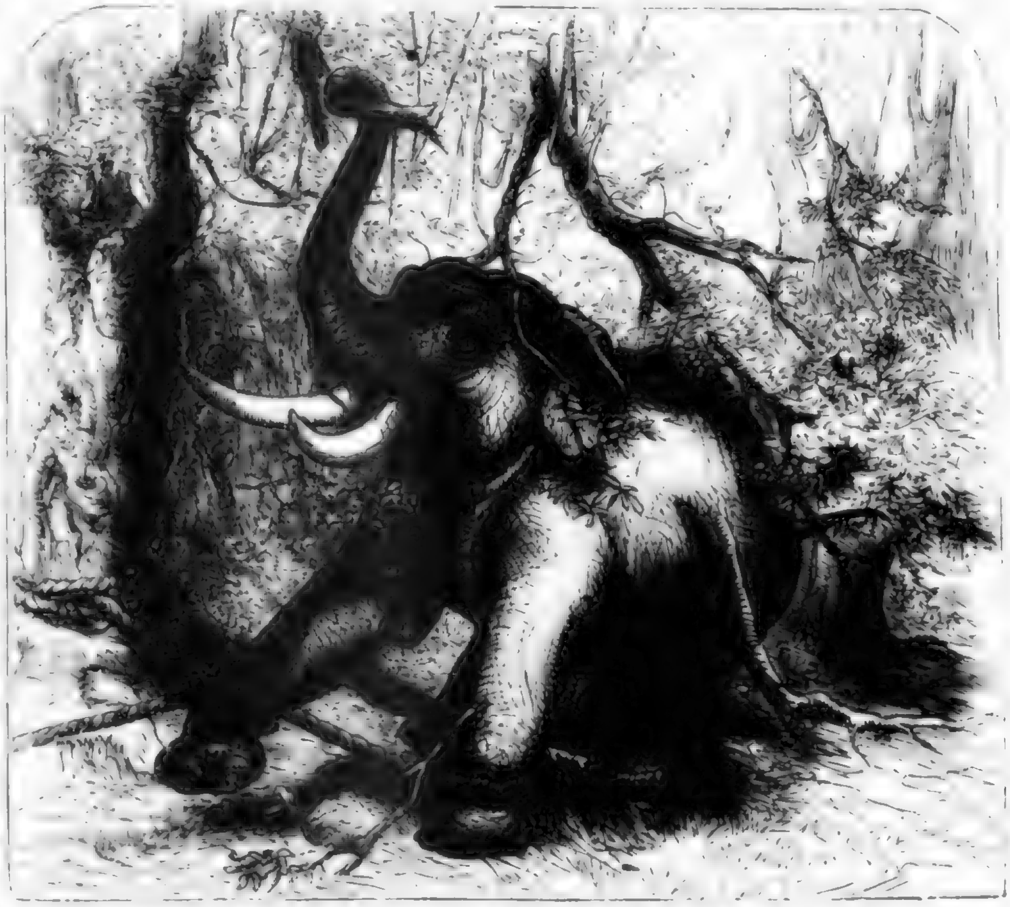
"They do not commonly call me a coward, senhora. I will go."

And with an air of offended dignity, Francisco turned and led the way toward the beach. Kate followed him, and as they crossed the place before the church, she was joined by Manoel and Jeronyma. To the latter she said:

"Wait for me here upon the beach." To the former: "Come with me, and earn your reward."

"Senhora, I will earn it beforehand!" ejaculated the boy, and darted forward like an arrow from a bow."

"The villain!—the wretch! He will murder Senhor José! He saw him, as I did, running down the beach."



ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—CAPTIVE ELEPHANT, TUGGING AND TRUMPETING.

So shrieked Jeronyma, and Francisco exchanged his stately march for a run. Kate followed as fast as she could, and Jeronyma brought up the rear. Arrived upon the beach, they found a struggling, writhing mass of humanity floundering upon the sand, beside an overturned boat. Francisco hovered a moment, like an eagle over the struggle of two hawks; then pounced, and came up with one of the combatants in each hand.

"He was going to make a hole in the boat, senhora," panted Manoel, while José shook himself, sullenly, free from the boatman's grasp, but did not speak.

"Oh, José!" said Kate, softly. "And you said you cared for me!"

"I care so much, senhora, that I wished to prevent your disgracing yourself."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You are going out to lie in wait for your lover, senhora—I heard you, just now."

"Oh, you listen, do you? Why, I mistook you for a gentleman!" And she turned away, leaving the poor lad shivering as if a dash of ice-water had been thrown in his face.

"The boat is ready, senhora; will you get in?" said Francisco; and as Kate moved toward it, José beckoned to Jeronyma, and turned to walk up the beach.

"Senhora, you should take the girl with you, or Senhor

José will carry her home, and force you to return without an attendant. Then people will talk. But if you have your servant with you——"

And again Francisco spread out his palms, shrugged his shoulders, and bowed expressively.

"You are right and I thank you, Francisco," said Kate, recalling this point of Portuguese social ethics. "Jeronyma, I want you. Come here."

"Senhor José wishes me to go home, senhora," shouted the girl, pursuing her course.

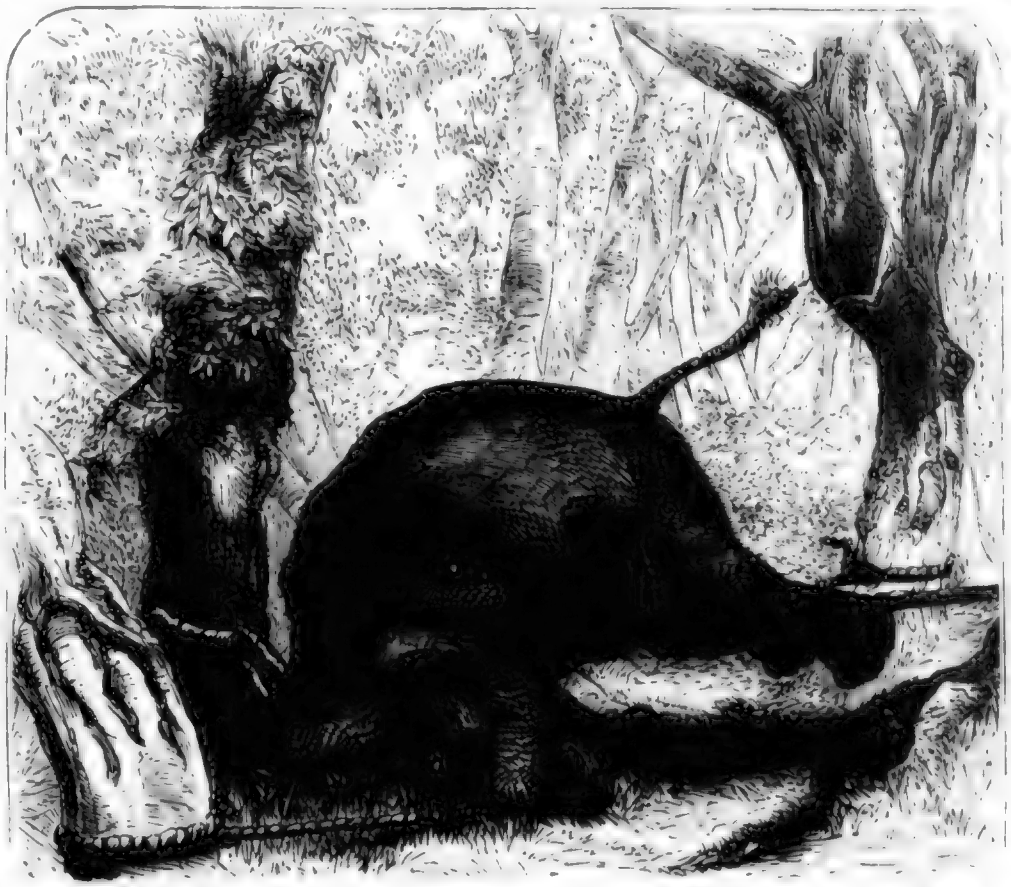
"His father is your master, not he; and he ordered you to go with me. Come here."

"I will bring her, senhora," exclaimed Manoel, darting after the girl, who screamed, and would have clung to José. But he, not caring to risk another ignoble struggle, shook her off, with a sullen command to be gone, and left her no chance but to follow Manoel, who led her back and seated her in the boat, which immediately shoved off.

"It is already three o'clock, senhora," said Francisco, looking up at the stars, after rowing some time.

"And, hark! Do you not hear the steamer?" exclaimed Kate, raising her hand and bending forward to listen.

The boatman held his heavy oars suspended, a shower of diamonds dripping from each as the moonlight flashed upon them, and bent his head toward the water.


ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.—A CAPTURED ELEPHANT IN HIS RAGE BUTTING AGAINST THE GROUND.

"You are right, senhora, and we must hasten, if we are to meet her off the point," said he, dipping the oars again and bending to his task, while Manoel steered for the open sea, and Kate prepared her blue-lights for instant ignition. Ten minutes of suspense, and then the great, black hulk of the war-vessel appeared, steering round the point, like leviathan upon the waters; and from the little boat rocking in her path shot one blue-light, and then another, but still the *Argos* held her way, without a symptom of recognition.

"She will not halt for us, senhora," said Francisco, gloomily.

"Row!—row for your life—straight across her course! Put the boat where they will run us down if they do not swerve!" exclaimed Kate, frantically; and, rising to her feet, she threw off the mantle from her head and stood there, fearless, beautiful, and determined as a young Amazon leading her savage hordes to battle.

The steamer sullenly plowed on, and the boat, beneath the nervous impulsion of Francisco's arm, leaped forward in a line that must surely intersect the other in a very few moments, if both pursued their course. Already they were so near as to distinguish the officer of the watch standing upon the bridge of the corvette, his cap in his hand, and the moonlight glinting from his golden hair. His eyes were earnestly fixed upon the fishing-boat, and, without turning, he was pointing her out to another officer just mounting the steps of the bridge.

"Victor! And he has summoned the captain!" exclaimed Kate; and, still standing upright, she fired her last blue-light, and waved her handkerchief toward the corvette.

Then, at last, some slight commotion became visible on board the *Argos*. A sailor was seen running toward the captain's cabin, returning immediately with a trumpet; a bell was heard to tinkle, answered by a splash of reversing wheels; a little knot of officers, with glasses in their hands, collected behind the after-bulwarks, and the Baron-lieutenant von Holle waved his cap with a recognition into which he contrived to throw an air of deference, recognized and appreciated by the girl who had dared so much, even to the risk of her own good name, to save him and his comrades from death or capture.

"Boat-ahoy!" was now the hail, and Kate, the only person on board who spoke either English or German, was forced to reply; her rich, full voice contrasting strangely with the hoarse tones of the trumpet.

"A boat from Praya, with very important news for the captain of the *Argos*."

"Private news?"

"Strictly private."

"We cannot lie-to more than a moment. Row alongside, and send a man on board."

"No one here speaks German or English. Can you trust your pilot?"

"Yes—why? Hurry, or we cannot wait."

"I will send a Portuguese on board;" and Kate, who had hitherto spoken in German, now turned to Manoel and muttered, in a low voice and in Portuguese:

"Catch the rope they are getting ready to throw. Climb on board, and tell the pilot—who will translate to the captain—that his steward has agreed, for the sum of a thousand francs, to damage the machinery of the *Argos* so that she shall fall into the hands of the *Roi Charlemagne* before she can reach St. George's. You understand all that?"

"I understand, and I will do it, senhora. That will do,

XUM

Francisco; do not bring the senhora nearer to all those grinning fellows. I can swim."

And the donkey-boy, throwing off his sandals and his red, woolen cap, sprang lightly into the water, and swam gallantly toward the rope already trailing beside the corvette. Two minutes more, and he was scrambling up the side, dripping like a merman, and was received by the captain, the officer of the watch, and the pilot. His first gesture was to point to a skulking figure gliding toward the engine-room; his first panting words were:

"Catch hold of that fellow—*senhor dispensario*—quick, or it will be too late!"

"He say, arrest the steward d—n quick, or it be too late," interpreted the pilot.

A few stern words to an officer of marines settled this point, and then Manoel, recovering his breath, delivered his message with tolerable accuracy.

Captain the Count von Gottstein listened to the story, with his gray mustaches bristling with indignation, and at the close turned to the officer of the watch:

"Lieutenant von Holle, you are acquainted with the Fraulein Ludlow, whom I have had the honor of meeting in society several times."

"I am well acquainted with Miss Ludlow and with her mother, captain."

"You vouch for her accuracy and intelligence?"

"With my life, captain."

"Can you speak to her in some language not understood by our men or the Portuguese?"

"We have spoken Italian together, captain."

"Ask her, then, if this story is correct, and how she became informed of the plot. Beckon the boatman nearer."

At a gesture from the officer, Francisco approached within a dozen feet of the side of the corvette.

In the stern of his boat sat two female figures: one shrouded in a voluminous scarf, the other evidently a servant.

"The fraulein knows how to take care of herself. She is prudent as well as brave," remarked the gay young midshipman, and Lieutenant von Holle smiled approvingly as he stepped to the side, and addressed his lady-love in the soft Italian accents they had sometimes used in loving sport.

"Most honored lady," he began, and briefly recapitulated Manoel's story, to whose truth Kate fully assented, and then she as briefly told the story of how she had heard the plot, and the means she had adopted to nullify it. As the last words were upon her lips, the look-out of the *Argos* sang out: "Sail ho!"

And *Le Roi Charlemagne* appeared just rounding the headland of Espelmarca, expecting, no doubt, to find her prey awaiting her in the open sea between the neutral shores.

"There is the proof!" exclaimed Kate, impetuously rising, and pointing toward the French steamer.

"Lady, you have saved his Majesty's corvette, and in his name I thank you," exclaimed Captain von Gottstein, saluting as if to a queen, and Victor von Holle added a few words in Italian dearer to her who heard them than King William's warmest thanks, had they been given in person.

"And now, *carissima*, return home as quickly as you can," added he; "we shall not leave to-night, and I shall see you to-morrow."

Kate obeyed; but, before she reached the shore, the *Argos* had steamed nearly out of sight, leisurely pursuing her course round the island, never leaving more than a mile between herself and the shore; while the *Roi Charlemagne*, pursuing the same course, had the satisfaction in a few hours of finding herself at her old anchorage-ground, and of receiving a polite message from Captain von Gottstein that, as his steward was in irons, and would probably be hung, the sum of a thousand francs would be saved to the service of the Emperor of the French.

How the *Argos* finally sailed from the islands, and her subsequent exploits, are not now to be told, but the broad fact remains that when the Franco-Prussian war ended, one of the Hamburg steamers brought as passenger to New York the Baron-Captain von Holle, and the fashionable journal of that city soon after chronicled with due circumstance a "Marriage in High Life," and the departure of the Baron and Baroness von Holle for that gallant nobleman's "ancestral castle upon the Rhine."

As for José, he made a *mésalliance*, as his family lamented, with Jeronyma Silveiro; and as for Manoel, he returned to San Miguel, where at this hour he lets donkeys at exorbitant rates, and not infrequently relates the story of his midnight excursion with the beautiful American senhora—a story, by-the-way, which no one in the least believes, especially since it is totally denied by Francisco, the fisherman, who has for some years become one of the wealthiest men of his village.

Caroche, Espagnol, Marinero? They still live and suffer.

AN ANCIENT JAPANESE PUNISHMENT.

MAN has racked his brain to devise means of torture for his fellow-man. The study of the modes in which criminals, or those whom the law considers so, are put to death, and less mercifully kept in agony, makes us shudder. Man seems demoniac.

Among the strange and fearful punishments, we find some used in Japan against the Christians, which are little known, and are, therefore, presented here. One of these was the pit. On both sides of a large pit, or well, posts were planted, with a cross-piece at the top. The condemned missionary or Christian convert was pinioned tightly, and his body and limbs tied around at intervals with bands, to prevent his being suddenly suffocated. His feet were tied with a long rope, which passed through a pulley on the cross-piece, and by this he was raised aloft, and slowly lowered into the pit with his head down. When the body descended as far as the waist, a cover was placed on the pit, cut to fit around the body. The pit was filled with loathsome filth—with toads, snakes, and reptiles. Here the wretched sufferer hung, suffering a continual stifling, the blood gushing from every aperture in the head, so that they had to resort to bleeding to relieve the pressure, while the nerves and muscles were strained in the most intense agony. At any sign of a wish to renounce Christianity, the sufferer was raised and released.

The first who died by this torture was Nicholas Keyan Fucunanga—a native of the province of Oomi—a man of sixty-three. He died on the fourth day; but precautions were then taken to prolong life by bleeding, and some have lived in this unutterable torment for eight and ten days. Mastrilli is said to have endured it for seventeen days, relieved, doubtless, from time to time, to prolong his agony. Even then he did not die amid its agonies, but was drawn out, and, after a respite, beheaded. In the persecution of 1633, great numbers underwent this terrible punishment.

TREE CLIMBING CRABS.

VOYAGERS observe with astonishment a singular crustacean, frequently seen on the shores of the coco-islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and sometimes, although rarely by day, climbing upon the coco-palms. The crusted animal is something between a crab and a lobster. From the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen he generally measures about twenty inches. The color of this crab or lobster is sky-blue, shading into white, with white patches, speckling the blue of the carapace, and of the plates of the abdomen. He has more of the general form of the lobster than of a crab.

Natives of the coco-islands assert that individual crustaceans of this species are sometimes met with, measuring from three to four feet from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. The color—blue, it is said—sometimes passes into red, and the white into yellow. The natives call this crab the sepoy-crab, just as we call a similar crustacean the soldier-crab. He is the soldier-crab of the tropical islands. Persons familiar with the soldier-crab, can imagine the appearance of the largest sepoy-crab, by supposing the soldier-crab of a size measured by feet instead of inches. The soldier-crab has a naked and curling abdomen, and must find a shell to protect it from the grabs of its enemies. The Indian sepoy-crab has three rows of rudimentary plates partly covering and protecting the upper part of his abdomen. When surprised by men upon a tree, the sepoy-crab snaps the pincers of his formidable left claw to announce to them that he is ready for battle. He seems, however, more desirous of frightening than of fighting his enemies; for, notwithstanding his menaces, he retreats very rapidly. The sepoy-crabs, about a couple of feet long, are not objects of fear to the natives; but they speak with awe of the rare monsters, which exceed three feet in length, and one of which is said to have once stolen a child.

When the sepoy-crab has climbed up the trunk of the coco-palm, he detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk until the nut falls. After the fall of the nut, he descends the trunk slowly, and searches for the nut, which he drags, when he finds it, to the mouth of his hole. Three or four days are spent by him in patiently and laboriously tearing off fibre after fibre, until the husk is completely denuded of them. He is too provident an animal to wait until one nut is done before he goes in search of another. On the contrary, he is always peeling, as he is always eating, his nuts. He spends his time in these alternate operations. He searches about in the trees, or upon the trees, for a nut to peel, and when it is peeled, he transfers it to his larder in his hole. He has a peeled nut always in the almond state. A nut lasts him about a week.

The largest kinds of sepoy-crabs hold themselves in their holes with such tenacity that the natives are unable to draw them out. As for the individuals of the ordinary size, the blacks put their arms into their holes, and seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skillfully. It is surprising how rarely the blacks are pinched.

The sepoy-crab, when in his hole, sleeps and respirates slowly; before his obtuse senses have warned him of the intrusion, his formidable claws are clasped by the muscular hand which pulls him out of his stronghold. When an unlucky or unskillful finger is pinched, the sepoy lets go his hold the instant he is seized by the abdomen. Sometimes a kernel is dropped into the hole, and when the crab takes hold of it, he lets himself be pulled out rather than let go his hold.

In their battles with each other, the sepoy-crabs will seize hold of each other's abdomens, and will not let go until one of them has ceased to live. The sepoy can be made to do the same thing for himself; for when his abdomen is tickled, it is said he will seize hold of it with his great claw, and never relax his hold until he dies.

The sepoy-crabs are excellent eating. Gourmands of the Mauritius have them sent to them alive from the coco-islands. They are sent in boxes, which are strongly nailed down. Such is the strength of these crustaceans that they have been known to lift up the lid of a box with a hundred pound weight on the top of it. There are a few holes made in the box to admit air, and a coco broken in two is placed within it; and then, without further precaution or other furniture, the sepoy-crab arrives in good condition after voyages of seven or eight days' duration.

ELEPHANT TRAPPING IN CEYLON.

The elephant, in Ceylon, is, in its wild state, a marauder, the dread of the cultivator. It is necessary to thin the herds out by capture, either to tame or to kill. This leads to a grand hunt every year, in the dull season, when the rice fields, rapidly advancing to harvest, enable numbers of the peasantry to be drawn off.

At the appointed time vast numbers gather together to put up stockades, cut through the jungle, in some part much frequented by the animals.

The corral includes a stream, and is not cleared; trees and bushes are left in their natural state. The fence of the corral is made of trees ten or twelve inches in diameter, sunk three feet in the ground, lashed together by transverse beams, and supported by props. A corral will be five hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty broad. The corral completed, the natives spread around in a vast circle, and begin cautiously narrowing in, keeping a close watch, and building fires at very short intervals, the elephants always retreating from fire.

At sunset (says an eye-witness) the scene was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smoldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected around them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamor; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side, except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

The animals approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches; the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watchfire.

The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being being brought up by a powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly return to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

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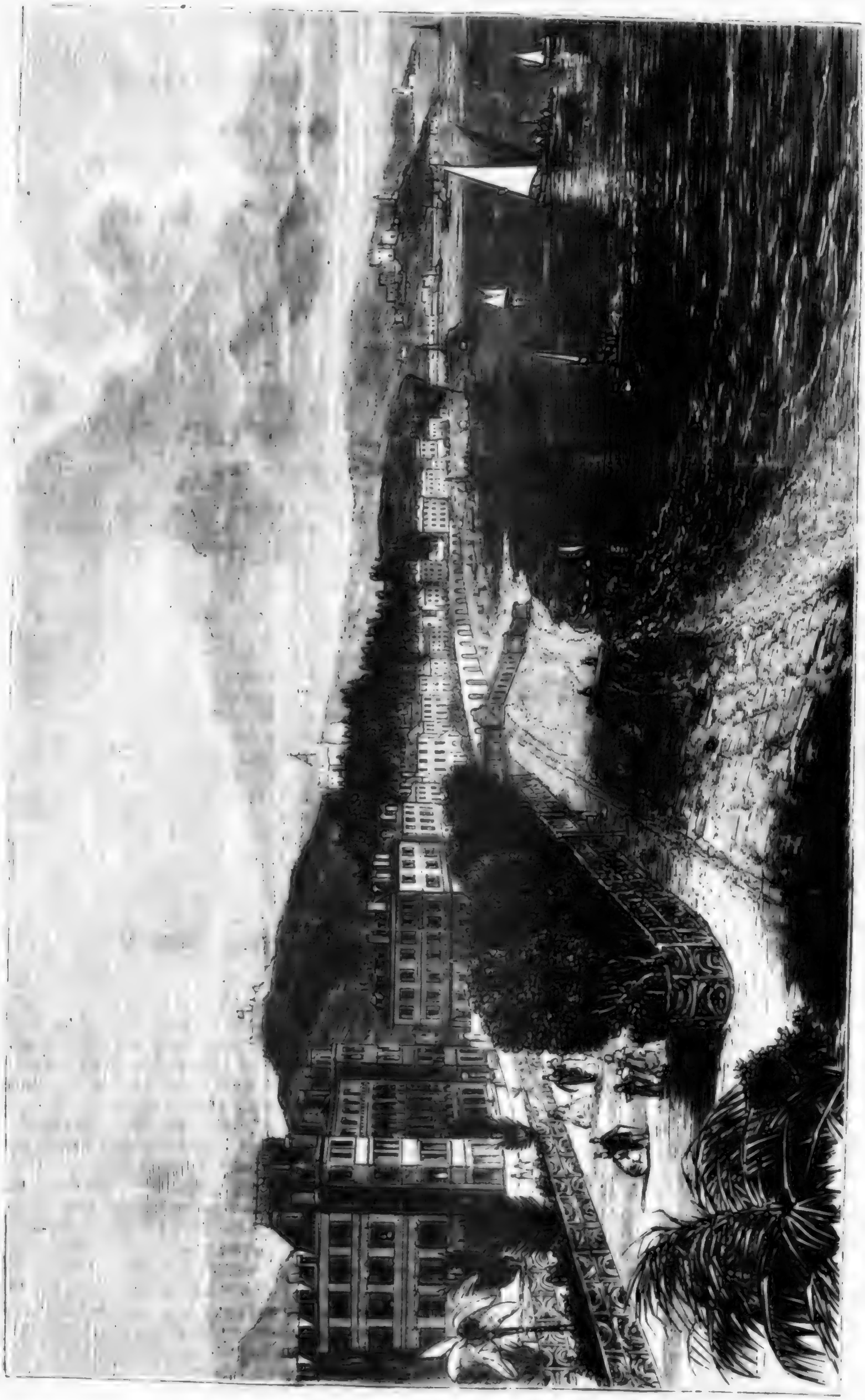
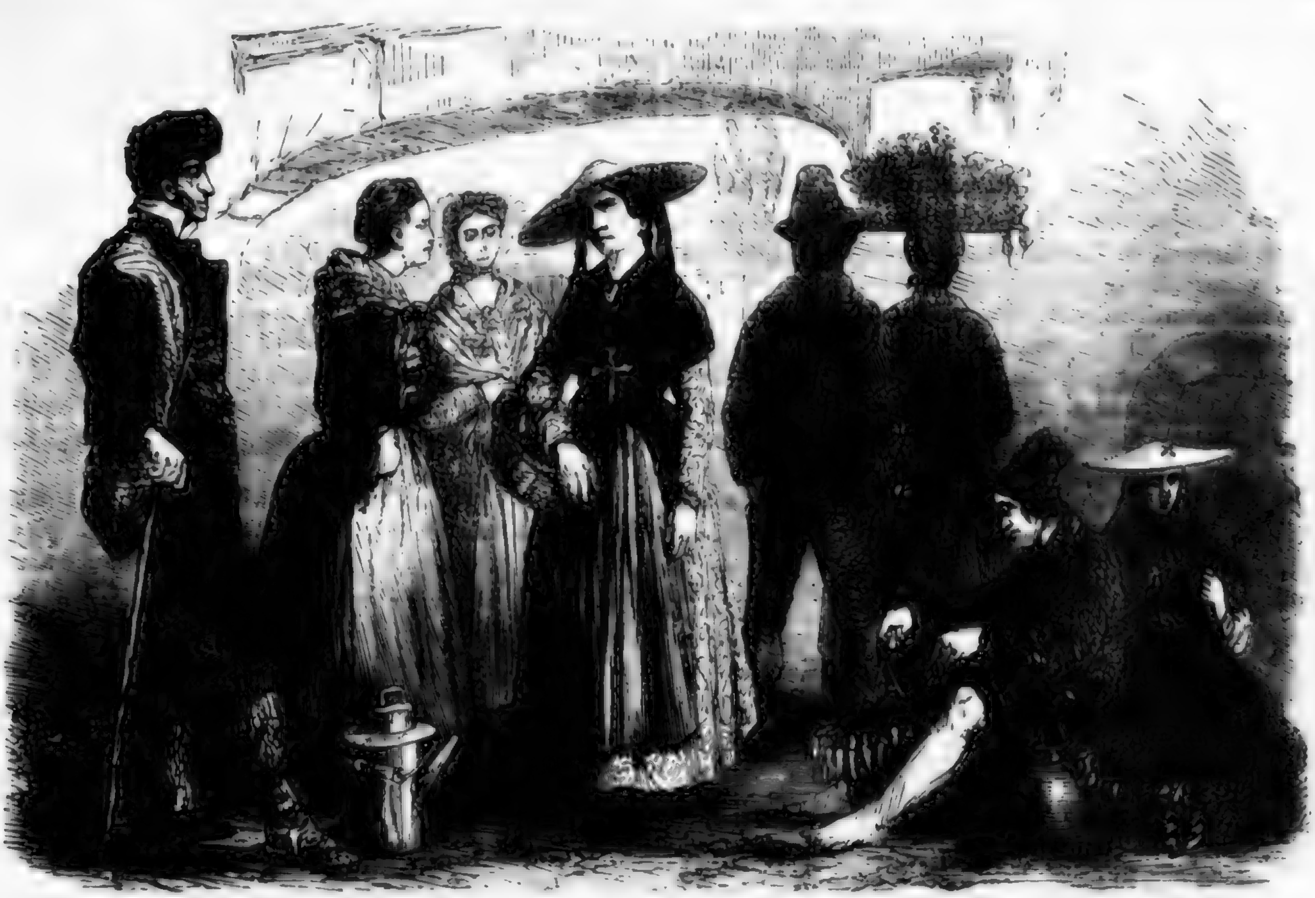


NICE, FROM THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.



COSTUMES OF VILLAGERS NEAR NICE.

NICE.

NICE—Nizza—what memories, what associations cluster about the name! To many who take their pleasure on the Promenade des Anglais, or amuse themselves bric-à-brac hunting along the Quai de Masséna, the place suggests nothing more than is contained in the obvious fact that it is one of the gayest and most delightfully placed cities on the continent of Europe. Delightfully placed, that is, to the stout of frame, who do not mind the icy blasts which sweep down from the adjacent gullies of the Maritime Alps; and "gayest," that is, to the long of purse, who do not mind the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together which the Niçois—none better—know how to make upon them. To such folk Nice is incomparably pleasant. There are all the elements of enjoyment procurable by dollars, and there, in the immediate surroundings, are wonderful beauties of sea and landscape which, though they cannot be bought, may be enjoyed.

To those who cannot amuse themselves as rich Americans and Russians do, and who yet are compelled to spend time at Nice from considerations of health or duty, the legends of the place will afford an ample source of interest. Every yard of the city has its history, every acre of the neighborhood its tradition.

At Cimies, at the back of the town, where the Romans, with Roman wisdom, built their city on the hill instead of on the exposed plain, there are ruins enough to enable the imagination to rebuild and to repeople ancient Nice. Does not the road from Nice to the mountains lie through the very amphitheatre in which Roman emperors witnessed the arena sports, and in which gladiators looked nervously to the still extant stalls for the upturned or downcast thumb which was to determine their life or death? Are not the people on those heights, where villas nestle and group themselves, indebted to pre-Christian wells for the water they drink? Do not the Romans yet survive in the ruins of their city?

Upon these and other memories let that intelligent French officer of engineers be your guide, who, being quartered at Nice directly after the French occupation of the principality, set himself to find out all that was knowable about it. With him you shall stand on the very spot where the Moslem invaders were flung time after time from the walls they had scaled; where the brave Niçoise Segurana, when all seemed lost, restored spirit to the defenders and struck terror into the assailants by tearing down with her own hands the green flag of the Prophet; and where the Counts of Provence and the Dukes of Savoy fought times out of number for the ownership of the soil. In the magic mirror of the historical kaleidoscope you shall see Genoese fleets fighting the battle of Christian civilization against the attacks of Islam in the waters of Villefranche, and the defeated but unconquered Knights of Rhodes sallying forth from the port of Nice, to take vengeance on the Infidel. You shall see the absorption of the Republic of Nice, after years of insecure greatness, in the duchy of Savoy; and you shall see in times far within living memory, the removal of the French frontier-line from the Var to a limit which includes the birthplace of Garibaldi and the finest port of the whilom kingdom of Piedmont.

There is very much to see and to think about in this direction at Nice for those who care to see and think about such things at all. Of this number probably there will be few in that 3 P.M. train which leaves Nice daily for Monte Carlo, and quite as few in that large crowd which surges around the band places, and, judging from appearances, is wholly given up to affording milliners an opportunity for comparing notes upon living models.

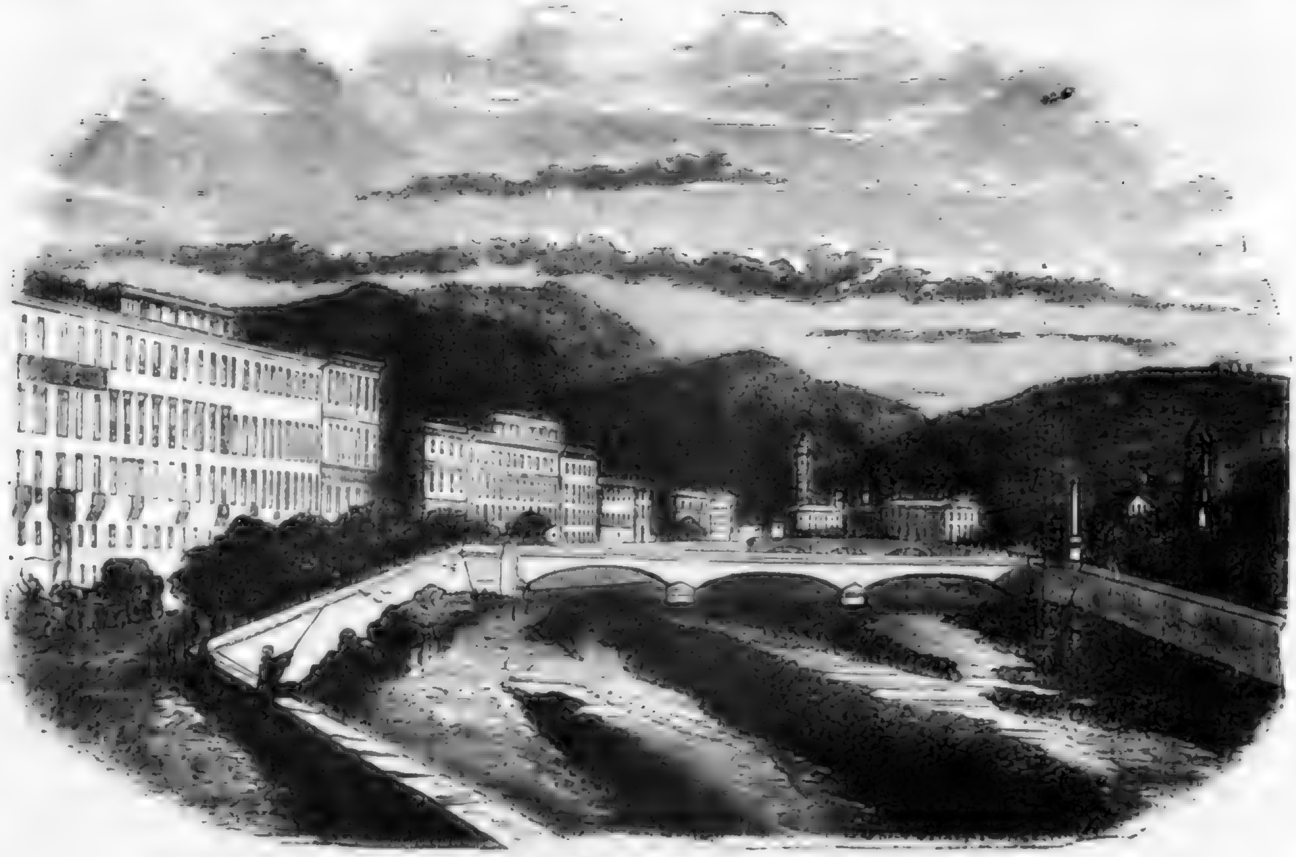
Nice is certainly not a city of the dead; it is the resort of some of the most active living. Even those who to the corporal eye seem to be beyond mortal touch and speech are not really passed away—they are of the class who, being dead, yet speak; whilst those who congregate now in her streets are of a kind the fact of whose living leaves nothing to the imagination. East and West meet in the fullness of incongruity, the North adds its quota, and the picturesque South is not wanting in representatives. But it is the Westerns who are dominant. If Cannes be accounted the fee simple of the English, Nice is shared by the natives in coparcenary with the Americans. Recognizable American forms occupy the streets, to the complete satisfaction of the shopkeepers. The accents of the American tongue are borne upon the air, and the arrangements of every hotel bear testimony to the Transatlantic *clientèle* out of whom proprietors hope to make money. Villefranche, the sheltered port of Nice, is in truth America's naval station in the Mediterranean. *Hic illius arma, hic currus fuit*, and it was not so long ago that negotiations were actively pressed forward for purchasing the right to that occupation which international courtesy allowed, and still allows. The stars and stripes are more familiar than the tricolor at mastheads of war-ships frequenting Nicene waters, and one sees the effect in the quietly masterful way in which the subjects—one should rather say the children—of the star-spangled banner pursue the even tenor of their way about the place. At the Cercle, at the opera, on the promenades—even on that designated "Des Anglais"—in the *salons*, everywhere, the American nation has the pre-eminence. Were it not for the old-world look of older Nice, and for the unquestionably French appearance of the garrison, one might doubt he was in continental Europe, in the very midst of traditions of a far backward stretching past. The voice that is heard is Jacob's voice, but the place and the surroundings belong to Esau.

Very Esaus indeed do the Niçois account their French masters. Ask that Franco-Italian-looking woman, who keeps the small bookshop in the old town, near the port, what she thinks of the new *régime*. Listen, and, if you can, understand the words she utters—volubly, gutturally, and with much eloquence, albeit of a provincial sort—against the insolence, as she calls it, of the new landlords; their assumption of superiority in the face of a nation and of institutions which were famous when the forbears of the powers that be were the unkempt barbarian vassals of the imperial companions of the local ancestry.

To complete the picture, it would be as well to spend five minutes in the *salon* of the Parisian *modiste*, six doors off, who cannot, for the life of her, comprehend what makes these dull natives *si bête*. "Would madame believe it, they can scarcely be got to acknowledge a simple *bonjour!*" You meet them in a crowded reception—*on ne bouge pas.* At a *café* or concert they will not give place even to a lady."

This is all very terrible; and to people who complain of German conduct in Alsace and Lorraine, it is quite unintelligible. Yet so it is; and between the French and the aborigines in Nice there is a great gulf fixed. The one people may date, it is true, from a thousand years; but the other, as the Basque peasant said to the Montmorency, have left off dating. *Enfin, que voulez-vous?* What is to happen when two incompatible temperaments are linked in forced union? There is small chance at Nice, or anywhere else, under those circumstances, of any strong, practical exposition of the duty toward one's neighbor.

It is a lovely place, this Nice, with its face toward the sea, its back to the mountains, and its flank covered by the long promontory of the Cap d'Antibes on the one side, and the heights of Villefranche, crowned by the old citadel of Nice, on the other. The seashore plain on which it stands was built up centuries ago by the give-and-take process that goes on everlastingly where sea and mountain meet and dispute for the mastery. Between the two, stands now the long stretch of shore that reaches from Nice to Antibes, fifteen miles away; and upon it stands the city which long contended with Marseilles for the title of Queen of the Mediterranean.



THE PONT NEUF, NICE.

Phocæans, Greeks, Romans, Moslems, and Christians of all kinds, have loved and dwelt in the place. Its marvelous beauty as well as its natural strength have made it an object of envy, and bitter have been the struggles for it. Nature, too, has had her methods of compensation for the adornments she has lent. Earthquake and pestilence have ravaged the district more than once; and the local chronology is framed on the plan of dating from some calamity or great event which has had a more abiding interest for the people than the ordinary standards.

The outcome of it all is, nevertheless, very pleasant to us of the nineteenth century; and he who, in quest of a Winter resort, whether for health or pleasure, wishes for more of a town than Cannes and less of a sanitarium than Mentone, cannot do better than settle at Nice. If shelter from sharp winds be his object, let him climb to Cimies, on the hill at the back. There he will find, in villas of all sorts and sizes, the warmest, coziest, and for distant views the delightfullest, spot in the district. Cimies is to Nice what Canet will some day be to Cannes. Backed directly by the hills, which form the southern guard of the Maritime Alps, it is sheltered from the cold blasts which sweep down from the Alps themselves. The icy winds pass by it overhead; and the houses, clustered in safe nooks, turn their faces and windows to the south, and admit no air that is not warmed by the bright, strong sun, to which northern Winters are strangers.

But those who elect for Cimies must depend upon themselves for amusement. At Cimies is no Cercle, no theatre, no concert, no band-playing, no promenade. Dwellers therein must be content literally to look down upon such things, and literally to be above them. At Nice such things abound, but the most amusing public institution in Cimies is a monastery.

Now the monastery, though not strictly amusing, unless to those English of whom Froissart asserts that they "amuse themselves sadly," is most strictly entertaining in the only direction of entertainment to which Cimies lends itself. Books it has in profusion; and it is a sign of the largeness of the monks' charity, and at the same time of their little contact with the world in general, that they are willing to lend their books—simple men!—hoping that people will return them. Foul befall the man who deceives these good monks, and makes them shut up their compassion and their library from the needy at Cimies!

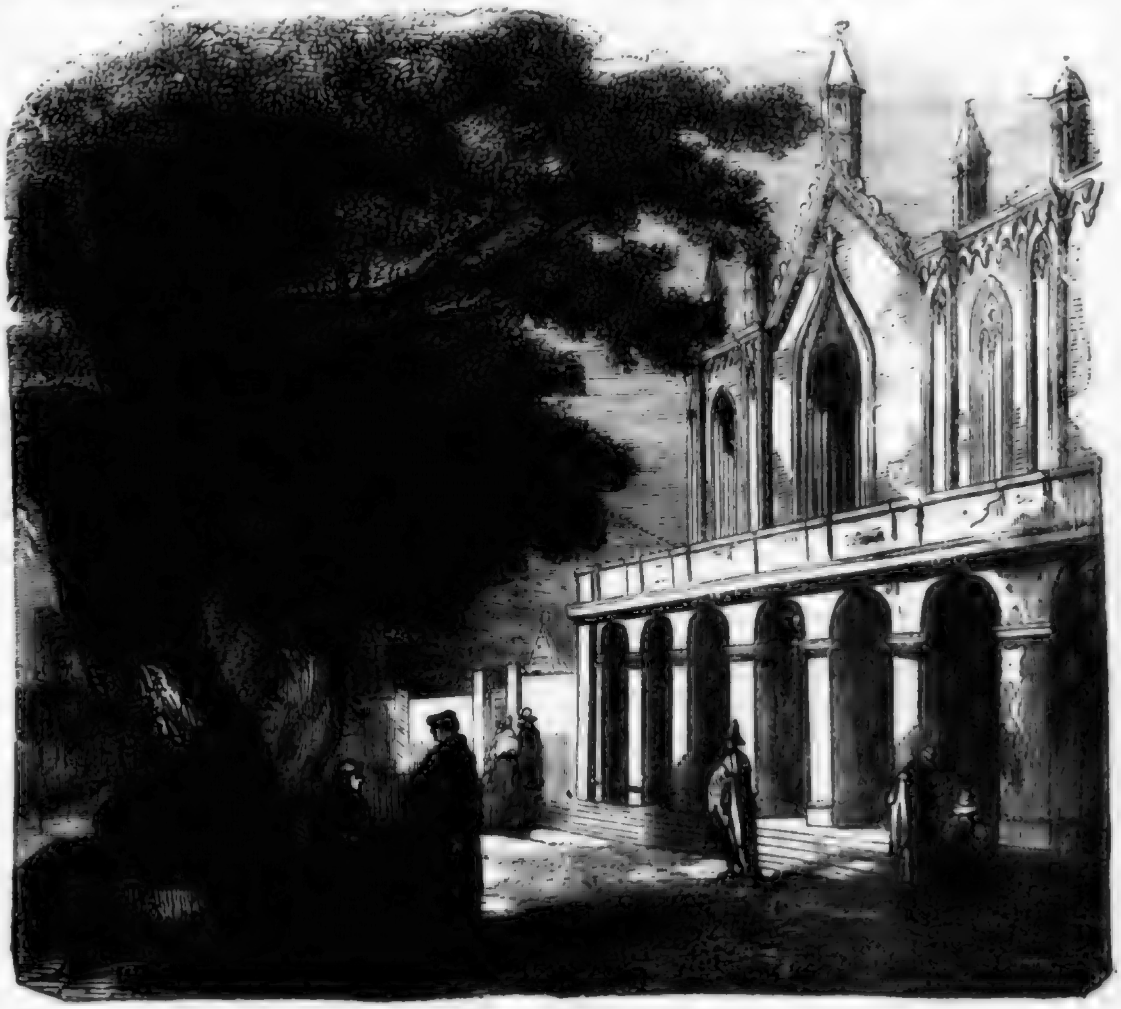
The needy will then have to depend wholly upon their own resources. For reading books, enjoying the magnificent prospects afforded by the many points of view in the neighborhood, trying to get better, and shaking hands with yourself that you are not as the unfortunates at home—freezing, shivering, unable to take exercise through fear of wicked winds—these are about the daily stock-in-trade of people who set themselves down at Cimies. One hesitates to descend the steep, eight-hundred-feet-high hill that leads to Nice, knowing that he will experience in returning the full force of Virgil's aphorism about the difference between the *descensus* and the *ascensus Averni.*

Visits to Nice are events to be fully recorded in diaries, with details of the way, of the things and people seen in the great city on the plain; perils not to be entered upon without much consideration, nor unattended by solemn rites at their inception and their ending. *Chefs* and such divinities, postmen and the like, go and come, fetch and carry. Is not Cimies fed from Nice? But the majority of the inhabitants remain upon their coign of vantage from day to day; and only visitors at Nice, and the curious among the Niçois, invade their retirement.

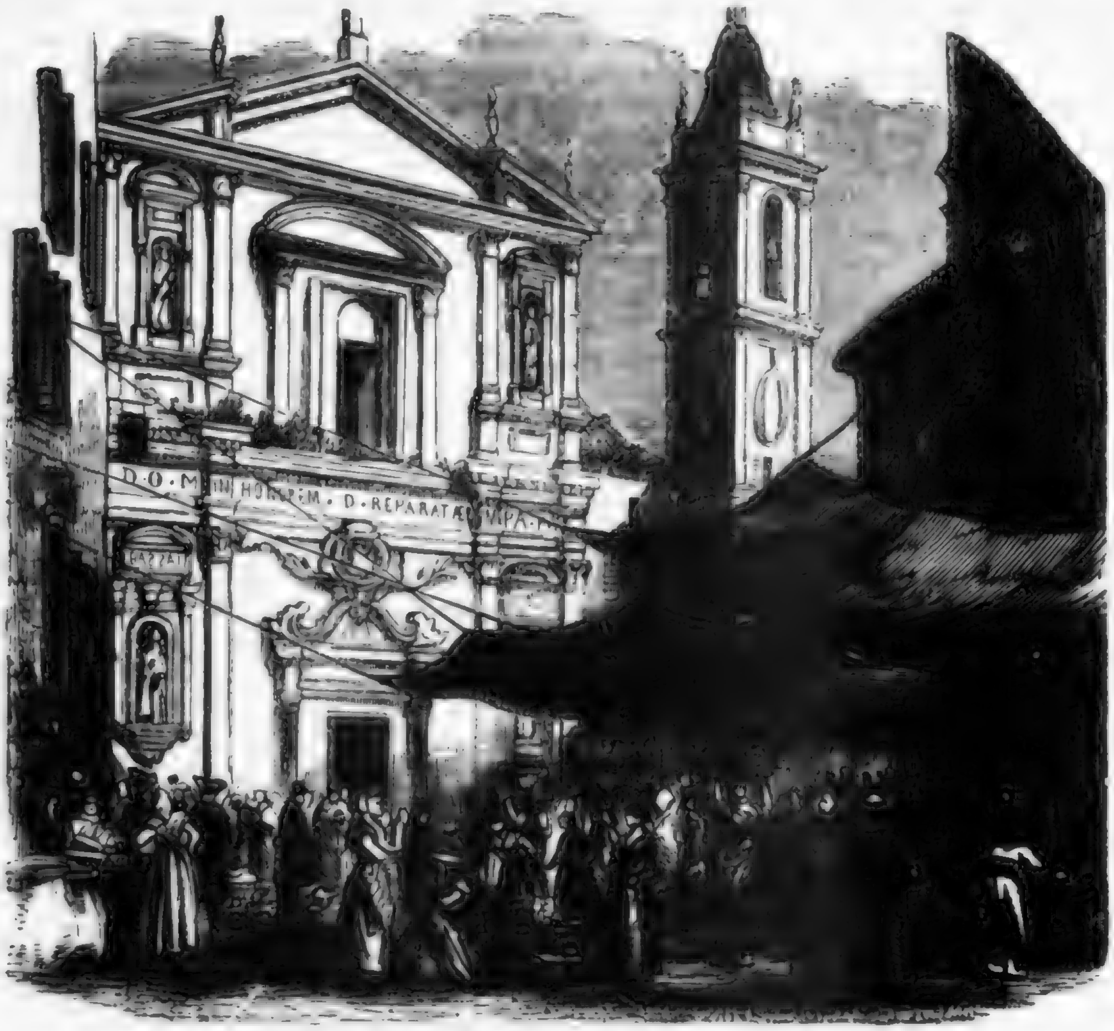
Yet what more delightful drive, except, perhaps, along the Corniche road, is there to be found on the Riviera than the drive from Nice down the Promenade des Anglais and through Carabacel to Cimies, and thence through the Roman amphitheatre down the northern road back to Nice? *Crede experto;* and if the result should not prove satisfactory, try the Corniche itself, starting from Mentone.

Hotel and pension open wide their doors and swallow up the traveler, and give him reason in due time to remember his sojourn among them. If charges are somewhat high, the accommodation is very good, and people—especially heads of families—who growl at the "extras" to the pension charge, at the fifty centimes for each bath, and the seventy-five centimes for each candle, should not forget that Nice is habitable during half the year only; that rents are high, taxes very heavy, and that able *chefs* and quick-footed servants are not secured for nothing.

It is no part of the business of the writer of this paper to act as patron or as touter to the hotels. He will follow the example of the undergraduate, and decline, as that gentleman did, to draw invidious distinctions, when he was called on to enumerate the major and the minor prophets. There are many excellent hotels at Nice. Let the traveler choose for himself, and find out by experience whether the houses on the promenades or on the quays are the more frequented by mosquitoes. On arrival outside the station, he will find drawn up, in serried lines, the omnibuses of the hotels, and the only friendly hint given to him here in connection with the subject of housing, is, that he should decide before



THE MONASTERY OF CIMIES.



CHURCH OF ST. REPARATA, AT NICE.

arrival at what hotel he means to stop. With this foreknowledge he will find himself relieved of all luggage troubles by the uniformed attendants of the stage-carriage. Without it, he may find his family partitioned off among the representatives of the Nice hotel proprietary, and his luggage the subject of much animated conversation in a language probably unknown to him. For the language of Nice—of the Niçois—is not French of Paris; neither is it Italian, as Florentines use it. It is compounded of both, with provincialisms interspersed, and with a large admixture of that old Provençal in which troubadours sang and wooed.

As to amusements, the guide-books and the *concierges* will say all that is necessary—and more. There is the Cercle de la Méditerranée, to which men will of course subscribe; and if Monte Carlo does not satisfy them in the matter of play, there is a club at Nice, which the writer will not help them to find out, where they may amuse themselves in this way to the full. There is the Opera, and there is the Théâtre Français; and especially there is, in the Cours, Visconti's great rendezvous, where everybody is to be seen, and every newspaper that is, is to be read. There are concerts, there are balls, and there are *réunions*, which, like the brook, "go on for ever." In short, amusements are plentiful, and of all sorts—from hill-climbing to love-making. Between these two comes a wide range of occupations adapted to the most fastidious tastes, including that of losing or winning your own or some one else's fortune, at the tables of Monte Carlo. The latter amusement is profitable neither to the morals or means of the visitor; but so long as the opportunity is afforded to tempt "*méchant* fortune," there will never lack votaries of the deluding dame. The visitor who seeks Nice, however, in search of health or recreation may enjoy its charming scenery and genial climate without accepting the hospitalities of the "knights of the tables."

BLUE GENTIANS.

"HOW LONG, Andrey?"

She lifted her eyes, and looked over the wide expanse of free nature for a symbol of her faithfulness. Between the knolls the brook came gliding, fringed with blue.

"See here, Lynn, as long as the gentian blooms, I will wait for you."

Lynn Lathrop smiled down on the dark young face.

There was no doubting its earnestness—its truth; but this girl, a farmer's simple daughter, hitherto living in seclusion, was all untried.

"It may be so, Andrey; I will hope."

She knit her delicate brows—a wild-rose red came out on her cheeks.

"Why do you speak in that doubting tone?" she asked, quickly. "And what more can I do now than promise?"

"Nothing, dear. Pluck me one of the blue gentians, and I will keep it."

He took the flower from her hand, laid it between the leaves of a memorandum-book, and put it in his breast. He clasped both her little brown hands then, and raised them to his lips.

"It will be five years before we meet again, Andrey—and you are only sixteen."

"I am a woman, Lynn."

As he slipped a plain gold ring on her slender finger, he thought how queenly a one for her years, but he did not speak. She had beauty, talent; she was not always to remain at Blackbird Hill.

Again his heart, already world-wise, cried, "Untried, untried!" He released the little hand softly.

"Now, good-by, dear. How much I love you, Andrey, God only knows. I have been happy here—for the only time in my life. It's a hard world—heaven spare your heart the knowledge, my child!"

She felt his stern lips quiver as he kissed her. She strangled the pang of parting to smile bravely in his face.

"Keep your gentian, Lynn."

With a faint smile he heard her last words, and turned away.

* * * * * * *

When the solitary figure had gone around the last knoll, Andrey Rothmere turned, and, with a quick step and abstracted eye, ascended the hill. The house came suddenly upon you in a clump of alder. She entered the wide open door, threw her hat upon the kitchen settee, and ascended the steep stairs to a little south room.

It was a strange apartment to find in a farmhouse—bare but for an artist's easel and a few plaster models, but the walls covered with unframed pictures in water-colors—human heads, flowers, and landscapes. Brackets, also, holding cupids; bacchantes and angels, in plaster—Andrey Rothmere's work.

She sat down on a stool and buried her face in her hands. This, then, was her work in life—to uphold one man's faith. Most congenial! She had such trust in the good and true—in herself! She was *glad* to be needed to uphold the right. It was higher, better work than molding ideal heads and faces. Yet, that was good, too, in its way. She loved her work—the Pucks and Ariels that she shaped, and some day she was going to accomplish something excellent in *that* way.

She was young. Wait, and see.

* * * * * * *

"Who did it?"

Mrs. Nabob reached forward, with her feathers and chignon quite concealing the statue from everybody else's view.

"A New Hampshire girl—very young—quite unknown. An *artiste*, isn't she?"

"She must be. Such a sensation!" said Mrs. Nabob, looking around upon the crowd.

The statue was a tiny thing—the light and laughing figure of a child, holding high a garland of roses, the head brimming over with curls, the round face turned back over the dimpled shoulder—a runaway darling.

"A preddy thing," pronounced a German millionaire *connoisseur*, and went in search of the proprietor of the store.

No, the statuette was not sold. Major Leiter gladly purchased it for $100. It was far more than Andrey had dared hope for—her first sale, her first success.

But she was known now. She received letters, compliments, notices of the Press.

She came to New York, and Mrs. Nabob took her up. It was the fashion just then to pet young talent. Mrs. Nabob gave Andrey an invitation to dwell with her, gave her a party, and introduced her to all the other fashionables of her set.

Then commenced for Andrey a life of excitement and feverish endeavor. She turned out cherubs and angels rapidly. They sold quickly. The young *artiste* was all the rage for a year—a brief year.

After that, the novelty began to pall. The wise art-dealers demurred at giving her pieces the most conspicuous place; somebody else was the fashion—a young man who made flesh-colored fauns and dryads.

Andrey was astonished, and consulted a gray-haired professor of art.

"You do not want popularity—you want study," he said.

His words were distasteful. To go back to an apprenticeship!—she *could* not.

Another year went by, in which she struggled with fate and fortune. She was gaining nothing; she was no longer praised; her statuettes sold slowly.

"Trashy things!" she heard a foreign art-dealer say.

Mrs. Nabob, going for the Summer to Saratoga, did not propose that she should join her.

Andrey paused and thought. Her prospects stared her darkly in the face. Could she give up the luxury to which she had now become accustomed, and go back to Blackbird Hill? True, she had been happy in her girlhood's home, but happiness there now seemed impossible.

Sitting alone in her chamber, with its walls of painted panels and silk, the old farm-house, with her plodding father and shrill-voiced stepmother, her narrow bed and bare studio, seemed unendurable.

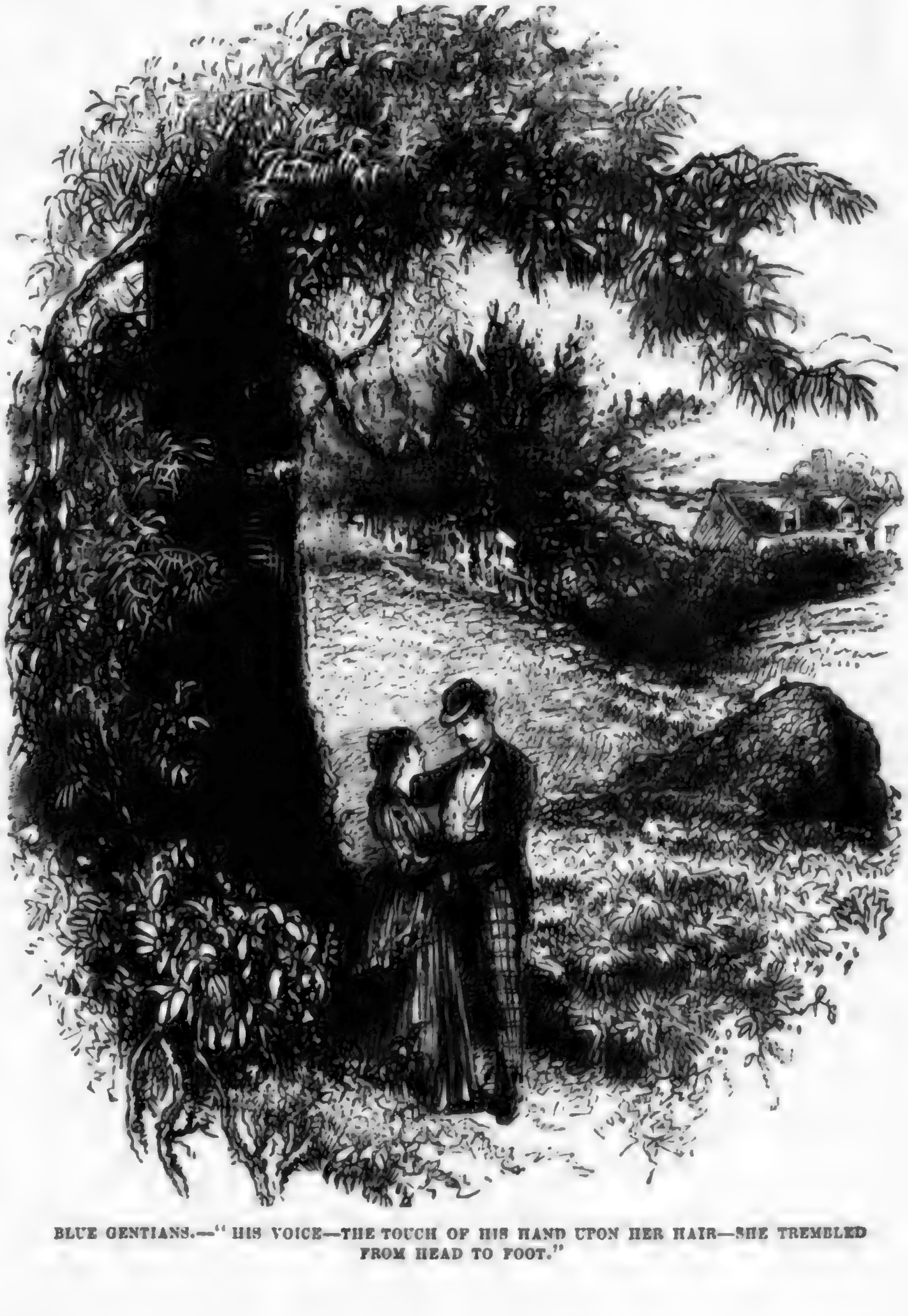
Art had been much to her there. It would never be the same again, for her glowing, tender buds of hope had blossomed—blossomed scentlessly and faded.

Wearied and dissatisfied, she walked the floor, trailing her robe of silk over the velvet moss of the carpet.

A handsome woman, looking, as ever, older than she was, with her dark, imperious beauty.

"I was made for luxury," said Andrey.

A servant knocked, entered, and handed her a note.



BLUE GENTIANS.—"HIS VOICE—THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND UPON HER HAIR—SHE TREMBLED FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

The peculiar chirography, the rich monogram—Andrey recognized the missive as Dr. Goldthwait's.

He was one of Mrs. Nabob's set, a wealthy fashionable physician, a widower without a tinge of ideality in his composition. He admired Miss Rothmere's beauty, and he asked her to be his wife.

For a moment Andrey's cheeks burned, then she turned slowly pale.

She had not forgotten Lynn Lathrop; she had always expected some time to be his wife. But now, for the first time, she found that it weighed with her to remember that he was a poor man. He had written her thrice in the last two years—he had not grown rich yet.

"He never will. I have learned the way of the world," said Andrey. "The chances are that he will be an average architect with a limited income all his life. And he never wanted to marry poor."

She turned the scented note in her hand. Dr. Goldthwait had a home like a palace.

"What shall I do?" said Andrey.

That night she was taken ill—threatened congestion, caused by mental disturbance and physical exhaustion, Dr. Fay said. Her present atmosphere was very bad for her; as soon as she was able she must go into the country.

* * * * * * *

At Blackbird Hill.

It was midsummer. The knolls were like velvet, the sky melted in gold and blue, the birds whistled in the plumy tree-tops.

At the first chance, Andrey slipped from the house, and threw herself on a bed of pine needles upon a shaded slope.

Here the Summer loveliness smiled in her face. As she looked, her brain cleared, her heart spoke.

"That was not happiness. I have not been happy once in the last two years!"

The pines sang over her; sunshine wrapped her warmly; a wild rose shed its balm upon her. She melted into tears.

Suddenly a shapely hand laid a withered flower upon her knee.

"There is your gentian, Andrey. I have kept it well."

She sprang up—caught him gladly about the neck.

"Oh, Lynn! Lynn!"

"What, Andrey?"

His voice—the touch of his hand upon her hair—she trembled from head to foot.

"I have been such a failure," she sobbed.

"A failure? Why, I have heard far and near of your successes, though you never told me."

"Oh, Lynn! I have done nothing really noble. I have worked for popularity, loved money, forgotten your love, thought of selling myself for a luxurious home! Any of the crowd of common women you meet would have done better than I! Oh, I am so mean, so poor a creature!"

She shrank with shame, but he still held her. He stroked her dark, rich hair; he smiled, and then spoke:

"Dear Andrey, I could have told you all this two years ago. It was inevitable."

He paused for an instant.

"I have come back to you now, not rich, but because I longed to see you."

In the depths of her heart Andrey was so glad he had come. Even if they must part again, it was such delicious rest to lie upon his bosom for one little moment!

"I have the prospect of a fair competence now, but I may never be rich. If so, could you be happy with me, Andrey?"

"I could be happy with you," she answered.

He kissed her.

"But if we need wait longer, I think now that I could be true," she added, humbly.

"Poor child!" was all he answered, with a smile.

THE BROWNIE OF THE WEST BOW.

The Scotch are famous for their superstition, and their literature, both oral and written, abounds in stories of spiritual presences. We have illustrated one of the most popular legends, the Brownie of the West Bow.

Thomas Dodds had been married to Janet about five years, when he unhappily met with a pretty, coquettish widow, Mary Blyth. Dodds was a man well-to-do, and lived in his own little house at the West Bow, as that part of Edinburgh was called. No children had blessed their union, and so they did not miss what they had never had, but lived a very quiet, contented life in their frugal, industrious manner. Mary Blyth, however, managed to get so great a control over him, that he was never happy out of her sight. At length his passion so completely overmastered his reason as to lead him to plot against his faithful Janet's life. The wicked widow had suggested the diabolical thought to him; and, as she declared she would not see him again till he had got his wife out of the way, he persuaded Janet to go out with him to the Loch for a walk. While they were walking on the high bank of the lake, Dodds pushed his wife into the deep water, and fled toward the town with all his might. He then raised the cry that his wife had accidentally fallen in and was drowned. About three weeks afterward the body of the unfortunate woman rose to the surface, and was buried with due solemnity, the miserable husband receiving the sympathy of his deluded friends.

Three months afterward he married the wicked widow, Mary Blyth, who had tempted Thomas Dodds to murder his wife.

Not long afterward, just as the gray dawning was breaking in the sky, as the two murderers were lying in their bed, they heard a knock at the door. Mary Dodds hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went to open it. In an instant she returned pale and shivering, with a face blanched with terror. "Who was it?" eagerly demanded her husband. "Don't ask," was her reply. The noise of some person in the next room aroused his attention. Raising himself in his bed, he looked into the kitchen adjoining their bedroom. What was his horror to see his dead wife in the act of sweeping the floor! When this was done she made the fire, and then prepared the breakfast for *one.*

The agony of the guilty pair was dreadful.

When she had laid the breakfast-table she left the house. After a time Dodds and his new wife rose; but their conscience kept them from making any allusion to the dreadful apparition.

A few days afterward the same knock was heard at the door, but nothing could induce the guilty woman to open it. The miserable husband, therefore, rose, and who it was he let in was evidenced by his awestruck face and tottering limbs as he threw himself on the bed.

Again the fire was lit, and the breakfast prepared; but as it was the Sabbath morn, there was no repetition of the sweeping. Instead of that, the spectre took down the old Bible, and read a chapter aloud. She then sang her favorite hymn; and after getting everything ready for her wicked husband's breakfast, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and went out.

This legend is firmly believed by every respectable dweller in Auld Reekie.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

An accomplishment is, of course, something accomplished —that is, completed or *filled up*—and the word is now popularly used to designate the more ornamental branches of education, as well as those refinements of taste and manner which pertain to a *finished* or completed woman. The Corinthian shaft, with its delicate fluting, exquisite proportions, and gracefully chiseled capital, is more attractive to the eye than the heavy, plain Doric column—unless it appears that strength has been sacrificed to beauty; if it is evident that the pillar is too frail to sustain the weight which it was meant to carry, the more elaborately it is adorned, the more we are disgusted.

There are some women who live for the purpose of exciting admiration. They seem to think that, as there are beasts of burden in the brute creation, so there are human beings who are only designed to be useful; but as there are also birds with lithe wing and scarlet plumage, who do nothing all day but warble among the trees, so it is *their* vocation, inasmuch as a discriminating Providence has conferred upon them the gifts of grace and beauty, to flutter among the flowers and make the landscape gay.

It is the undoubted duty of women to make themselves agreeable; and the wider the range of their accomplishments, the easier it is for them to shed a bland and a genial influence over society. But to impose the same round of ornamental branches upon young girls in general, without regard to their natural taste and inclination, is a great mistake. Why should one, who has no eye for either form or color, be tied down, month after month, to the pencil and the palette? What an enormous amount of time is wasted in laborious beating of the piano-keys by patient victims, who, not having the slightest conception of the soul of music, can never be anything more than mechanical performers, no matter how thorough their instruction may be. It would be much better to furnish them with a respectable barrel-organ, and let them grind away periodically at that. Where the musical gift has been implanted by nature, let it be thoroughly cultivated; but it is a pity that so many young girls should be fastened to an instrument four or five hours every day, which will always be to them nothing but an *instrument*

There is a great variety of tastes in the world, and it is to be presumed that almost every woman has a taste for something, although it may not be painting or music. It is always desirable that they should have some resource outside the daily routine of their domestic duties, to relieve the tedium of ordinary life. The instincts of their nature crave such relief. Men have their sports and clubs, and office gossipings, from which their wives and daughters are excluded. There is something touching and pathetic in some of the heirlooms, which show how they were wont to amuse themselves in days gone by. On the walls of some remote upper chamber there hangs a quaint old *sampler*, covered all over with alphabets in every conceivable form of text, and in all varieties of color, very much faded now, "worked by Abigail W. Brown, 1811, in the thirteenth year of her age." By its side may be seen a funereal piece, with a green willow, bearing a strong resemblance to an umbrella, hanging over a white shaft somewhat out of line, and supported on the sides by two marvelously carved female figures, with a noble defiance of botany in the surrounding grass and flowers, and of the ordinary rules of perspective in the adjacent church. On the opposite wall, elaborate card-racks are suspended, made of varnished and gilded scollop-shells; and in the centre of the room stands a black table, adorned with little pictures of birds and bugs, and buildings and beasts, and anything else that happened to turn up in the pictorials of the day, arranged in rows and circles and squares and triangles, perhaps with a vase of artificial flowers on the top, more brilliant than nature, and a great deal stiffer.

Among the works of a somewhat later generation, we find marvelous specimens of what was significantly called *crewel-work*—Rebekah at the Well, Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, Washington and Lafayette, and other designs, which remind one very faintly of the Gobelin tapestries. A generation has not passed since "Grecian paintings" were all the rage, capable of being executed by the artist and the whitewasher with equal facility. Still later, we had the costly aquarium, in which the fish were so apt to die, when the young lady who ought to have watched over them was absorbed in working delicately shaded slippers for large pastoral feet.

The matters of which we have spoken are, for the most part, accomplishments only in a lower sense of the term. Every young woman who aims at attaining any lofty position in society, would like to become accomplished, not only in her general style and manners, and in the acquisition of those ornamental pursuits which happen to be in vogue, but also in the more advanced departments of solid culture. It is not to be expected that the majority of women should become profoundly learned, or be distinguished as popular writers, or travel about the land enlightening the public with their wisdom. The formal pedant, who seems to look upon society only as a field for the collision of strong minds and the parade of argument, and is always on the watch to start some subtle question of science or philosophy or criticism, is apt to become something of a nuisance. This, however, is not so bad as to be brought in constant contact with one who has no resources beyond the current gossip of the day, and talks of nothing but dress and fashions, and dancing, and entertainments, and the weather.

If this frivolous person ever feels any real emotions, there is nothing to indicate it; and if she has any thoughts, they are never uttered. She courts admiration, not respect or regard; and if nature has gifted her with external attractions, for a while she may receive what she most covets. Sensible men, who ought to know better, may be drawn within the circle of her admirers, just as we see, not only the little moths and gaudy flies dash at the burning lamp, but even the great, black beetle occasionally singeing his horny wings in the alluring flame.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

A STORY OF THE BUSH.

"A MONTH's leave, eh, old fellow! That's capital. You'll stay with us, of course. Alice will be delighted, and, I promise you, will make you comfortable," said Fred Cyples, as I dismounted one afternoon before the pretty, flower-embossed portico of his house near Pietromartizburg.

I was a captain in the mounted police of Natal, and my friend was an old schoolfellow, who had married and settled as a sheep-farmer at the place above mentioned.

"I don't quite know whether I can accept your invitation, Fred. I want change sadly, and our surgeon recommends a walking tour as the best thing to set me straight, so I came to ask you to accompany me," I replied, as I resigned my horse to an African and preceded my friend into the house.

"I am so glad to see you, Captain Hanbury," said Mrs. Cyples, her sweet face radiant with smiles as she cordially greeted me. "You've come to stay, I hope! Fred was saying, only yesterday, how dull he felt, and I think he begins already to regret his bachelor freedom."

The laughing kiss with which Cyples sealed his wife's lips fully refuted the lady's last assertion, and we adjourned to a tastefully ornate drawing-room for a cozy chat while dinner was being prepared.

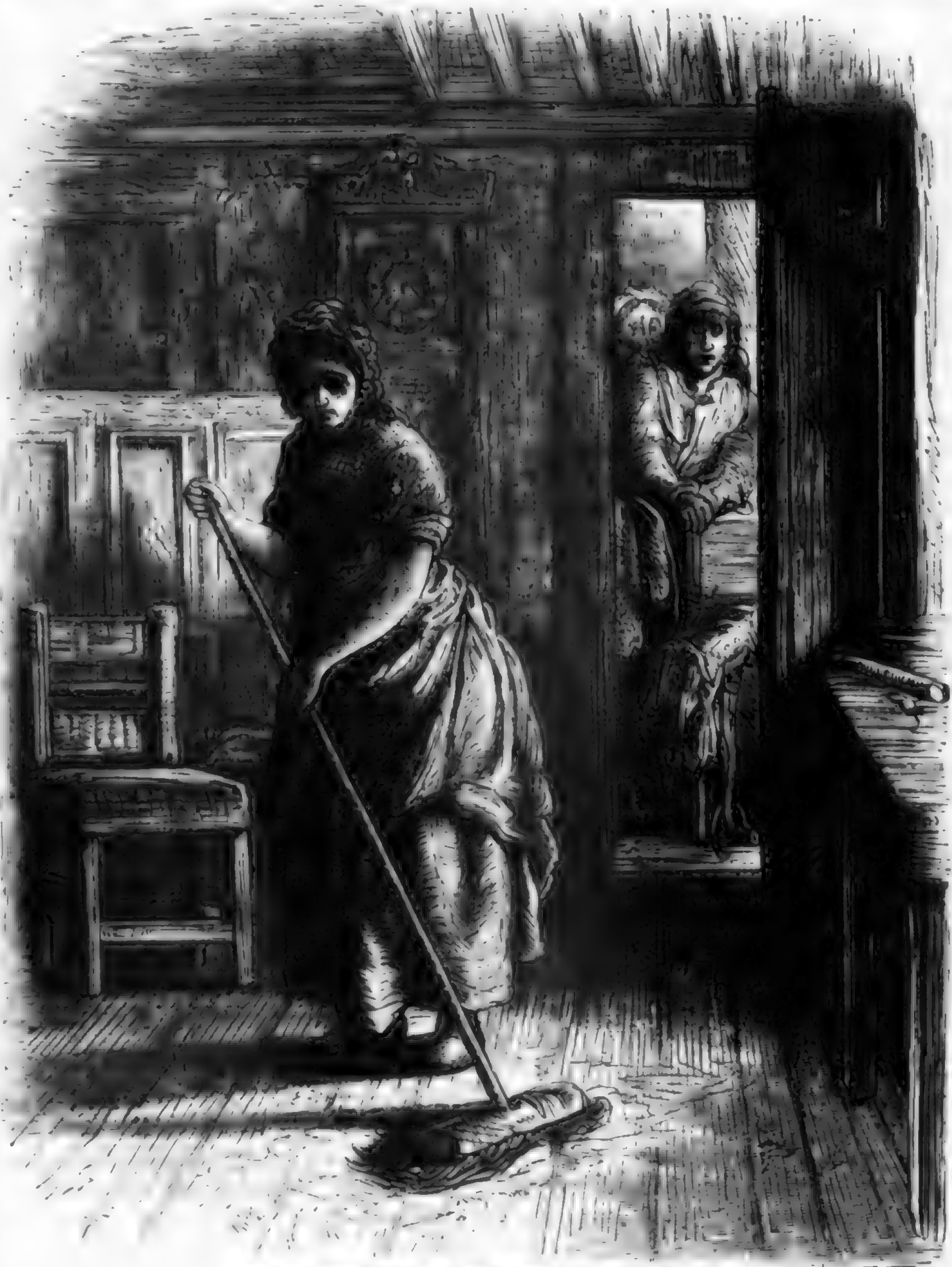
When I had retailed all the gossip of the colony, of which my official position enabled me to have a good fund on hand, dinner was announced, and over that most social meal we began to arrange a plan for spending my holidays.

"I don't like to leave Alice with only these half-caste servants in the house," said Fred, when I proposed that he should accompany me on my walking tour westward.

"I'm sure you need not fear for my safety," replied his wife. "By all means, take him, Captain Hanbury. He has been so dull lately, that I am sure your company and a long ramble will do him a world of good. We've seen no one for weeks, and I began to fear the other day that we should have to follow Mynheer Jansen's example."

"What was that, Mrs. Cyples?" I asked; for I knew the merry little woman had always some piquant anecdote to relate.

"I will tell you. Mynheer Jansen was a Dutch settler, as his name implies. He had amassed money, and lived a strictly retired life with his *frau*, but the solitude and isolation were too much for them, so they took to imbibing large quantities of Schiedam. After dinner they used to sit for several hours at the table, never speaking, but drinking steadily on until they fell asleep. One day, after they had partaken of their usual libations, Mynheer unclosed his eyes just in time to see his wife disappear in a blue flame, nothing but a gray wreath of smoke, circling up from a heap of ashes, telling the story of her mysterious dissolution. She had been consumed by spontaneous combustion. Jansen was as plegmatic as most Hollanders. He gave a sigh, relit his pipe between the bars of the grate, and rang the bell. 'Yacob,' he said, when the domestic entered—'bring clean glasses, and sweep away your mistress.'"



THE BROWNIE OF THE WEST BOW.—SEE PAGE 614.

I laughed heartily, and I think the story gained my point, for Fred consented to accompany me, and the next morning we strapped on our knapsacks, bade adieu to Mrs. Cyples, and, rifles in hand, set out, full of spirits, on our projected walk.

The whole country through which we traveled is most richly endowed with nature's gifts. It possesses an immense depth of fertile soil, but not a stone was to be seen anywhere, excepting at the mouths of rivers, where, on the beach, some agates and other pebbles were to be found, and where the ruddy cliffs, formed from a mixture of sand and clay, became occasionally indurated, by exposure to the sun; when immense rocks fell, and lie immovable like small rocks at their bases—records of time—the tombstones of ages.

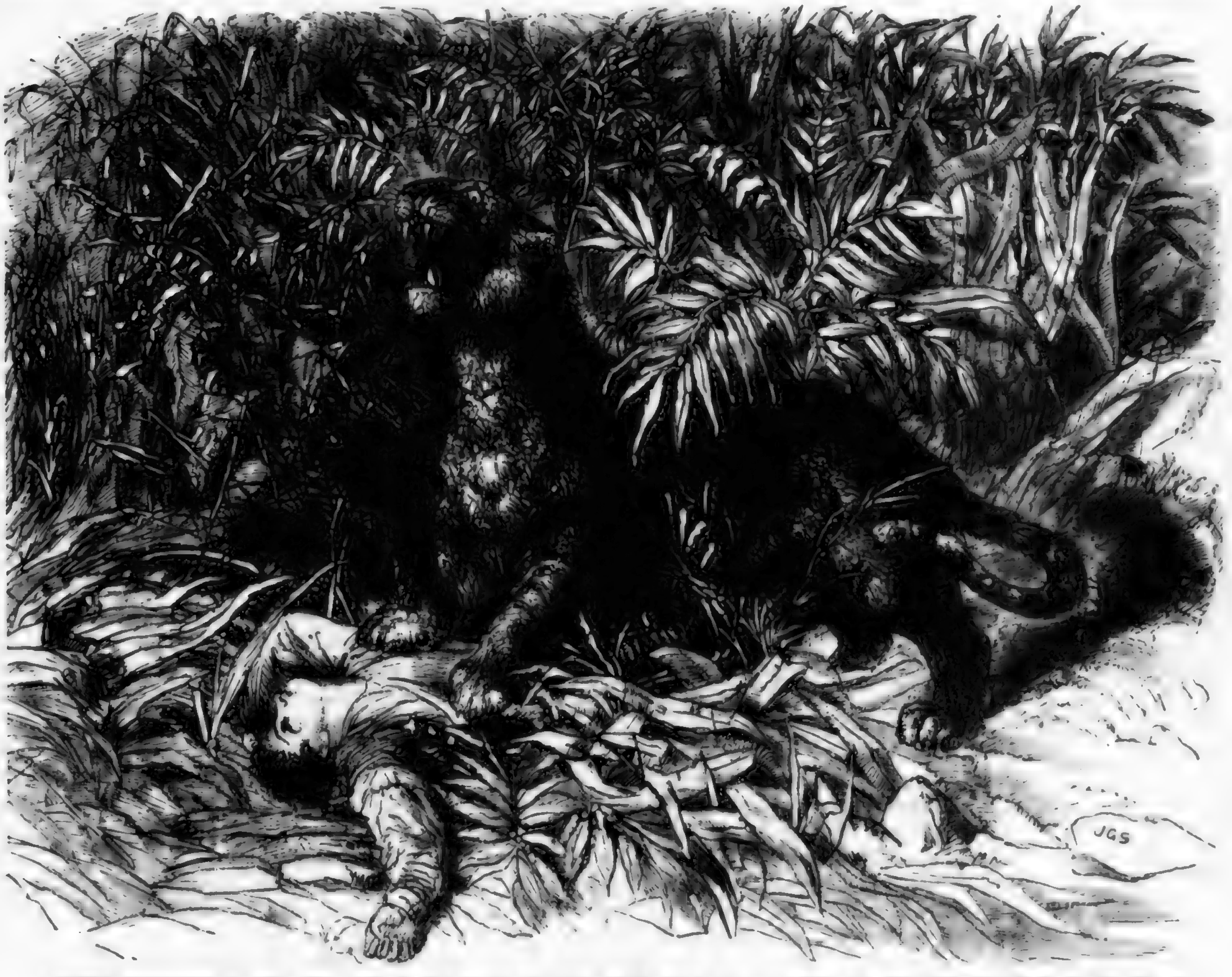
Nothing, perhaps, calls more forcibly to the mind the unseen, the silent workings of nature, than these parted fragments over a wild and unfrequented waste. All the animal creation near them must have been in consternation at the moment of their fall—when the lonely solitude must have rung with thundering echoes—the beasts and birds must have burst forth in terrific chorus, and the surrounding hills have trembled with the shock! It is but seldom that these events take place—perhaps not more than twice in a century; some of the enormous fragments bearing strongly the marks of time.

Now and again, on emerging from a forest, the dense foliage of which almost excluded every ray of light, we would suddenly find the grand panorama of the boundless South Atlantic before us. It was a sublime sight—the ever restless blue and silver waves sparkling in golden sunlight as they rolled along to an interminable distance, while the low moan of the surges, as they beat up the rugged cliffs far beneath our feet, sounded like a requiem over the vast number of dead entombed beneath the swelling bosom of the ocean.

When night came on, we used to put up at farmhouses, the occupants of which are, as a rule, most hospitable people, who are only too glad to barter bodily comforts for intelligence of the outer world; months often passing by without a strange face being seen, or an item of news reaching their isolated abodes.

We had a long and tiring march through the Longclough valley, the road in many places being difficult in the extreme—fashioned only by mountain torrents—when we arrived, weary and footsore, at an old-fashioned farmhouse, just as the mountain shadows, uniting with the sable robes of fast-advancing night, cloaked all nature in darkness.

We received a hearty welcome, the best that the house afforded being placed at our immediate disposal, and when we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, we drew close around the fire, and related to eager listeners our tales of town life and adventure.



A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.—"THE IRON JAWS OF THE TIGER RELAXED THEIR HOLD, AND, PLANTING HIS WEIGHTY FORE-FEET ON MY BREAST, HE STOOD MAJESTICALLY AT BAY."—SEE PAGE 615.

Mr. Fleming, our host, was an Englishman, who had been settled for many years in the colony. He possessed a fine estate, and with him dwelt his only daughter, who, since the death of her mother, had had sole control over the domestic economy of the house.

Minnie Fleming was a shapely girl of nineteen. She had sparkling blue eyes, that shone upon you like gleams from Paradise; a complexion that outvied the fairest blush-rose in delicate warmth; a faultless mouth, that, acting in concert with two bewitching little dimples, seemed smilingly to indicate the purity and contentment of the heart—in short, Minnie was very beautiful. "A rose blooming in a desert," Cyples, who is rather poetical, called her. But of one thing I am very sure—she did not "waste her fragrance," for she shone like a perpetual ray of sunshine over her father's household.

She was well educated, too, for Mr. Fleming—himself no mean scholar—had done his best to instill into her readily apprehensive mind all the knowledge that raises woman in the estimation of her fellows.

What a merry evening we spent! The "cape-smoke," a sort of toddy, was excellent, the choice cheroots marvelously soothing, and the conversation enjoyable in the extreme. We told old stories, we sang old songs, and were so thoroughly happy that, ere retiring, we cordially accepted our host's hearty invitation to sojourn a few days beneath his hospitable roof-tree, and at once made ourselves quite at home.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Fleming, on our making our appearance in the breakfast-room the following day. "Slept well, I hope. Minnie is busy in the dairy, but will be in directly. One of my stock-men has just been telling me that one of my herd that strayed out of the kraal yesterday has been slain by a tiger during the night. They've found the mangled carcass in a bush. What do you say to a little sport? The animal is sure to return to-night to finish his meal. Suppose we try to get a shot at him?"

"By Jove, the very thing!" cried Cyples, in ecstacy. "I've often longed for a day's tiger-hunting, but could never get the chance of one anywhere near Natal."

"You are not likely to obtain a *day's* sport *here*, Mr.

XUM

Cyples. Night is the only time wild beasts leave their lairs in this part of Africa, and we shall have to lay a subtle trap, for they are very wary," answered our host.

After breakfast we went over the farm, admired the cattle, bestowed lavish praise upon Miss Fleming's immaculate dairy, and built up a sort of temporary stockade near the remains of the slaughtered cow, behind which we could secrete ourselves after nightfall, to await the tiger's advent.

"Pray be careful, and do not run any unnecessary risks; I'm not very timid, but I dread what might happen if the tiger surprised you," whispered Miss Fleming, laying her hand gently on my arm, and looking up with an expression of anxiety on her face, as we prepared to set out, shortly after dusk.

"I will take every care of your father, I promise you," I answered, laughingly.

"And of yourself also, I beg," she added, almost imploringly, as I quitted her side.

In due course of time we arrived at our rendezvous, ensconced ourselves behind the stockade, and kept vigilant watch for the tiger's approach. The night was calm and still, the moon shone brightly down, and only the whirring of the glittering fire-flies in the thicket disturbed the solemn silence that reigned around. We had not long to wait; the first intimation we received of the nocturnal forager's approach was a rustling noise in the bushes close behind us, and we were not prepared for this. Having naturally surmised that he would retrace his footsteps of the previous evening, we had only built up a straight wall of bushes and poles, and, before we had time to retreat to the other side, the handsome animal bounded out of the brake, and crouched, ready for a spring, directly before us, his eyes gleaming like opals, and his sweeping tail lashing in fury.

Quick as thought I brought my rifle to the front, leveled straight at the scintillant eyes of our foe, and fired.

A loud, angry roar, a terrific blow in my side, and, though half stunned, I felt myself being dragged rapidly through the bush. Then the iron paws of the tiger relaxed their hold, and, planting his weighty forefoot on my breast, he stood majestically at bay.

A sharp report rang in my ears, a jet of warm blood streamed over my face, and the ponderous body of the tiger fell right across my arm, almost crushing it.

When I recovered consciousness I could not conjecture where I was, or what had happened. I was cognizant of being in a strange room, which evidently had been purposely darkened. I could not move, and it seemed to me as if I was awakening from a dull sleep, in which the only vision I had seen had been that of a fair girl hovering forever near me. I tried to speak, but could not articulate distinctly; then the angel of my vision returned, and I recognized the lovely features of Minnie Fleming, as her long, golden ringlets fell in clusters over my face, while her bright eyes beamed down upon me.

From Mr. Fleming's account, it appeared that my ball had wounded the tiger in the foot, augmenting his rage, and that had he not been lame, my chance of escape would have been a sorry one. As it was, my companions came quickly up to him; a lucky bullet from my friend Fred's unerring rifle terminated my foe's career, and I received a new lease of life.

Need I tell how rapidly I recovered from my wounds, and regained health and strength under the ever-watchful treatment of my gentle nurse? Need I relate how, while convalescent, I wooed and won her? I think not. I need only add that residence in Natal became sweetly bearable when she came to share my home; and I have never regretted the accident which, I have always considered, led, in a great measure, to Minnie's becoming my devoted wife.

THE FOREST GLEANER.

The pictures of Mr. Dobson are popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and most deservedly. There is a sweet humanity about them which appeals to all hearts. The one we have engraved for the present number breathes of two natures—that of the woods and childhood. Like most of Dobson's pictures, it tells its own story. It is a child returning home with the bundle of firewood she has gleaned. She knows that her mother depends upon her for fuel, and she feels at once happy and important. With the usual instinct of childhood, the little wood-gleaner has gathered quite as much as she can carry, and we dare say she will drop many a twig on her way home, and in stooping to pick them up drop more.

The children of the poor, in all cases, have many privations and hardships to endure; but most certainly we feel more for the little ones who dwell in one of those loathsome pandemoniums called Tenement Houses, than we do for the children of the poor who have fresh air in the country, and roam through woods and meadows.

LAYING THE GHOST.

"MARY! oh, Mary! quick!" called out my husband's voice, entreatingly, after me, just as I was about to enter our own bedroom, having left him but a moment previous in the parlor below, reading.

I hurriedly retraced my steps.

"Well, dear, what's wanted?" I asked, abruptly opening the parlor-door, and interrupting its occupant in the cool perusal of his morning's newspaper.

I had to speak twice, so deeply engaged was he, before I could gain his attention. I succeeded at last, however, after repeated effort.

"Eh?—what?" he finally and spasmodically ejaculated, with the last word throwing down my "rival" upon the carpet at his feet. "What on earth did I call you for so persistently if I didn't want you? Why, my dear wife, you must have been dreaming. I haven't called you at all!"

I was in a great hurry at the time, I recollect; so, decidedly appeased and muttering a somewhat ungracious apology, I hastily retraced my steps in the direction of the bedroom regions, marveling much at what I heard, however, as I went—and reached there only to be greeted, my foot upon the threshold, by the same voice of agonized entreaty as before:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

For a moment I stood irresolute, transfixed, and, I will now own; paralyzed, literally, with something that was not all amazement, remembering well that the house was a detached building, standing apart in its own garden, and that, with the exception of a deaf old Scotchwoman, as cook and laundress in the kitchen, my husband and myself, with a non-talkative baby of six months, were its sole occupants. Yes, I will own that, for an instant, my cheek actually blanched with terror. As quickly, however, the color returned—sent thither in a torrent of red-blooded indignation by a sudden thought. "I'll teach him!" I said to myself, audibly, as I sprang to the banisters, and leaned wrathfully over them.

"Henry!" I shrieked, in anything but dulcet tones, "be good enough to come to that door for an instant!"

In the prescribed "instant" I heard his footsteps, obedient to the certainly rather unwifely, or, more properly, "*Caudle-ish* summons," start for the direction designated, and a moment after he appeared, paper in hand, in the open doorway.

"Upon my word, sir——" I began, bravely, but at that distance in my "lecture" I stopped suddenly, interrupted as before—my innocent husband in full view of me—by that fearful voice again, entreatingly:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

My husband heard it, too, this time, and with the blankest species of astonishment depicted upon his countenance, his eyes met my own now thoroughly alarmed ones, as, with a sudden bound, he cleared the stairs, and stood by my side.

"Why, who on earth was that calling you, my dear?" he very naturally asked, on reaching it.

"Upon my word, it is certainly *now* a complete mystery!" I quite as naturally answered. "Until its third repetition—but an instant since, the one you just heard—I certainly thought it was you, dear, playing off some incomprehensible joke. That is why I called you so wrathfully."

My husband half smiled at the remembrance of my moment's tone of menace, but, as well as myself, still looked strangely puzzled.

Together, his arm about my waist, we entered our sleeping-room, and looked carefully about it. Its investigation proved nothing, however; for, save the living fact of our sleeping boy, of the tender age above specified, cradled and cozily nestled away in his healthful little pink slumber by the mantelpiece, no living object rewarded our search or gaze.

It was evident that absolute and grave perplexity was fast taking the place of the first annoying but rather amused wonderment which had till now been the dominant thought of my husband's mind; a literally chilling fear, I don't hesitate to own, had for some time past obtained thorough mastery of mine.

"Is it possible that this young gentleman can have been indulging in imaginary exclamations, or colloquial rejoinders, in his dreams?" his father finally asked, jocosely, crossing over to the foot of our unawakened darling, and bending fondly over him. "You know, Mary, he is a remarkably bright boy—the veritable 'eighth wonder' of Babydom!"

"His father in miniature, I own," I added, complimentarily, and with as much lightness of tone as I could possibly assume for the moment; "but scarcely equal yet to the marvelous mastery of the English tongue complete in one lesson, or——"

"The audacity of calling his maternal parent by her Christian name!" he added, laughingly.

"Just what I was about to say," I succeeded in articulating in reply, and might have added a few words further, when, instead, I foolishly fell fainting to the floor, in absolute unconsciousness, on a *fourth* repetition of this terrible voice, seemingly in the very baseless air beside us, and in the stereotyped words of entreaty:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

Not to drag my story, I will skip details, and inform my reader at once that for six weeks subsequent to its first hearing, that fearful phrase above quoted became the terror of my life, and, indeed, of all our lives in that cottage.

Strangers in the then small town of Detroit, Ill., we had but lately moved from the East and settled here, my husband as a lawyer, and I, with what encouragement I might, as a teacher both of French and German to as many would-be experts in those languages as Providence would kindly permit to be served with "*verbes*" to order, in the matter of a trifling addition to a rather slender present income. We were doing well. For a year or more we had managed, outside of our moderate expenditure, to save a sufficient sum in this, the second year only, of our Western residence, and but six months subsequent to our precious baby's birth, to enter upon a married woman's dream of heaven in earnest—housekeeping, and at home, alone with her husband and baby—or as near it as the facilities of earth permit.

Three days after our entering into the pretty *ménage* which we had chosen and arranged out from all our present world—rather rude surroundings—our cruel awakening came, in the manner above narrated.

Yes, the house was haunted, verily haunted! or had that reputation. Being strangers, in the interest of the property the fact had not been told us. The house had lain vacant over three years or more, during which time it had had no less than seven tenants, none of whom had staid beyond the first month's occupancy.

As yet, in the course of a residency extending to a period of a little over six weeks, we had heard nothing worse than the same plaintive adjuration with which my story commences, never seen anything, and, in fact, heard that only in our own bedroom, or, rather, in our bedroom that was; for, in order to calm my nervous fears, which I no longer hesitated to own, my indulgent husband had moved our bedroom to the one opposite, and as yet the change had seemed an auspicious one, for, up to this time, *it*—the voice—had never obtruded itself across the hall in that direction.

I shall never forget the night it followed me there!

My husband picked me up, he told me afterward, senseless, at the foot of the baby's cradle. No need to ask what caused the swoon.

By one messenger—our only one, dear Barbara aforesaid—he sent off at once for both the doctor and the land agent from whom he had purchased the property.

In an hour both had come and gone. The opinion of the former in relation to your humble servant evidently was (but internally), that she was a weak, nervous fool, who unnecessarily threw the household into alarm because of her foolish, groundless whims; (but aloud), that of a "lady in an extremely delicate state of the nervous system, who required the utmost attention and devotion, on the parts both of her husband and attendant physician, in order to bring about a rapid toning;" and having been safely delivered of said professional apophthegm, the doctor bowed and departed, leaving me a dozen of tiny white powders, to be dissolved each into a "gallon of Lake Michigan," as my husband said, and taken hourly throughout the night.

Well, I took them, but must confess that, on the whole, I felt no better for my homeopathic dosing.

From the land agent we learned that which bore more directly upon my special case—viz., that a lady—the wife of a sea-captain who had been drowned at sea but a few months after their marriage—had formerly occupied our house; and, furthermore, after much questioning, both direct and roundabout, we came into possession of the knowledge that the lady aforesaid, whom he described as "a sweet, gentle soul," finally died there—all alone, but for one servant.

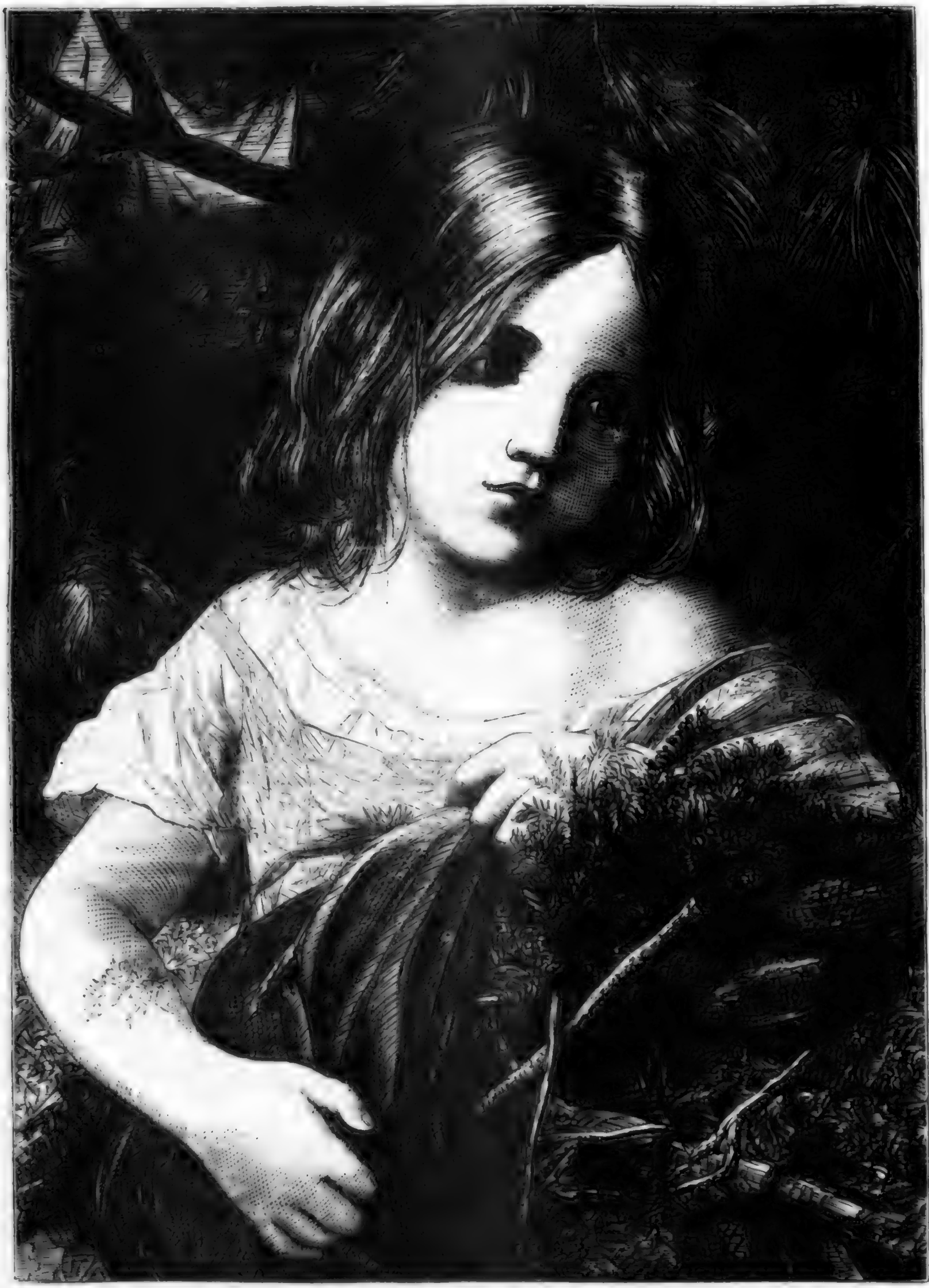
"I will wager anything," I whispered to my husband, in a loud *sotto voce*, "that the poor lady's name was Mary. Ask the gentleman, dear, if he knows."

At my instigation, my husband did so, and, by reference to his memorandum-book, the agent informed us that it was; showing us, in confirmation, a written leaf therein, on which was inscribed, "Mrs. Mary Dayton, April 23d, 1849."

The agent finally took his departure, leaving me, in my thoroughly aroused nervous state, more abnormally disturbed in fancy than ever, for now I insisted that the house was haunted by the spirit of the deceased captain, who walked "to and fro, up and down," restless as his sable majesty in the Book of Job, calling forever entreatingly upon the name of his lost, dead wife, "Mary, oh, Mary! quick!"

My husband tried in vain to soothe me, but it was of no avail. By this time I was really ill, and there's no knowing to what lengths my absurdity might not finally have led me, when, fortunately for me and all the members of that entire haunted household, it was abruptly put to flight by the diversion, incident upon the arrival—sudden and totally unexpected arrival—of my husband's elder brother from Calcutta.

Said brother being our favorite one, and a great traveler and learned *savant* as well, great was our joy at this sudden meeting, and hearty the welcome accorded him, after a long separation caused by his past three years' sojourn in the Orient, by his anxious relatives of the Western Hemisphere.

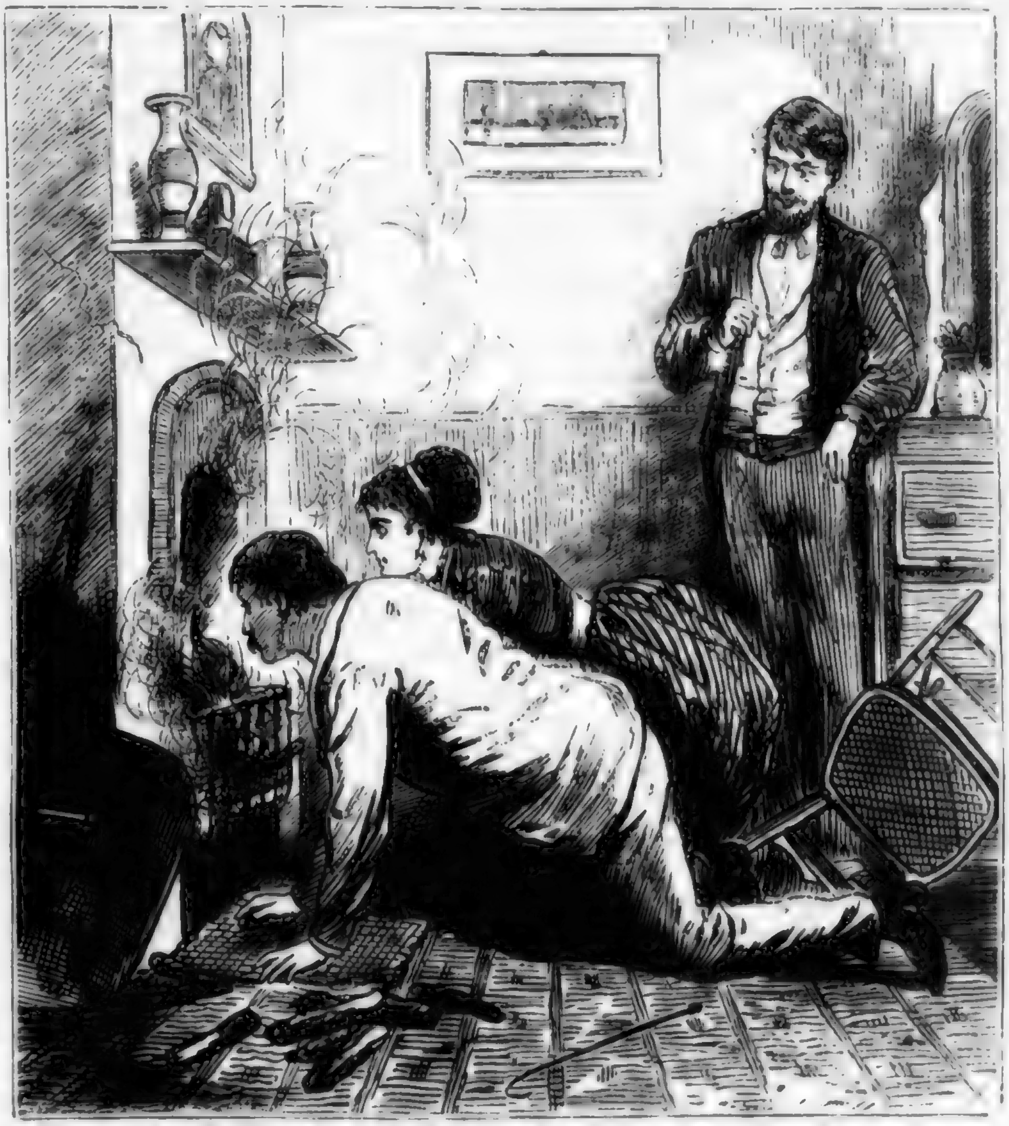


THE FOREST GLEANER.—SEE PAGE 618.

Of course, *the* topic of the house and hour was soon touched upon, and dwelt upon as well, to some length. My brother promised to give the matter his full attention, and, somehow, so great was my veneration for his judgment, and so absolute my confidence in his skill, that I really began to mend, both in health and spirits, from the moment of his welcome arrival among us. And at the end of three days, I, at least, was scarcely surprised by his statement, that he was now "fully prepared to lay that ghost at once and forever, or gallantly perish in the attempt."

His stipulation being, however, that we must do exactly as he said, or, in other words, that he must have matters, for the nonce, all his own way, of course we consented, and after turning us out of our original bedroom, to which we had in disgust returned, he invited us up again, an hour afterward, to a grand incantation scene, which, with the utmost solemnity of manner, he insisted upon going through; and—to shorten a rather lengthy story—the incense he burned, and the gibberish he chanted, in "Pigeon English," the which dwells in my memory yet.

The incantation lasted about an hour, during which time the incense burned incessantly. At the end of that time, our brother gravely informed us that the performances were over, and that we had better open the windows, and let out the vapors; also, light a little fire in the grate, to purify the air, and on his word of honor as "a man and a brother" veritable, we would never again be troubled by the ghost.



LAYING THE GHOST.—"HE FOUND US BOTH—MY HUSBAND AND MYSELF—DOWN ON OUR KNEES BEFORE THE GRATE, BLOWING WITH ALL OUR MIGHT, IN ALTERNATE TRIALS, AT THE DRY KINDLING-WOOD."—SEE PAGE 618.

We carried out his instructions literally, even in the matter of lighting a fire in the grate.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, the high priest dropped in again in *propria persona*, to see how matters were progressing. He found us both—my husband and myself (old Barbara being down with a severe attack of the rheumatism at the time—down on our knees before the grate, blowing with all our might in alternate trials at the dry pine kindling-wood which, instead of politely bursting into a bright blaze beneath our united efforts, insisted on puffing whiffs of thick, blue smoke out into our already inflamed eyes. It was no use, and we presently so pronounced it.

Clearly, there was some obstruction in the chimney. My husband and brother went up-stairs in the garret, and on top of the house, to personally examine into the state of the chimney. They had been gone but a few moments, when I, still on my knees in front of the grate, was surprised by the sound of something falling down the chimney; and the instant afterward, almost on my very nose, tumbled the huge, feathery body of a dead macaw!

At the same moment my two tormentors entered the room. A smile of triumph simultaneously lit both mustached lips. With the appearance of the dead parrot, I began to smell "a small mice."

"Well, Mary, how about the incantation, now? Am I or am I not a true Isaiah, Jr.?" greeted my brother, banteringly.

"Shall I answer a fool according to his folly?" I replied, discourteously, but relevantly as well.

Whereat they both laughed, and I made haste to heal my brother's wounded vanity by an opposite quotation fully as complimentary as was the other rude.

"Expect no incense at my hands, brother mine," I added, gayly. "You see I burn none under your or my nose, though you treat me with far less consideration. In this parrot, then, I recognize your 'ghost'; and your incantation——"

"Was to smoke her parrotship out of her snug quarters in the chimney," he interrupted, with a smile.

"But how did you know it was there? We have never seen it before, husband?"

My husband shook his head in negation.

"And, oh!" I resumed, in sudden recollection of the cruelty of the procedure, "how *could* you smoke it to death."

"One question at a time, my indignant sister," my brother replied, amusedly, drawing me to a seat between himself and my husband, on the sofa. "First, How did I know of its existence? I saw it, my dear—saw it, late the other night, from the carriage-window, as I drove up from the boat. Naturally attracted by the strange phenomenon of a large, white bird fluttering about the chimney-tops, I next day mounted the roof, to investigate. I found it, without much difficulty, crouched away out of sight in one of the chimneys. I saw at a glance that it could not live long, being very old and feeble—certainly not a day less than thirty years of age—and concluded it would be a mercy to put it out of its sufferings; for, eventually, when it got too feeble to fly in and out, or leave its chimney, it would necessarily die of starvation. While upon the roof, and yet unseen by it, I heard it utter the identical phrase which has so troubled you, viz.: '*Mary! oh, Mary! quick!*'

"Satisfied, then, in my own mind, I yet kept it a secret from you both, intent upon carrying out the little harmless practical joke you have just witnessed. So, still intrusting my discovery to no one, I suddenly conceived the experiment of the incantation, which you must both own has been a complete success. As for what you are pleased, woman-like, to designate the extreme cruelty of the procedure, I must beg leave to 'deny the soft impeachment,' as I purposely used plenty of chloroform in the incense, in order to make the old macaw's death as utterly painless as possible:

"Poor old Polly!" he added, turning over the old gray parrot's carcass with his foot. "She was doubtless a brave old bit of snappish Cayenne, in her day. Doubtless she belonged to the lady who used to occupy this house, whose name was 'Mary,' you recollect; and, in all probability, was a present from her sea-captain husband. Ever since her death, the bird must have lived all alone in its own chimney corner, supplying itself in some inexplicable manner with food, but unmolested by the inmates of the house."

"Yes; doubtless," I made answer. "And playing ghost, meanwhile, to its heart's content."

"Doubtless, doubtless!" he replied, laughingly; "but, of a surety, you must own that I've honorably won my spurs; and that, in the encounter of flesh *versus* devil, I claim, for ever and for aye, to have laid your ghost!"

ESCAPE OF DAVID MENZIES.

On the breaking out of the Cherokee war, prior to the American Revolution, Colonel Sinclair sent Mr. David Menzies, a surgeon, to visit a gang of negroes at a new settlement, situated on the Oconie River, which is a stream of the Altamaha, and joins a branch of the Savannah about seventy miles from the town of Augusta, in Georgia, and about one hundred miles distant from the nearest town of the Indians. The following account of the sufferings which Mr. Menzies endured is from his own pen, and has been confirmed by the celebrated Logan, who rescued him:

"On the night I arrived at Colonel Sinclair's plantations we were surrounded by a party of Cherokees; and, as we made no resistance, were all taken alive. We were then driven away before them, laden with pillage, into their own country, excepting two negroes, who, being sick and unable to keep pace with us, they scalped and left on the path. In proceeding to the Indian town, I understood (having some knowledge of their language) that these Cherokees had lost in the expedition one of their head warriors, in a skirmish with some of our rangers, and that I was destined to be presented to that chief's mother and family in his room; at which I was overjoyed, as knowing that I had thereby a chance, not only of being secured from death and torture, but even of good usage and caresses. I perceived, however, that I had much overrated my matter of consolation, as soon as I was introduced to the mother of their hero. She sat squat on the ground, with a bear's cub in her lap, as nauseous a figure as the accumulated infirmities of decrepitude, undisguised by art, could make her; and instead of courteously inviting her captive to replace, by adoption, her slain child, she fixed her bloodshot, haggard eyes upon me; then, riveting them upon the ground, gurgled through her throat my rejection and destruction.

"The famous Logan, a chief of another territory, some of whose hunters were in the party who took us, sent to interpose for my life, and offered a great supply of gunpowder, shot, flints, provisions, and rum for my ransom; but his offers were refused—the feast of revenge was too delicious for the old, ferocious savage.

"My head ran on nothing now but stones, sticks, pitch-pine, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and other instruments of savage cruelty; but I was mistaken in that, too, and reserved, alas! for new and unheard-of torments. These Indians, in one of their late excursions into South Carolina, had met, it seems, with some larded venison, which pleased their taste; in consequence of which they had carried off some larding-pins, as well as a quantity of bacon; and my cannibal mistress had determined to make, by means of an Indian who had seen the operation in Carolina, an application of this discovery to human flesh.

"When it was evening, these barbarians brought me, entirely naked, before a large fire, kindled in the midst of the diabolical heroine's hut, around which the three or four other families, who were also inmates of this Indian house, with other savages, were collected, with a store of rum before them, and every other preparation toward a feast. Two young torturers, having first bound me to a stake, began to experiment on me the culinary operation of larding. After they had larded my left side, so as to exhibit a complete half-side of bacon, they turned it close to the fire, and proceeded on the other. This performance took up much time, on account of the inexperience of the operators, as well as my struggling, in which I afforded infinite merriment to the old hag and her company—the pin not merely going through the insensible epidermis, but lacerating also the pyramidal *papillæ* of the *cutis*, which anatomists agree to be the seat of feeling; and as the savages all the while plied their rum incessantly, the whole assembly were soon intoxicated.

"Fortunately, at this moment an alarm was given that Logan was arrived, and had set fire to the town; my executioners fled, leaving me roasting, and the old hag and some others fast asleep. I did not let this providential opportunity slip me; but instantly disengaged my right arm (at the expense of the *palmaris brevis muscli*, and with a dislocation of the eighth bone of the *carpus*), and fell to untying myself with expedition. I then escaped into the town, whence I dashed into the woods, having only staid just long enough to place some of the firebrands in a position to fire the cabin, and not having forgotten to lay a small one in the lap of my inhuman she-tyrant.

"When I perceived that I was not pursued, I looked back, and saw, with great satisfaction, the Indian town in flames. I continued my flight through the wilderness, chiefly by night, steering southwest.

"I penetrated at last through all difficulties to Augusta, where I was entertained with great humanity and civility by Justice Ray; and was cured of my wounds, and of the fever, their symptomatic consequence. And so far am I from experiencing any material detriment by this Indian treatment (for I am above accounting a few scars on my cheek such), that I have received, I imagine, a momentous benefit from it, as I have got entirely rid of a paralytic complaint, with which I had been for years afflicted in my left side, which was roasted.

Very few men can be wholly wrong. The clock that does not go at all is right twice every twenty-four hours.

A FLORAL WOOING.

I LINGER at my lattice
That fronts the rosy dawn
When morning's misty curtains
About the world are drawn;
I listen for his footstep—
I hear it from afar,
And follow it, as, through the gloom
Of night, star follows star.

Each morning, down the laurel walk,
In shadow, or in sun,
To meet him and to greet him,
My happy fancies run.
As on the rusty gate he lays
Some knightly token fair –
A nosegay for my window-sill –
A rosebud for my hair.

He tells his love to me alone
In Summer's rarest blooms,
He breathes his soul into the rose
In passionate perfumes.
Some day his lips shall whisper
What these sweet flowers confess—
"My love, wilt thou be mine, indeed?"
And I will answer "Yes."

A GOOD WOMAN.

A FAIRY STORY.

THERE was, once upon a time, a Good Woman, who was kind, candid, and courageous. She had experienced all the vicissitudes which can agitate human existence.

She had resided at court, and endured all the storms to which it is subject—treasons, perfidies, infidelities, loss of wealth, loss of friends. So that, disgusted with dwelling in a place in which dissimulation and hypocrisy have established their empire, and weary of an intercourse wherein hearts never appear as they really are, she resolved to quit her own country and go to a distance, where she could forget the world, and where the world would hear no more of her.

When she believed herself far enough off, she built a small house in an extremely agreeable situation. All she could then do was to buy a little flock of sheep, which furnished her with food and clothing.

One day she was astonished at seeing run toward her three little children, more beautiful than the fairest day. She was delighted to see such charming company. They loaded her with a hundred caresses, and as she seated herself on the ground, in order to receive them more conveniently, one threw its little arms round her neck, another encircled her waist from behind, and the third called her "mother."

She waited a long time, to see if some one would not come to fetch them, believing that those who had led them thither would not fail to return for them. All the day passed without her seeing any one.

She resolved to take them to her own home, and thought Heaven had sent her this little flock instead of the one she had lost. It was composed of two girls, who were only two or three years old, and a little boy of five. Each had a little ribbon round its neck, to which was attached a small jewel. One was a golden cherry, enameled with crimson, and engraved with the name of "Lirette." She thought that this must be the name of the little girl who wore it, and she resolved to call her by it. The other was a medal, on which was written "Mirtis"; and the little boy had an almond of green enamel, around which was written "Finfin." The Good Woman felt perfectly satisfied that these were their names.

The little girls had some jewels in their head-dresses, and more than enough to put the Good Woman in easy circumstances.

The children grew, and passed their days innocently; they loved the Good Woman, and were all three excessively fond of each other. They occupied themselves in tending their sheep, fishing with a line, spreading nets to catch birds, working in a little garden of their own, and employed their delicate hands in cultivating flowers.

Lirette was now twelve years old, Mirtis thirteen, and Finfin fifteen, when one evening, after supper, they were all seated in front of the cottage with the Good Woman, who instructed them in a hundred agreeable things. The youthful Finfin, seeing Lirette playing with the jewel on her neck, asked his dear mamma what it was for? She replied that she had found one on each of them when they fell into her hands. Lirette then said:

"If mine would but do as I tell it, I should be glad."

"And what would you have it to do?" asked Finfin.

"You will see," said she; and then, taking the end of the ribbon, "Little cherry," she continued, "I should like to have a beautiful house of roses."

At the same moment they heard a slight noise behind them. Mirtis turned round first, and uttered a loud cry; she had cause, for, instead of the cottage of the Good Woman, there appeared one of the most charming that could possibly be seen. It was not lofty, but the roof was formed of roses that would bloom in Winter as well as in Summer. They entered it, and found the most agreeable apartments, furnished magnificently.

The little family lived thus tranquilly, occupied with different employments, according to the seasons. They always attended to their flocks, but in the Summer their occupations were more pleasant. They hunted much in the Winter; they had bows and arrows, and sometimes went such long distances that they returned, with slow steps and almost frozen, to the house of roses.

The Good Woman would receive them by a large fire; she did not know which to begin to warm first.

"Lirette, my daughter Lirette," she would say, "place your little feet here." And taking Mirtis in her arms – "Mirtis, my child," continued she, "give me your beautiful hands to warm; and you my son, Finfin, come nearer."

Then, placing them all three on a sofa, she would pay them every attention, in the most charming and gentle manner.

Thus they passed their days in peace and happiness. The Good Woman wondered at the sympathy between Finfin and Lirette, for Mirtis was as beautiful, and had no less amiable qualities; but certainly Finfin did not love her as fervently as the other.

One day, when Lirette was slightly indisposed, and Mirtis and Finfin were out hunting, the Good Woman thought it a convenient opportunity to go in search of Madam Tu-tu, for such was the name of the fairy.

Meanwhile, Finfin and Mirtis had hunted the livelong day, and, being tired, they had placed their game on the ground, and sat down to rest under a tree, where they fell asleep.

The King's son also hunted that day in the forest. He missed his suite, and came to the place where our young shepherd and shepherdess were reposing. He contemplated them for some time with wonder. Finfin had made a pillow

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of his game-bag, and the head of Mirtis reclined on the breast of Finfin.

The prince thought Mirtis so beautiful that he precipitately dismounted from his horse to examine her features with more attention. He judged, by their scrips and the simplicity of their apparel, that they were only some shepherd's children. He sighed from grief, having already sighed from love, and this love, even, was followed in an instant by jealousy. The position in which he found these young people made him believe that such familiarity could only result from the affection which united them.

In this uneasy state of mind, not being able to tolerate their prolonged repose, he touched the handsome Finfin with his spear. He started up, and, seeing a man before him, he passed his hand over the face of Mirtis, and awoke her, calling her "sister," a name which dissipated in a moment the alarm of the young prince.

Mirtis rose up, quite astonished; she had never seen any one but Finfin. The young prince was the same age as herself. He was superbly attired, and had a face full of charming expression.

He began by saying many sweet things to her. She listened to him with a pleasure which she had never before experienced, and she responded to them in a simple manner, full of grace. Finfin saw that it was getting late, and he told his sister it was time to go home.

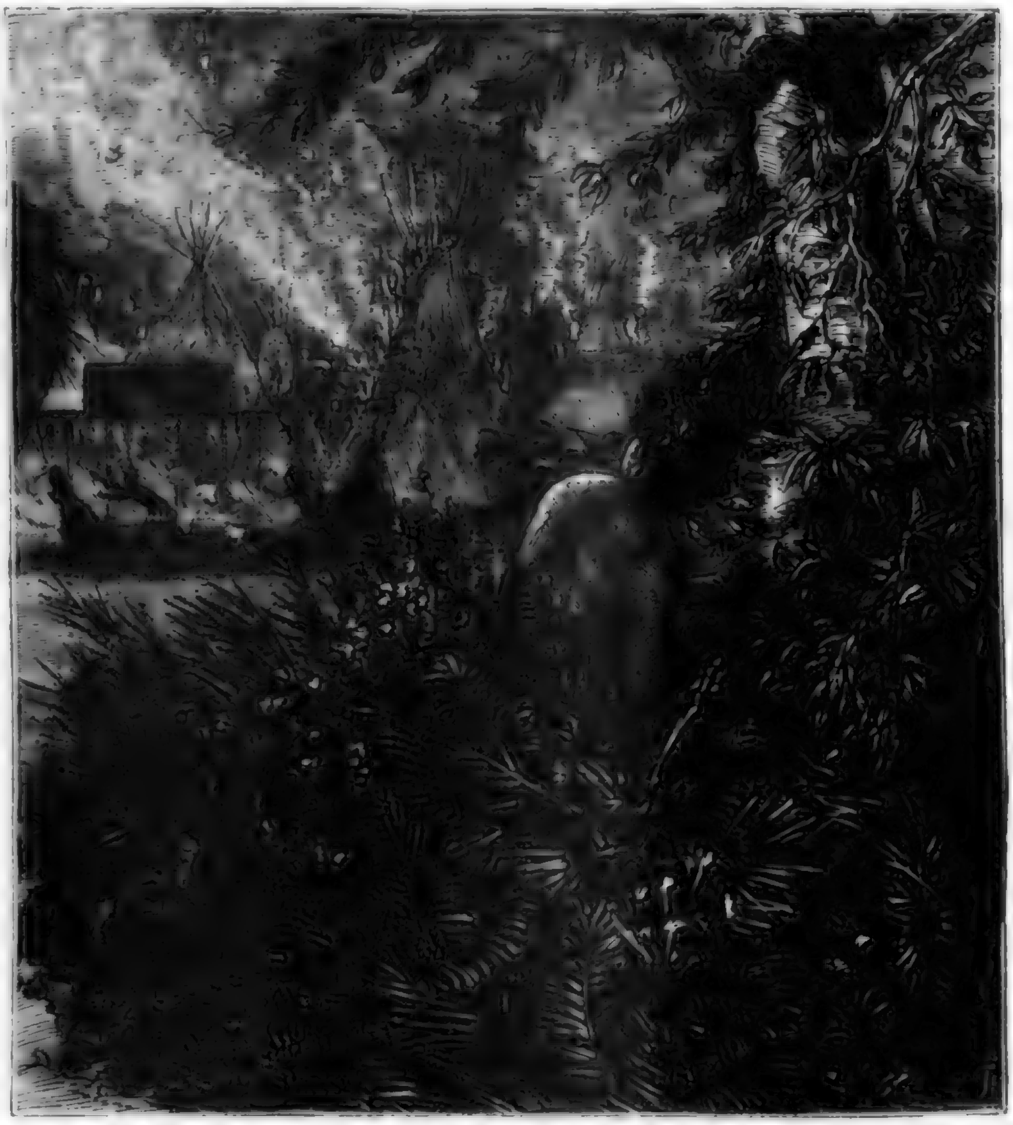
"Come, brother," said she to the young prince, giving him her hand, "come with us into the house of roses."

For as she believed Finfin to be her brother, she thought that every one who was handsome, like him, must be her brother also.

The young prince did not require much pressing to follow her. Finfin threw on the back of his fawn the game he had shot, and the handsome prince carried the bow and the game-bag of Mirtis.

In this order they arrived at the house of roses. Lirette came out to meet them. She gave the prince a smiling reception, and turning toward Mirtis, said:

"I am delighted that you have had such good sport."



ESCAPE OF DAVID MENZIES.—"WHEN I PERCEIVED THAT I WAS NOT PURSUED, I LOOKED BACK, AND SAW, WITH GREAT SATISFACTION, THE INDIAN TOWN IN FLAMES."—SEE PAGE 622.

They went all together to see the Good Woman, to whom the prince made known his high birth. She paid due attention to so illustrious a guest, and gave him a handsome apartment. He remained two or three days with her, and this was long enough to complete his conquest by Mirtis, according to Finfin's request to his little almond.

Meanwhile, the suite of the prince had been much surprised at his absence. They had found his horse, and they believed that some frightful accident had befallen him. They sought him everywhere, and the wicked king, who was his father, was in a great fury at their not being able to find him. The queen, his mother, who was very amiable, and sister of the king whom her husband had cruelly murdered, was in an inconceivable state of grief at the loss of her son.

The king's people made so many inquiries for the prince, and sought him with so much care, that at length they found him at the house of roses.

They led him back to the king, who scolded him brutally, as though he were not the most beautiful youth in the world. He remained very sad at the court of his father, and thinking of his beautiful Mirtis. At length his grief was so visible on his countenance that he was obliged to take his mother into his confidence, who consoled him extremely.

"If you will mount your beautiful palfrey," said he, "and come to the house of roses, you will be charmed with what you will see."

The queen consented willingly, and took her son with her, who was enchanted at seeing his dear mistress again.

The queen was astonished at the great beauty of Mirtis, and also at that of Lirette and Finfin. She embraced them with as much tenderness as if they had been all her own children, and conceived an immense friendship from that moment for the Good Woman. She admired the house, the garden, and all the curiosities she saw there.

One day the Good Woman took the children to see the fairy, Madame Tu-tu, and gave them her instructions.

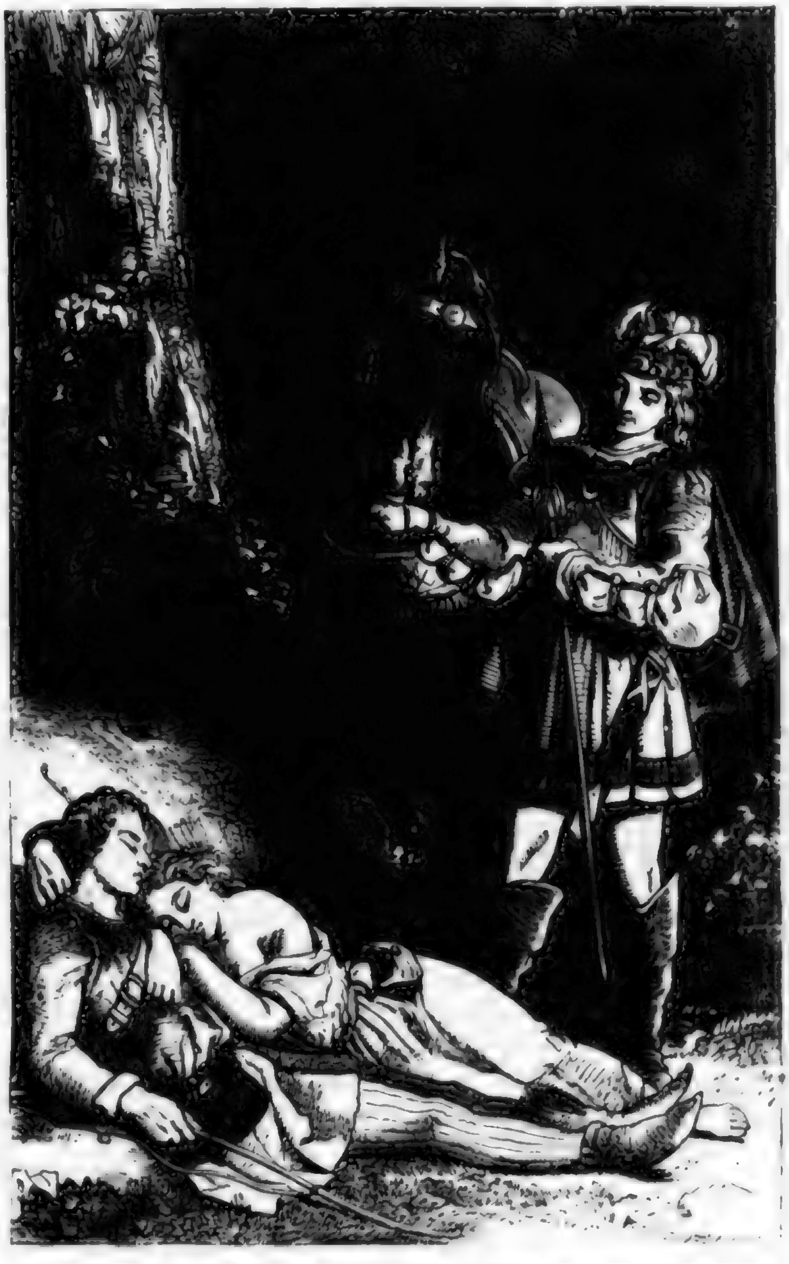
The young shepherds assured her that they would do exactly as she prescribed; and all four, leading their flocks into the meadows, left Madame Tu-tu alone with the Good Woman. She remarked some anxiety in her manner.

"What is the matter, madame?" said the fairy; "what cloud has come over your mind?"

"I will not deny," said the Good Woman, "that I am uneasy at leaving them all thus together. I have for some time perceived with sorrow that Finfin and Lirette love each other more than is desirable, and here, to add to my trouble, another attachment springs up; the prince and Mirtis do not dislike each other, and I fear to leave their youth exposed to the wandering of their hearts."

"You have brought up these two young girls so well," replied Madame Tu-tu, "that you need fear nothing; I will answer for their discretion; I will enlighten you as to their destiny in the future."

She then informed her that Finfin was the son of the wicked king, and brother of the young prince; that Mirtis and Lirette were sisters, and daughters of the deceased king, who had been murdered, and was the brother of the queen, whom the cruel usurper had married—so that these four young persons were near relations; that the wicked king had ascended the throne after having committed a hundred atrocities, which he wished to crown by the murder of the two princesses; that the queen did all she could to prevent him, and not being able to succeed, she had called her (the fairy) to her assistance; that she then told the queen she would save them, but that she could only do so by taking with them her eldest son; that she undertook to promise she should see them again some day in happiness; that on these conditions the queen had consented to a separation, which appeared at first very hard; that she had carried them all three off, and that she had confided them to the care of the Good Woman as the person most worthy of such an office.



GOOD WOMAN.—"THE PRINCE CONTEMPLATED THEM FOR SOME TIME WITH WONDER. FINFIN HAD MADE A PILLOW OF HIS GAME-BAG, AND THE HEAD OF MIRTIS RECLINED ON THE BREAST OF FINFIN.—SEE PAGE 623.

After this the fairy begged her to be at ease, assuring her that the union of these young princes would restore peace to the kingdom, wherein Finfin would reign with Lirette.

The Good Woman listened to this discourse with great interest, but not without letting fall some tears. Madame Tu-tu was surprised at this emotion, and asked the cause.

"Alas!" said she, "I fear they will lose their innocence by this grandeur to which they will be elevated, and that so brilliant a fortune will corrupt their virtue."

"No," replied the fairy, "do not fear so great a misfortune; the principles you have instilled into them are too excellent. It is possible to be a king and yet an honest man. Therefore set your mind at rest; I shall be with you as much as possible, and I hope you will not be melancholy here."

The Good Woman believed her, and, after a short time, felt perfectly satisfied. The young shepherds were so happy, also, that they desired nothing but the continuance of their agreeable mode of life. Their pleasures, although tranquil, were not without interest; they saw each other every day, and the days only appeared too short.

The bad king learned that they were with Madame Tu-tu, but all his power could not take them away from her. He knew by what magic spells she protected them; he saw clearly that he could only get the better of them by stratagem; he had not been able to inhabit the house of roses in consequence of the continual tricks played on him by Madame Tu-tu; he hated her more than ever, as well as the Good Woman, and his hatred now extended also to his son.

At last, by a treachery eminently in keeping with all this wicked king did, he managed to get Finfin and Lirette into his power. When they did not return, the Good Woman was in despair, not knowing what could have happened to them. She went to Madame Tu-tu, who consulted her magic volume, when she appeared plunged on a sudden into a state of excessive sadness.

After some time, and just as day was breaking, the Good Woman observing a few tears fall on the leaves of the book, took the liberty to ask the cause of the fairy's sorrow.

"I grieve," she said, "at the irrevocable decree of fate, which I have learned from these pages, and which I shudder and tremble to acquaint you with."

"Are they dead?" cried the Good Woman.

"No," pursued Madame Tu-tu; "but nothing can save them, unless you or I go and present ourselves to the king, and satisfy his vengeance. I confess the truth to you, madame," continued the fairy, "that I do not feel sufficient affection for them, nor enough courage, to go thus and expose myself to his fury, and I question, also, if any one could be found capable of such a sacrifice."

"Pardon me, madame," replied the Good Woman, with great firmness; "I will go seek this king; no sacrifice is too great for me that will save my children. I will pour out for them, with all my heart, every drop of blood which I have in my veins."

Madame Tu-tu could not sufficiently admire so grand a resolution; she promised to assist her in every way in her power. The Good Woman took leave of her, and would not acquaint Mirtis or the prince with her design, for fear of affecting them and weakening her own determination..

She set out with a partridge flying by her side; and as they passed the iron oak, the partridge snatched with her beak a little moss from its trunk, and placed it in the hands of the Good Woman.

"When you are in the greatest peril that can befall you," said she to her, "throw this moss at the feet of the king."

The Good Woman treasured up these words, and hardly had she advanced some steps when she was seized by some of the wicked king's soldiers, whom he always kept in readiness on the outskirts of the domain of Madame Tu-tu. They led her before them.

"I have thee at last, wicked creature," said he; "I will put thee to death by the most cruel torture!"

"I came but for that purpose," replied she, "and thou mayest exercise thy cruelty as thou wilt on me, only spare my children, who are so young and incapable of having offended thee. I offer thee my life for theirs."

All who heard these words were filled with pity at her magnanimity; the king alone was unmoved.

The queen, who was present, shed a torrent of tears. The king was so indignant with her that he would have killed her, if her attendants had not placed themselves between them. She fled, uttering piercing cries.

The barbarous king caused the Good Woman to be shut up, ordering them to feed her well, in order to render approaching death more frightful to her. He commanded them to fill a pit with snakes, vipers, and serpents, promising himself the pleasure of precipitating the Good Woman into it. What a horrible mode of execution! It makes one shudder to think of it!

The officers of this unjust king obeyed him with regret, and when they had fulfilled this frightful order the king came to the spot. They were about to bind the Good Woman, when she begged them not to do so, assuring them that she had sufficient courage to meet death with her hands free; and feeling she had no time to lose, she approached the king, and threw the moss at his feet.

He was at that moment close to the frightful gulf, and, stepping forward to inspect it again with pleasure, his feet slipped on the moss, and he fell in. Scarcely had he reached the bottom of the pit, when the sanguinary reptiles darted upon him, and stung him to death, and the Good Woman, at the same instant, found herself in company with her dear partridge in the house of roses.

Whilst these things were happening, Finfin and Lirette were almost dead with misery in their fearful prison; their innocent affection alone kept them alive. They were saying very sad and very affecting things to each other, when they perceived on a sudden the doors of their dungeon open and admit Mirtis, the handsome prince, and Madame Tu-tu, who threw themselves on their necks, and who, though speaking all at once, failed not, in the midst of this joyful confusion, to announce the death of the king.

"He was your father, Finfin, as well as that of the prince," said Madame Tu-tu; "but he was unnatural and tyrannical, and would a hundred times have put the queen, your mother, to death. Let us go to seek her."

They did so. Her amiable nature made her feel some regret at the death of the king, her husband.

Finfin and the prince also paid all decent respect to his memory. Finfin was acknowledged king, and Mirtis and Lirette princesses.

They went all together to the house of roses, to see the generous Good Woman, who thought she should die of joy in embracing them. They all acknowledged that they owed their lives to her, and more than their lives, as they were indebted to her for their happiness also.

From that moment they considered themselves perfectly happy. The marriages were celebrated with great pomp. King Finfin espoused the Princess Lirette, and Mirtis the prince.

When these splendid nuptials were over, the Good Woman asked permission to retire to the house of roses. They were very unwilling to consent to this, but yielded to her sincere wish. The widowed queen also desired to pass the rest of her life with the Good Woman, and the partridge and the fawn did likewise. They were quite disgusted with the world, and found tranquillity in that charming retreat. Madame Tu-tu often went to visit them, as did the king and queen, the prince and princess.

Happy those who can imitate the actions of the Good Woman. Such grandeur of soul must ever meet due reward. Little do they fear being wrecked on the shoals of Fortune who can give up all with so much courage. Discretion, Sense, Virtue—what may not mortals owe to you, their truest friends in need.

CENTRAL AFRICAN DWARFS.

The prevailing indigenous races in Central and Southern Africa are the Caffres, Negroes, and Hottentots; the first two have woolly hair, while the Hottentots grow their hair in tufts or bushes, while some of these tribes are called Bushmen. They are closely related to the Papuas of the Polynesian Islands, and evidently belong to the original stock.

Another nearly extinct branch of this race are the dwarfs, found in the interior of Africa. The knowledge lately obtained in regard to the reality of their existence is highly important in an ethnological point of view. Their present existence was doubted for a long time, and was supposed to belong to the history of the past. Aristotle and Pliny spoke of pygmies in Africa, but their reports were interspersed with many incredible fables. Herodotus, however, gave a description, founded on fact, of little men in Central Africa.

In 1840, the missionary Krapt, in Eastern Africa, was informed that such a dwarfish people actually lived far in the interior, and were there called Dokos. These Dokos are only four feet high, of olive-colored complexion, living in a perfectly savage condition like animals, and Krapt himself saw such a Doko. Later, in 1864, the well-known gorilla-hunter, Du Chaillu, saw, not far from the shores of equatorial Western Africa, such a dwarfish people, whose height was from four feet to four feet eight inches, and who were called Obongo; they also had a dirty yellow skin, and hair like the Bushmen. Further south, on the shores of the Loango, Bastian found dwarfs which he names Babongos, and which had been brought as slaves from the interior to the coast.

More interesting, even, were Schweinfurth's discoveries in 1871, when he found, three degrees from the equator, among the Mombuttus, a people among whom cannibalism was legalized, a few Akka dwarfs, who called themselves Ticki-ticki, and were only four-and-a-half feet high. These people lived eighty to one hundred miles from Lake Nyanza. Schweinfurth attempted to bring one of them to Europe, but he died on the way. At last Miani brought from his tour in this region two Akka dwarfs, the arrival of whom in

Europe, after Miani's death, settled all doubt about the existence of the pygmies.

Anthropologists entertain the idea that these African dwarfs are related to the Bushmen, and are the remnants of a people originally largely diffused through the interior of Africa, and, being of a very low intellectual development, were oppressed and almost exterminated by the larger and more powerful Negroes. However, before having studied the anatomy of these dwarfs, with their language and the relation of these to the bodies and languages of other races, it is impossible to form definite conclusions.

TWO VIEWS OF A SUBJECT,

I.

He kneels to praise my long bright hair,
My strange bright hair, so thick and fine;
My curved, ripe lips, my skin as fair,
As lilies plashed with our red wine.
He swears my beauty is like hers,
Madonna Mia's, in her shrine;
I smile and sneer, and then occurs
Again, his tedious prayer, "Be mine!"

Perhaps I will—an hour or two,
A month, maybe; for who can know
What this same face of mine may do
Though *not* like Mary's better so;
Your saints do never catch the eye
Of gilded sinners. It is true,
No fairer girl's in Italy.
How should it be if it were you?

Why! just like this—as 'twill with me.
You'd scorn your peasant lover; turn
From daily toil and drudge, to be
The flower that toils not. Best to earn,
I say, your bread with just a kiss,
A soft caress, hear words that burn
Your cheeks at first to count amiss
Each day in which you do not learn

Some new wile, leading to some end
With pleasure for its core. 'Tis best,
I say, than foolishly to spend
Your whole life in a weary quest
For one day's leisure—one to call
Your own, in which to take your rest.
My plan, you see 's, the wise one—all
Days shall be joyous, unoppressed.

II A YEAR LATER.

Jesu be thanked! I'm here at last;
Here, where my great cathedral's span
Of shadow falls . . . the hateful Past
Fades, as the mountain breezes fan
My aching forehead! . . . here again
Near Luigi! Jesu, if I can
But kiss him once, 'twill stop the pain
About my heart. The river ran

Foaming and wide, and yet I crossed
For that one kiss! my weary feet
Bled on the stones; all hopes were lost
But this to hear *him* call me "sweet,"
To lay my head upon his breast,
Say, "Love, I know 'tis very meet,
This ending of my sin." . . . The rest
I have forgot. . . .

Who spoke then? Who are these that stand
And whisper? Girls with sunbrowned skins,
And eyes that gleam; on either hand
They press, rehearsing all my sins! . . .
Ah me! I am so weary, friends,
Good friends—for I do know you now,
Yes, all—from Beatrice, who spends
Her time in praying, to the low
Browed, gay Bianca—pity me!
Fetch Luigi! Tell him that I fled
From that bright city by the sea,
Hating the wicked life I led;
The quick, hot kiss on lip and cheek,
On throat and body—hating worst;
Myself—the words I used to speak,
The pride, that now I know accurst.

I'm dying, friends, and glad to go;
Sore need have I of peace and rest;
Better be dead at Orvieto
Than crowned at Venice. One is blest
With green sod o'er them—*is it thou*—
Thou, Luigi!—quick, kneel, hold me fast—
Close to your heart, and kiss me—so;
Blessed be God for peace at last!

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

WOMAN'S LOT IN RUSSIA.

John Stuart Mill's theory of the "Servitude of Woman" finds no lack of illustration in the realms of the Czar. Here is a recent example. A peasant in the village of Zalova Baltia, having strong doubts of the fidelity of his spouse, deliberately harnessed her to a cart, in company with a mare. He then got into the cart, in company with a friend, and drove the ill-assorted team some sixteen versts, nearly eleven English miles, without sparing whipcord. When he returned from his excursion, he shaved the unlucky woman's head, tarred and feathered her, and turned her out of doors. She naturally sought refuge and consolation from her parish priest; but he sent her back to her lord and master, prescribing further flagellation.

An appeal to justice by the poor woman and her relatives resulted in a nonsuit, and any recourse to a higher court will probably terminate in the same manner.

The use of the whip seems almost universal in Russia; any magistrate can order the knout to be applied to a malefactor, and a contemporary informs us that the fearful instrument consists of a lash of leather, dipped in glue, and then thickly incrusted with iron filings and powdered glass. It need scarcely be said that death under this punishment is not unfrequent.

Until quite recently, the master or mistress of a household used to horsewhip the domestic servants on New Year's Day, to remind them of their inferior position. The liberation of the serfs does not seem to have completed Russian civilization.

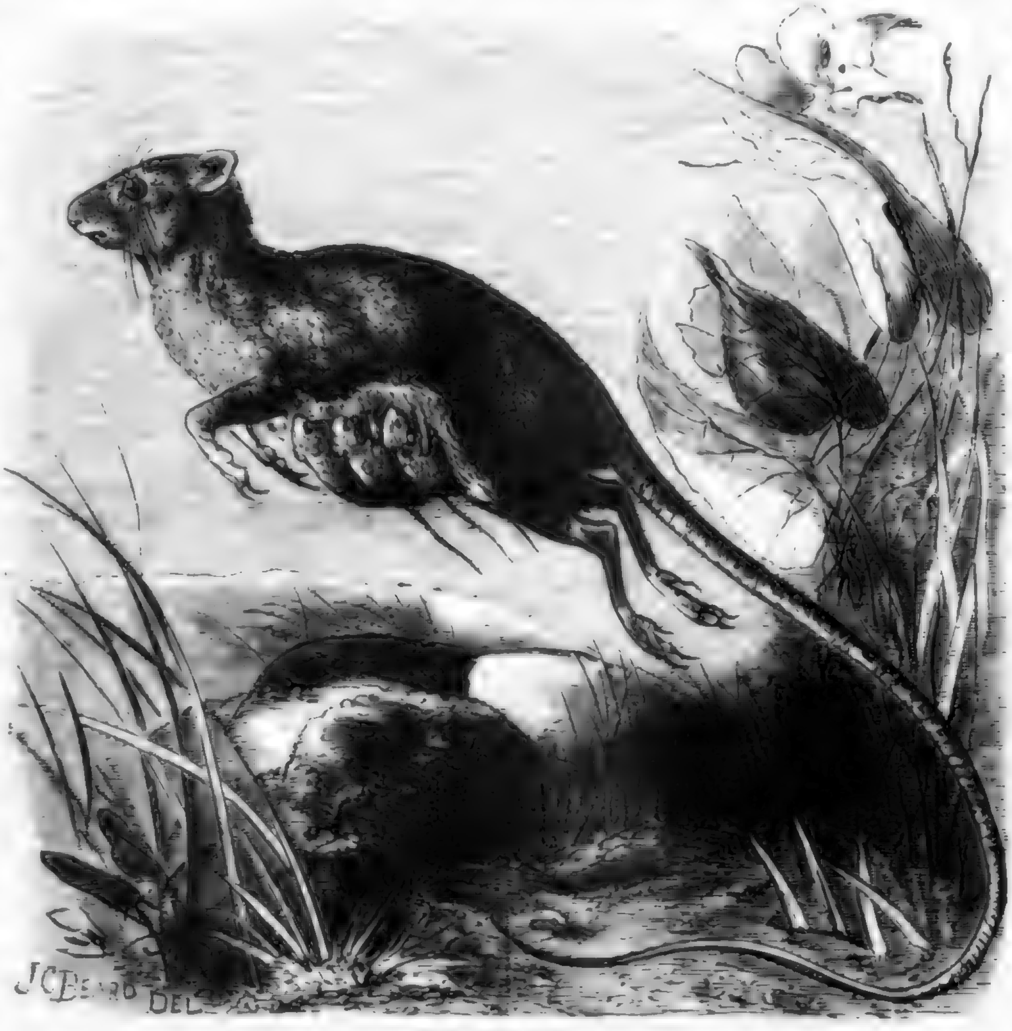
WRITING.

By all business people a plain, legible style of writing is most valued. Therefore, those who would write well should follow these rules: Write your own "hand." Improve it as you will, but keep it your own. Write plainly, forming every letter, and especially take pains to make all proper nouns, or unusual words, very legible. Write as uniformly as possible, and especially when writing your name or signature. Avoid all flourishes. On the ability to follow these simple rules may rest the chance of obtaining a situation.

To those who are writing for the press, or aspire to do so, we have simply to say that they often fail to gain a hearing on account of the "bad copy" they present. Manuscript should be written plainly. If writers only knew the immense trouble that illegible copy gives to editors and compositors, they would endeavor to write more plainly. Every word should be written distinctly, so that there shall be no need for guesswork on the part of the person who is to read it.

THE DEER-MOUSE.

Returning home from hunting one evening, I saw something which I at first took to be a house-wren skipping along an old stone wall. On nearer approach, however, I at once recognized it as a deer-mouse. At first I attempted to capture it by surprise, but perceiving me, it retreated into an apple-tree which had been blown down, and which was lying across the wall. Ascending the tree a few feet, it took refuge in an old woodpecker's nest. Climbing the tree, I thrust my hand into the hole, thinking to bring out the mouse, which I did, firmly attached to my finger. It bit me very savagely, and I had some trouble in detaching its teeth from my flesh without injuring the creature. My readers will, however, exonerate it from all blame, as I did, when I tell them that I found four little ones clinging to their mother, whose maternal solicitude rendered her brave to desperation.



THE DEER-MOUSE.

These diminutive creatures were as yet blind, and adhered to their mother as closely as ticks. After carefully inclosing the mouse and her offspring in the folds of a silk handkerchief, I stanched the flow of blood from my finger with a puff-ball, popularly known as devil's snuff-box, and made the best of my way home, where Mrs. Mouse and family found ample accommodations in a squirrel's cage.

I kept the little creatures in confinement for several weeks, feeding them on crackers and on bread and milk. They seemed very fond of milk, and would drink themselves into a state of distension that must have been, to say the least of it, rather uncomfortable. When first taken, the old mouse would resent any attempt at familiarity with great savageness, and was very shy; but in a few days she became quite tame, and, in common with her little ones as they grew up, permitted any one to handle her, and seemed glad to escape for a time from her cage. During the day they were very quiet, but when evening came they grew restless, and continued to squeal and gnaw at the woodwork of their cage until morning. They finally fell victims to a large rat, which, forcing an entrance into their cage, devoured them all.

There is an evident approach to the kangaroo marsupials in the anatomy of these little animals, as well as in the manner of carrying their young. When the actual size of the deer-mouse, or *Macirus Americana*, as naturalists call it, is taken into consideration, the leaps it makes when playing or pursued, eight or ten feet, are truly enormous. It has received the name of deer-mouse from its habit of drawing in its fore-legs like a deer when it leaps. It is sometimes mistakenly called the jumping-mouse, that appellation properly belonging to another and different species. The deer-mouse is found throughout the United States, and is rather a common species. I have observed it as far north as Massachusetts, and I have no doubt it is found still further in the British Provinces.

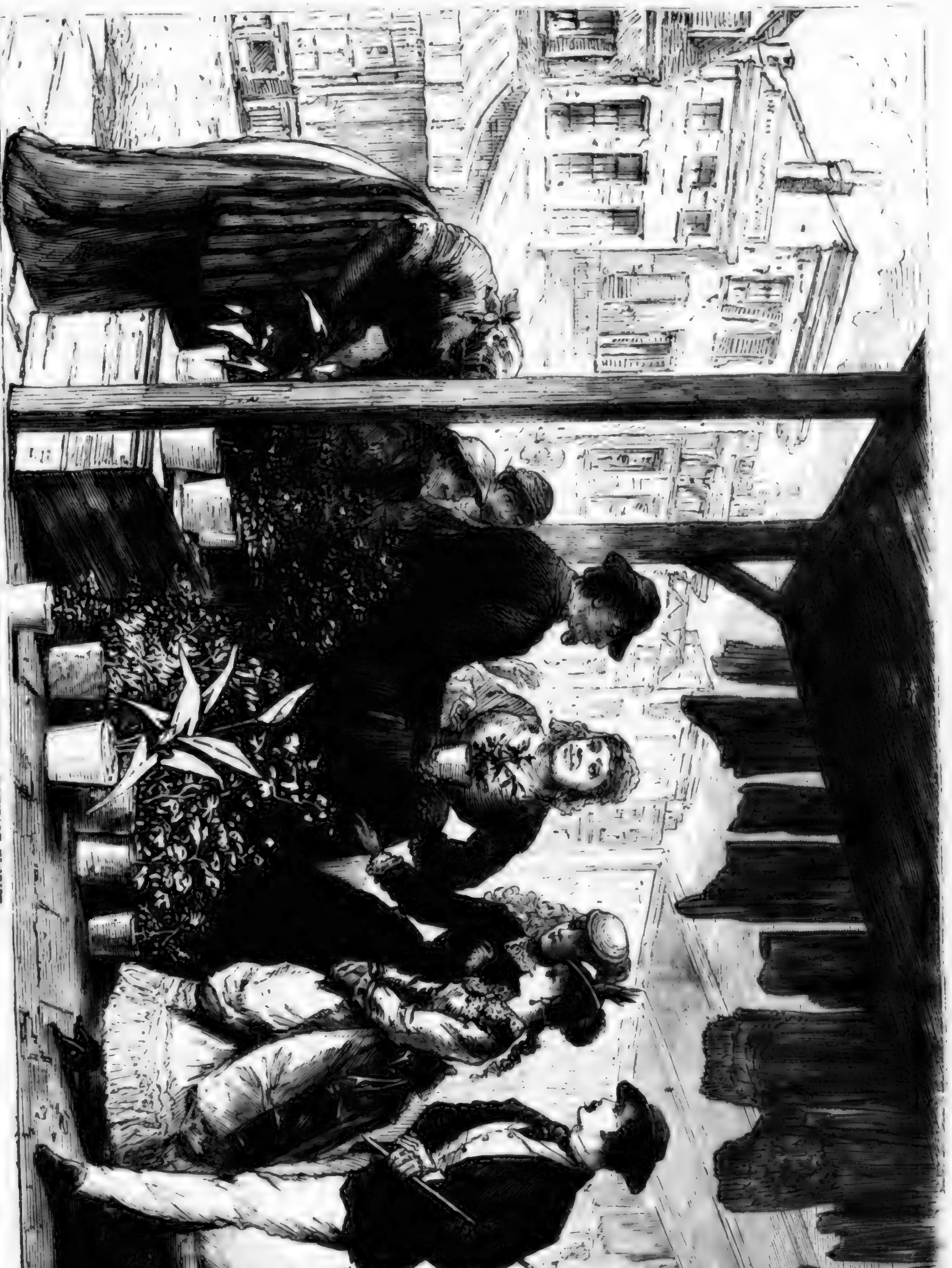
It is a strictly nocturnal animal, and is seldom seen during the day, unless disturbed in its retreat. I have often found deer-mice in the crops of hawks and in the stomachs of owls, particularly of those of the short-eared owl (*Brachyotus Cassinii*). The little animal can readily be recognized from kindred species by its exceptionally, or, rather, disproportionately, long tail, which is four or five inches in length. Old fences, walls, and heaps of rubbish about meadow-lands are favorite haunts of deer-mice.

At sunset they steal forth from their cover to play and gather their supper of seeds and grass-roots. At such times they are very playful, and leap from stone to stone, and from tussock to tussock, with great agility. All species of the field-mice are but little known, as they are seldom seen, keeping in cover by day; but in the night they are more bold and venturesome in the open places in the fields, where they are often seized by owls, foxes, and weasels.

EARLY SUMMER IN NEW YORK—A SIDEWALK FLORIST.

Few persons are aware of the extent of the flower business in and about New York City; and, indeed, it is difficult to estimate either the number of shoots, buds, and full-blown flowers used daily, or the amount paid and received for them. Of the strictly first-class florists in the city, there are upward of twenty, each having a liberal patronage, and employing from ten to fifteen persons.

At this season of the year, the business is exceedingly brisk, and considerable difficulty is experienced in obtaining the necessary quantity of the choice species of camellias,



EARLY SUMMER IN NEW YORK—A SIDEWALK FLORIST.

roses, orange-blossoms, and carnations. To have a ball, an evening party, a wedding, or a funeral, without a bountiful display of attractive flowers, is to ignore the usages of fashionable life, and not unfrequently one of the heaviest items of expenditure will be for the charming gems that now render nature so beautiful.

Flowers are arranged according to the occasion for which they are required, and a very keen perception of the effects of contrast is indispensable to the successful florist. Fashion changes as much with flowers as with articles of attire, and the smooth, symmetrical style of bouquets so long in demand are, this season at least, decidedly out of favor. The orders for bouquets and baskets made up loosely, are greater now than at any former time. The advantages claimed are, that the flowers preserve their freshness longer, do not break apart so quickly, and present a more attractive appearance. At several recent weddings, where the strictest rules of fashion were observed, the bouquets were made of long-stemmed white roses, or white and tea roses mixed. Others, made perfectly round, were composed of the choicest roses, tuberoses, cape jasmines, white carnations, orange-blossoms, and white orchids. The most prominent style of bridal bouquet is that made high in the middle (about half-round), composed of white roses, carnations, cape jasmines, lilies-of-the-valley, candytuft, sweet alyssum, and orange-blossoms, edged with silk fringe about five inches deep. Bouquets of this style, when properly made, may be preserved a very long time after using, by being covered with a glass shade.

While the rarer varieties of flowers are luxuries attainable only by those who possess well-filled purses, the poor are not without their share of nature's chiefest ornament. In the huge, grimy tenements, where the children of toil are huddled together in their narrow quarters, and even in the tumble-down dens where the very poor eke out a miserable existence, it is rare indeed that you will not find some window filled with flowers, carefully tended, and making a spot of brilliant beauty amid the dirt and destitution with which they are surrounded. In early Spring the itinerant flower-venders begin their daily rounds, and then, too, such groups as that represented by our picture may often be seen. The sidewalk florist deals in flowers of every variety, and frequently drives a very active trade.

GEORGE GRAHAM, CLOCKMAKER.

The oldest clock known to be in existence is one in the ancient castle of Dover, bearing date 1348. It has been running, therefore, five hundred and twenty-seven years. Other clocks of the same century exist in various parts of Europe, and the works of which have a considerable resemblance to the church clocks now in use, except that they have but one hand, which points the hour, and require winding up every twenty-four hours. From the fact of so many large clocks of that period having been preserved, in whole or in part, it is highly probable that the clock was then an old invention.

But how did people measure time during the countless ages that rolled away before the invention of the clock? The first time-measurer was probably a post stuck in the ground, the shadow of which, varying in length and direction, indicated the time of day, whenever the sun was not obstructed by clouds. The sun-dial, which was an improvement upon this, was known to the ancient Jews and Greeks. The ancient Chinese and Egyptians possessed an instrument called the Clepsydra (water-stealer), which was merely a vessel full of water, with a small hole in the bottom, by which the water slowly escaped. There were marks in the inside of the vessel which showed the hour. An improvement upon this was made about two hundred and thirty-five years before Christ, by an Egyptian, who caused the escaping water to turn a system of wheels; and the motion was communicated to a rod which pointed the hours upon a circle resembling a clock-face. Similar clocks were made, in which sand was used instead of water. The hour-glass was a time-measurer for many centuries in Europe, and all the ancient literatures abound in allusions to the rapid, unobserved running away of its sand.

The next advance was the invention of the wheel-and-weight clock, such as has been in use ever since. The first instrument of this kind may have been made by the ancients; but no clear allusion to its existence has been discovered earlier than 996, when Pope Sylvester II. is known to have had one constructed.

It was Christian Huygens, the famous Dutch philosopher, who applied, in 1658, the pendulum to the clock, and thus led directly to those more refined and subtle improvements, which render our present clocks and watches among the least imperfect of all human contrivances.

George Graham, the great London clockmaker of Queen Anne's and George I.'s time, and one of the most noted improvers of the clock, was born in 1675. After spending the first thirteen years of his life in a village in the North of England, he made his way to London, an intelligent and well-bred Quaker boy; and there he was so fortunate as to be taken as an apprentice by Tompion, then the most celebrated clockmaker in England, whose name is still to be seen upon ancient watches and clocks. Tompion was a most exquisite mechanic, proud of his work, and jealous of his name. Prior mentions him in his "Essay on Learning," where he says that the name of Tompion on a watch or clock was proof positive of its excellence.

Graham was worthy to be the apprentice of such a master, for he not only showed intelligence, skill, and fidelity, but a happy turn of invention. Tompion became warmly attached to him, treated him as a son, gave him the full benefit of his skill and knowledge, took him into partnership, and, finally, left him in sole possession of the business. For nearly half a century "George Graham, Clockmaker," was one of the best known signs in Fleet Street; and the instruments made in his shop were valued in all the principal countries of Europe. The great clock at Greenwich Observatory, made by him one hundred and fifty years ago, is still in use, and could scarcely now be surpassed in substantial excellence. The mural arch in the same establishment, used for the testing of quadrants and other instruments, was also his work. When the French Government sent Maupertius within the polar circle to ascertain the exact figure of the earth, it was George Graham who supplied the requisite instruments.

He made two very capital inventions in clock machinery, which are still universally used, and will probably never be superseded. It was a common complaint among clockmakers, when he was a young man, that the pendulum varied in length according to the temperature, and, consequently, caused the clock to go too slowly in hot weather, and too fast in cold. Thus, if a clock went correctly at a temperature of sixty degrees, it would lose three seconds a day if the temperature rose to seventy, and three more seconds a day for every additional ten degrees of heat. Graham first endeavored to rectify this inconvenience by making the pendulum of several different kinds of metal, which was a partial remedy. But the invention by which he overcame the difficulty completely, consisted in employing a column of mercury as the "bob" of the pendulum. The hot weather, which lengthened the steel rods, raised the column of mercury, and so brought the centre of oscillation higher. If the column of mercury was of the right length, the lengthening or the shortening of the pendulum was exactly counterbalanced, and the variation of the clock, through changes of the temperature, almost annihilated.

This was a truly exquisite invention. The clock he himself made on this plan for Greenwich, after being in use for a century and a half, requires attention not oftener than once in fifteen months.

George Graham died in 1751, aged seventy-six years, universally esteemed as an ornament of his age and country.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WE camped out at the edge of a prairie near the forest. Our camp-fire gleamed with weird and fantastic flashes on the foliage of the heavy boughs, and lighted up a patch of the plain near us, making all beyond that circle look intensely dark.

I had received permission to accompany a government survey of a hitherto unexplored part of Labrador, and the novelty of such a journey—not without a share of danger—made me enjoy it thoroughly.

Songs, amusing tales and jests accompanied our supper; and it was not till we had set our watch, and were just about to roll ourselves in our blankets for the night, that I touched the arm of one of the surveyors who was nearest me.

"How odd the edge of that light looks," I said. "Don't you see, just where the darkness cuts it round!—there, opposite! it seems to move."

"It is only the flicker of the flame," returned Macarthur. "You're not used to camping out."

I looked again, suspiciously, at the spot I had alluded to.

I did not now see the same odd appearance there, and I was ashamed to betray any fears in the presence of those experienced explorers.

Our baggage was placed not far from our camp-fire, and we sleepers formed an irregular ring round the whole.

The night was rather windy, and the moaning of the neighboring forest made a chorus, often a loud one, with the night winds sweeping over the plain.

In the middle of the night I suddenly awoke, and saw several dark objects near the baggage.

I shouted loudly, and would have seized my rifle. But it was gone!

My comrades started up, only to find their rifles also gone.

A party of Indians had stolen up in the dead of night. It was they, doubtless, who had been moving in the edge of the darkness round the light of our fire.

With the silence and cunning natural to them, they had penetrated among our party; our drowsy sentinels had neither seen nor heard them.

They had stolen our rifles, and now made themselves masters of our baggage, which we had no means of protecting.

All our party, except two, were now bound to trees at the edge of the forest.

Two light wagons, which contained our provisions, clothes, and the instruments belonging to the survey, they took possession of. I and another were made to act as drivers to the bullocks. While these arrangements were made, rifles were pointed at our heads, so that we were quite at the mercy of our captors.

* * * * * * *

All the Indians slept. My hands were tied together, so were my feet. The fire, by which they had cooked the provisions stolen from us, smoldered in the centre of the party.

I had taken an opportunity, during our march, of begging my friend to keep awake, if possible, while the Indians slept, in case any chance of escape should present itself.

The Indians lay over their rifles, so that we could not have taken them if our hands had been free.

I crawled on knees and elbows to the fire, and set fire to the rope that tied my hands together.

When it was burnt nearly through, I plunged my hands into the long grass, wet with heavy dew. This extinguished the flame, and I was able to unbind my feet.

I then liberated my friend, and, in breathless silence, we made our way to a deep gorge to our right, through which, we thought, a river flowed. This was on the fifth day of our captivity.

We reached the gorge, descended a wooded and precipitous bank, and saw, by light of the moon, the flash of water between the trees. And, oh, happiness! we found a boat moored to the bank. If we could reach the opposite shore, there we should, at least, be safe from the rifles of the Indians.

I stepped into the boat; two oars lay within it. My friend, Macarthur, was just about to follow—the bough by which he held broke—a heavy, dull sound met my ear—the boat was all but upset—and when it steadied a little, Macarthur was nowhere to be seen.

I called, whistled—all in vain! He must have sunk at once!

I took the oars, but when I looked round, before bending to them, all seemed changed. The river was, when I entered the boat, bright with moonbeams—now it was dark as a cavern. The trees met overhead, shutting out all the sky. Scarcely had my eyes become accustomed to the darkness, when I was in the midst of a lake-like expansion of the river, bathed in the light of the splendid moon of July.

I now found that the river was flowing with terrible swiftness. No doubt it was hurrying onward to hurl itself over some enormous cliff—to form one of those fearful cataracts that are only seen on this side of the Atlantic.

I rowed with all my might toward the side of the stream. The current here was less violent, and I got within a few yards of the left bank.

Nearer I could not get; and now the river narrowed, and a dreadful sound, to which I had striven to close my ears and my thoughts, grew ever louder and louder.

It was the thunder of the cataract!

I could see the edge of the falls, broken by points of rock or islets. I pulled hard to get between the one nearest to the left bank and the bank itself.

A few boughs hung far over the water; to catch hold of these was my only chance of life. But what a frail one!

Jumping from the boat, I caught hold of the ends of some long, pendent branches. My weight dragged the ends of the boughs down—down amidst roaring cataracts of water, broken by innumerable rocks—water—water! How terrible seemed its green darkness—its incessant, maddening roar!

One foot was in the water—but it was firmly planted on a rock. By grasping the rank vegetation that grew low on the bank, I was able to draw the other foot to the same rock.

Oh, if the bough should break! If I should lose my hold!

Never were prayers more earnestly uttered than those which were drowned in the wild rush of these mighty waters!

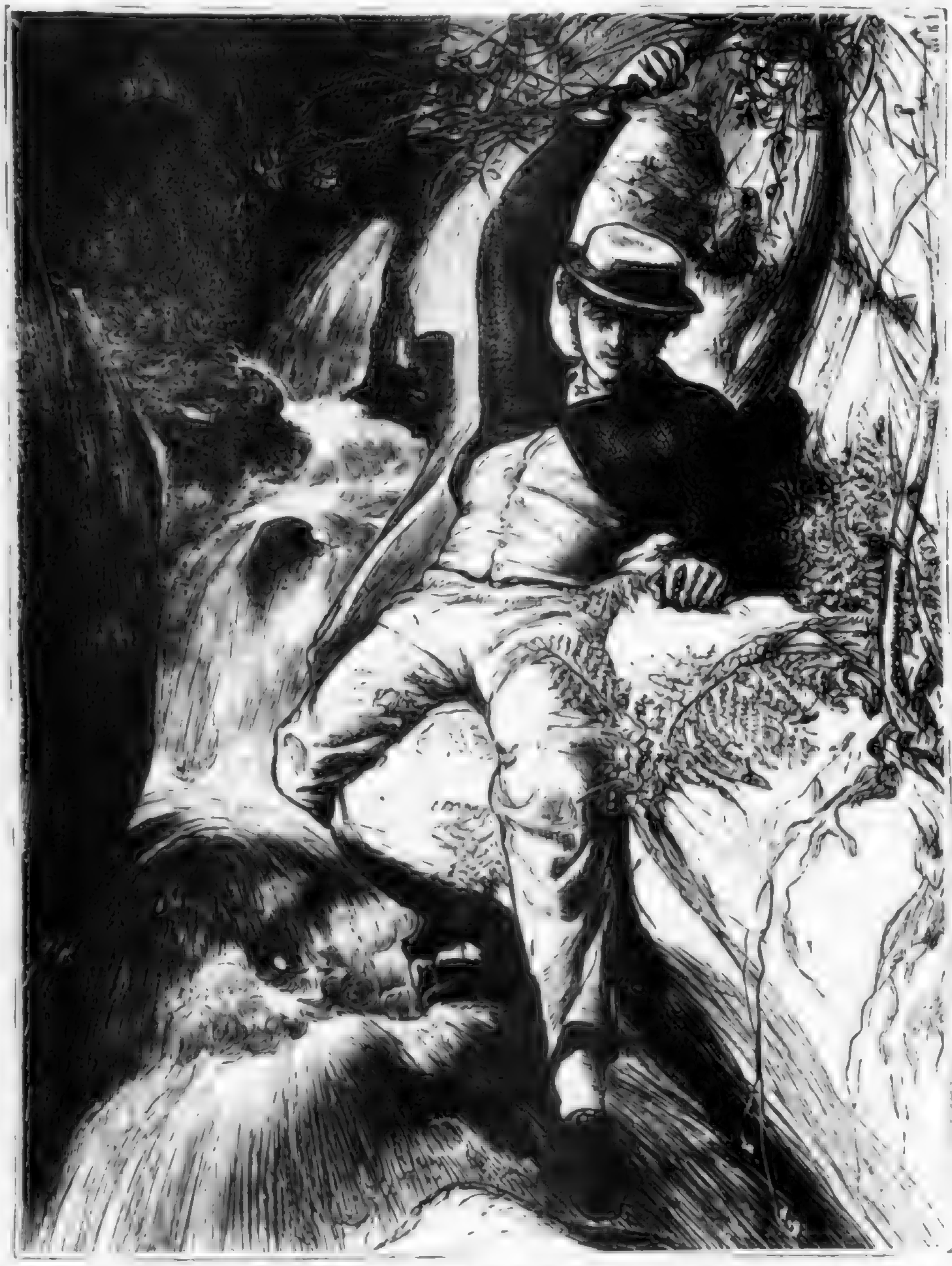
They were heard! My left hand firmly grasping the vegetation enabled me to move the fingers of my right higher up

XUM

the bough, and I stood now on a rock which was not in the water. Little by little I gained an inch or two, and set my foot in the fork of a bough. Then, with both hands free, I got a better and higher grasp of my faithful branch—trusted myself to it, and swung myself to another platform.

Great was my peril—intense the caution required; but heaven was my aid. I was saved!

Clambering through the dense forest, I at length found myself at the foot of the cataract. There, to my astonishment, I beheld the boat, safe and uninjured, close to the bank! Carried down the falls at another point, it had got into an eddy of the stream, and there it remained. As I had put all my force on one oar, to keep the boat in the desired direction, the other was laid inside. There it still was; so, after eating some berries, and drinking some of the water of the river, I began to paddle down the stream.



A NARROW ESCAPE.—"MY LEFT HAND FIRMLY GRASPING THE VEGETATION, ENABLED ME TO MOVE THE FINGERS OF MY RIGHT FURTHER UP THE BOUGH."—SEE PAGE 631.

Scarcely had I got out of the dreadful noise of the falls, it having been long broad daylight, when a loud halloo rang through the forest.

My friends! I knew their voices. They had been released by some friendly Indians, on the trail of those who had robbed us. Their canoes were in a bight at no great distance, and these were now the means of saving the whole party except Macarthur. Of him nothing was heard for two years. A survey being arranged in place of the one which had failed in so singular a manner, the party came on some Indian huts near the forest.

From these, strange sounds issued. Certainly they were produced by a concertina.

So it was! Macarthur had fallen into the water, but, by means of another bough, saved himself. My boat had by this time shot very far away, and after wandering about the woods for two days, Macarthur was recaptured by the same party who had robbed us. No doubt he would have been killed, had not some musical genius of the survey taken a concertina to amuse the hours of the bivouac on the prairie.

This created the greatest curiosity among the Indians, and they insisted on Macarthur's satisfying them of its purpose.

Luckily he could play a little, and so delighted were they, and their squaws and children, with the music, that he was installed as bard or minstrel of the tribe, and treated with the greatest kindness and consideration.

As the warriors and hunters of the party were abroad on a distant expedition, there was no difficulty in rescuing the musician from his enforced captivity.

Although he looked very savage and uncombed, he was yet fat, and evidently well supplied with such articles as the Indians could give; and the effects of his musical powers caused great amusement when he was once more restored to civilized society.

Home Beauty.

A TASTEFUL woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, and at little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few dimes can convert the plain window into a conservatory. In these and fifty other ways can a plain, bare room be converted into a scene of beauty.

FOREST INDUSTRIES.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CHARCOAL.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, LL.D.

There is another forest industry which extends all round the world, and must have been established as soon as the earth brought forth grass, and the tree yielding fruit, and the garden of Eden was planted. It is the carbonization of wood into charcoal. Although this process appears to be very simple, it is, after all, one that requires skill, and, curiously enough, in the process of time has become the specialty of a peculiar class of people, both in Europe and America.

Charcoal-burners are a rude set everywhere, living, as they do, apart from the dwellings of men, often in homes not made with hands, out of the reach of schools and the civilizing influence of religion, scantily provided with food and clothing, swarthy, black, unkempt, they appear to be the direct descendants of the cave-dwellers who, in prehistoric times, peopled Europe and paved the way for the Goths and Vandals who ushered in our present civilization. (Fig. 1.)

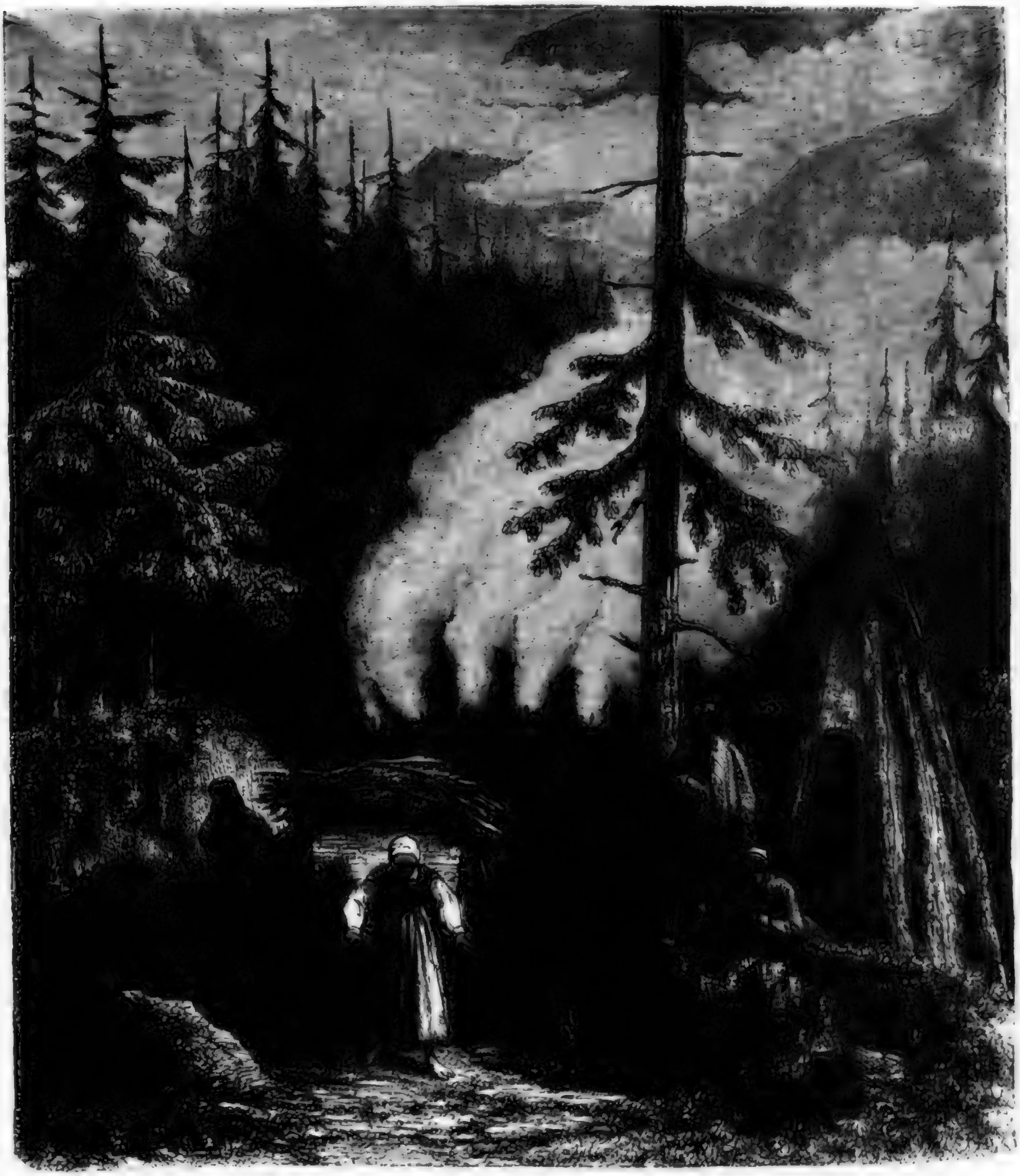


FIG. 1.— FOREST INDUSTRIES—CHARCOAL PITS IN GERMANY.

Many are the stories that have been woven around the charcoal camp—of monarchs in disguise, seeking to escape pursuit; of outlaws fleeing from the myrmidons of the law; of lost huntsmen, abducted children; of gnomes and wood spirits and kobbolde; of hermits and saintly men—affording a confusion of history, superstition, and religion, which lends to the depths of the forest a charm peculiarly its own.

It is difficult to say what condign punishment ought to have been inflicted upon the unhappy individual who was

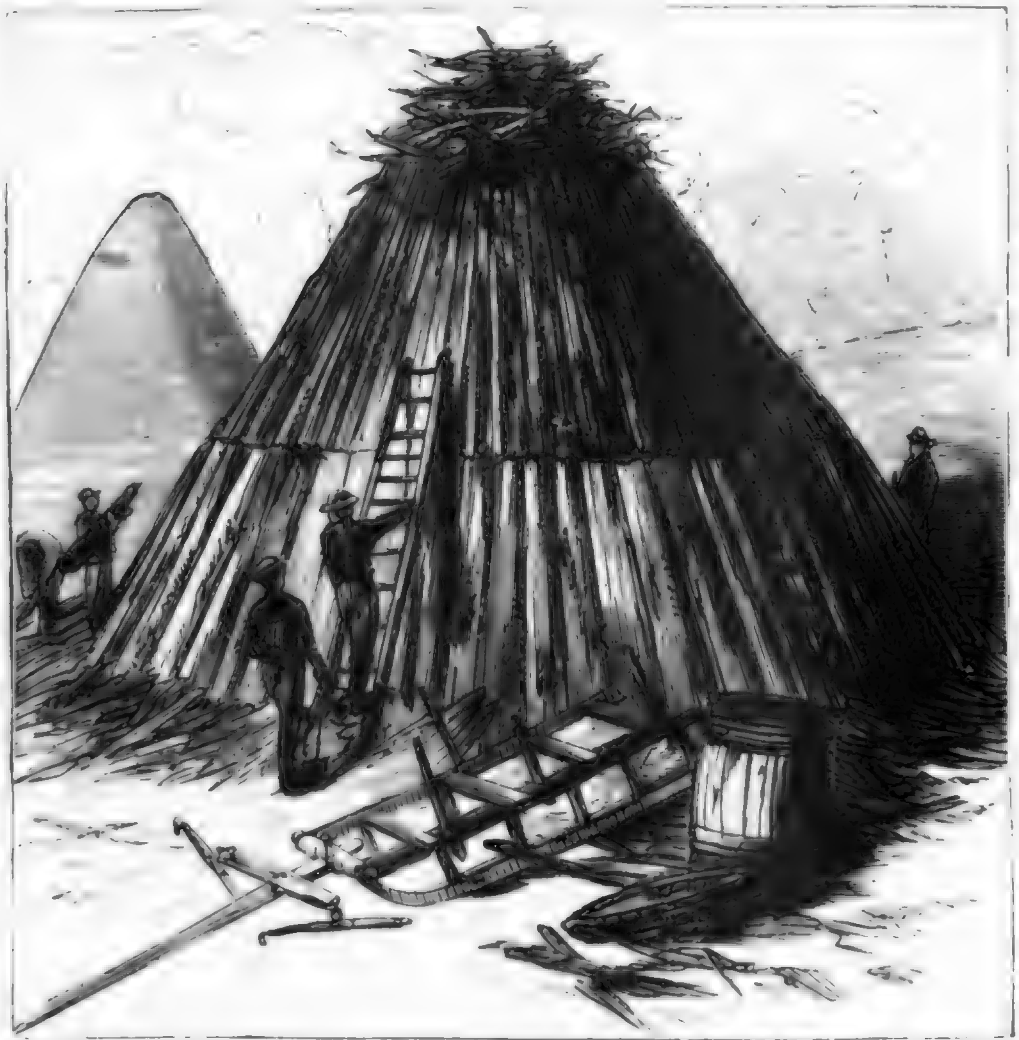


FIG. 2.—BUILDING THE CHARCOAL PIT.

invented charcoal. If he had dug down into the bowels of the earth and brought to light the coal buried there, and had never discovered how to carbonize the wood, it would have been an untold blessing to the beauty of our forests, to the irrigation of our soil, and to the prevention of bloodshed at the cannon's mouth.

The ruthless manner in which the mountains have been stripped of their trees, and the springs and rivers have been dried up for the purpose of obtaining fuel for the blast furnace and carbon for the powder-mill, has often been deplored by writers on political science, and now that it is too late to remedy the loss, many nations have forbidden the further destruction of the forests, and have taken measures to have those already destroyed replanted.

In the meantime, the discoveries of science have taught us how to dispense with charcoal in our furnaces, and in the manufacture of explosives, and there is no longer any excuse for its manufacture beyond the ordinary demands of the times.

The earliest plan of *cooling wood*, as the manufacture of charcoal is called, is as follows: A level piece of ground, called the "hearth," free of moisture, convenient to the supply of wood, is selected and put in order for the heap. The best variety of wood is the oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, which ought to be left to dry during twelve or fifteen months before burning. This precaution is, however, often neglected, and as moist wood will not yield within twenty-five or thirty per cent. so much charcoal as dry wood, there is a corresponding loss on account of this negligence. The "hearth" having been prepared, a thick pole or bundle of brushwood is placed in the centre, around which the wood is arranged, some of the pieces being laid horizontally and others set up at an inclination, to form a truncated cone; the object is to obtain a free circulation of air under the heap, and internal communication with the chimney in the centre, which is formed by withdrawing the pole and brushwood. The large wood is put at the bottom of the heap, and the outside packed as close as possible (fig. 2); the heap is then covered with dry leaves and small brush and afterward with turf or dirt (fig. 3). The dirt is moistened (fig. 4) with a water-pot to make it pack more firmly, and render it impervious to the air; and small vent-holes are left near the bottom, around the base, to furnish the necessary draft when the wood is kindled. The fire is lighted in the centre of the chimney. The flame soon extends, and can be guided to any part by making temporary openings to admit the air, but any other vent must be at once stopped up, or the wood burns to ashes (fig. 5

When the heap is sufficiently fired all the openings are closed, and lastly the chimney itself. The direction of the wind must be carefully studied, as it will drive the fire rapidly toward the the lee side, and this must be checked by keeping the covering to windward in good order. It is important to have the fire spread uniformly in all directions, a matter which is entirely within the control of the burner. The fire must never be allowed to burn rapidly; the slower the process, if the fire is steady and regular, the better the yield of charcoal. Hard-grained woods take a longer time to cool than soft, open-grained woods, and should be placed in the heap accordingly. The ordinary diameter of the pyramids called "stacks" is 14 to 20 feet, but they are sometimes built three or four times as large. As soon as the smoke and white flame cease to escape up the vent, the whole heap must be closed from the air as carefully as possible, until the charcoal is quite cooled and is ready to draw. This method of carbonizing wood is very ancient, as it is described in detail in the works of a Greek author who wrote 300 years B.C. Pliny reports that at his time, to make charcoal, the wood was stacked up in pyramids and covered with clay or plaster, which was pierced in various places to allow the smoke to escape. The ancients evidently knew how to make charcoal, and were familiar with its properties and uses. The Chinese, who have singularly perfected many branches of industry, carbonize wood in a subterranean furnace, provided with two openings, one to serve as a chimney and the other for ventilation. When the subterranean furnace is filled with wood, piled up vertically, it is covered with twigs and branches of trees, and lastly with earth. It is then ignited at the openings, and as soon as the smoke comes off in sufficient abundance the valves are closed so far as to leave only a very small opening. Five days after the fire has been ignited the smoke commences to clear up, and finally to become perfectly transparent, in proof that the combustion of all the volatile ingredients of the wood is complete. When this point is reached every outlet is hermetically sealed, and in the course of six days more the contents of the furnace will be found to be sufficiently cool to admit of the removal of the charge.

The Chinese method is one of extreme simplicity, and furnishes 30 to 35 per cent. of hard, resonant charcoal, and is a great improvement on the processes followed in Europe and this country. The manner in which the charcoal is prepared modifies considerably its properties. When it is carbonized slowly it becomes more compact and dense, and is better adapted to most economic uses, as it furnishes volume for volume a much greater quantity of combustible, and, for the same reason, yields a greater heat in burning. It is therefore preferred in mines and metallurgical works. When the carbonization is rapid, the product obtained is in greater proportion, lighter, and of increased volume.

Where charcoal is sold in measure, this property is in favor of the seller, but equally advantageous to the buyer. The vapid charcoal ignites more readily than the compact, and does not give off unpleasant odors, and on that account is acceptable for the kitchen and brasier. For making gunpowder-charcoal, the lighter woods, free of resin, such as the willow, dogwood, and alder, answer best, and in their carbonization care should be taken to let all of the vapors escape, and, if possible, to retain some of the combined hydrogen of the wood, as the explosive power of the powder is increased by the presence of this gas (fig. 6). By the common process of the forest, about 18 per cent. of the weight of the wood is obtained; by the Chinese method, nearly twice as much.

Charcoal for chemical purposes may be extemporaneously prepared by calcining pieces of wood, covered with sand, in a crucible, till no more volatile matter exhales. The charcoal of some wood contains silica, and is therefore useful for polishing metals.

It is said that the engineer Lebon was the first, in 1785, to propose to subject wood to imperfect combination in closed vessels, and thus to obtain at the same time, charcoal, combustible gases, and tar. His suggestion has since been extensively followed in all parts of the world, and has certainly introduced a great saving of material and the manufacture of extremely valuable incidental products.

It is, of course, not practicable to introduce dry distillation into all forests where charcoal is made; but in very many of them it would be perfectly feasible, and prove infinitely more economical than the exceedingly wasteful method now pursued.

To be able to light up the towns on the plains, to manufacture wood spirits, benzole, carbolic acid, paraffine, not to speak of half a dozen other products, ought to prove sufficiently enticing to induce some persons of intelligence to enter into the business, and take it out of the hands of a class of persons who carry it on in a manner to destroy the forests of the country, without making an adequate return for their vandalism. In the southern part of the United States, much wood is distilled for the production of turpentine and crude vinegar, and the resulting charcoal is valuable for fuel, but the works are too remote from settlements to render the gases available for illumination. In some instances, they have been applied in metallurgical works.

In New England, for more than a hundred years, the forests on the hillsides have been despoiled of their trees, and great quantities of charcoal have been made for use in the manufacture of charcoal iron. So much injury has been done to the country by the ruthless manner in which this work has been done, that it is a question whether all of the iron manufactured can compensate for the damage. At the present time, the New England hills are occupied by bands of Canadian-French charcoal-burners, who take contracts for coaling wood, and march like an army of locusts, destroying the beauty of the scenery and bringing on drought, which proves equally disastrous to the farmer and the manufacturer. The economy of this kind of forest industry is very questionable.

Many experiments have been made to ascertain the quantity of charcoal yielded by different kinds of wood. The results are curious, and sufficiently interesting to be mentioned here. One hundred parts by weight of each sort were taken and subjected to identical treatment:

Lignum vitæ	afforded	26	per cent.	charcoal.
Mahogany	"	25.4	"	"
Laburnum	"	24.5	"	"
Chestnut	"	23.2	"	"
Oak	"	22.6	"	"
Walnut	"	20.6	"	"
Beech	"	19.9	"	"
Elm	"	19.5	"	"
Norway pine	"	19.2	"	"

On a large scale these proportions could scarcely be maintained, but they afford an approximation to the amount that can be obtained by careful management. Some years ago it was discovered that wood charcoal removes offensive smells from animal and vegetable substances, and counteracts their putrefaction. This property has been largely used in

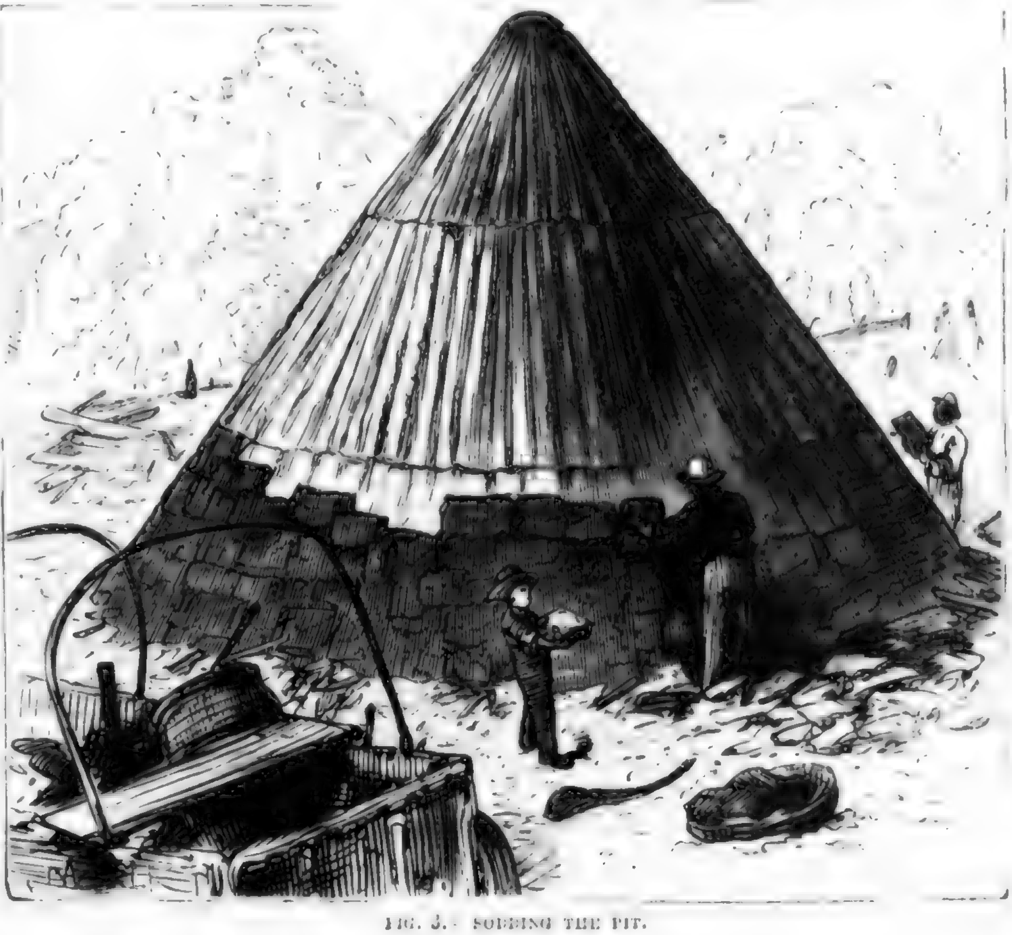


FIG. 3.—SODDING THE PIT.

dwellings, hospitals, sewers, and manufactories. Some gases are absorbed to a large extent: for example, one volume of fresh charcoal will absorb 90 volumes of ammonia, 55 volumes of sulphureted hydrogen, 35 volumes of carbonic acid, and 1.75 volume of hydrogen. Charcoal also absorbs a considerable quantity of water from the atmosphere, and hence becomes much heavier in the course of time, on which account, when it is sold by weight, it is important to purchase it as soon after it is made as possible.

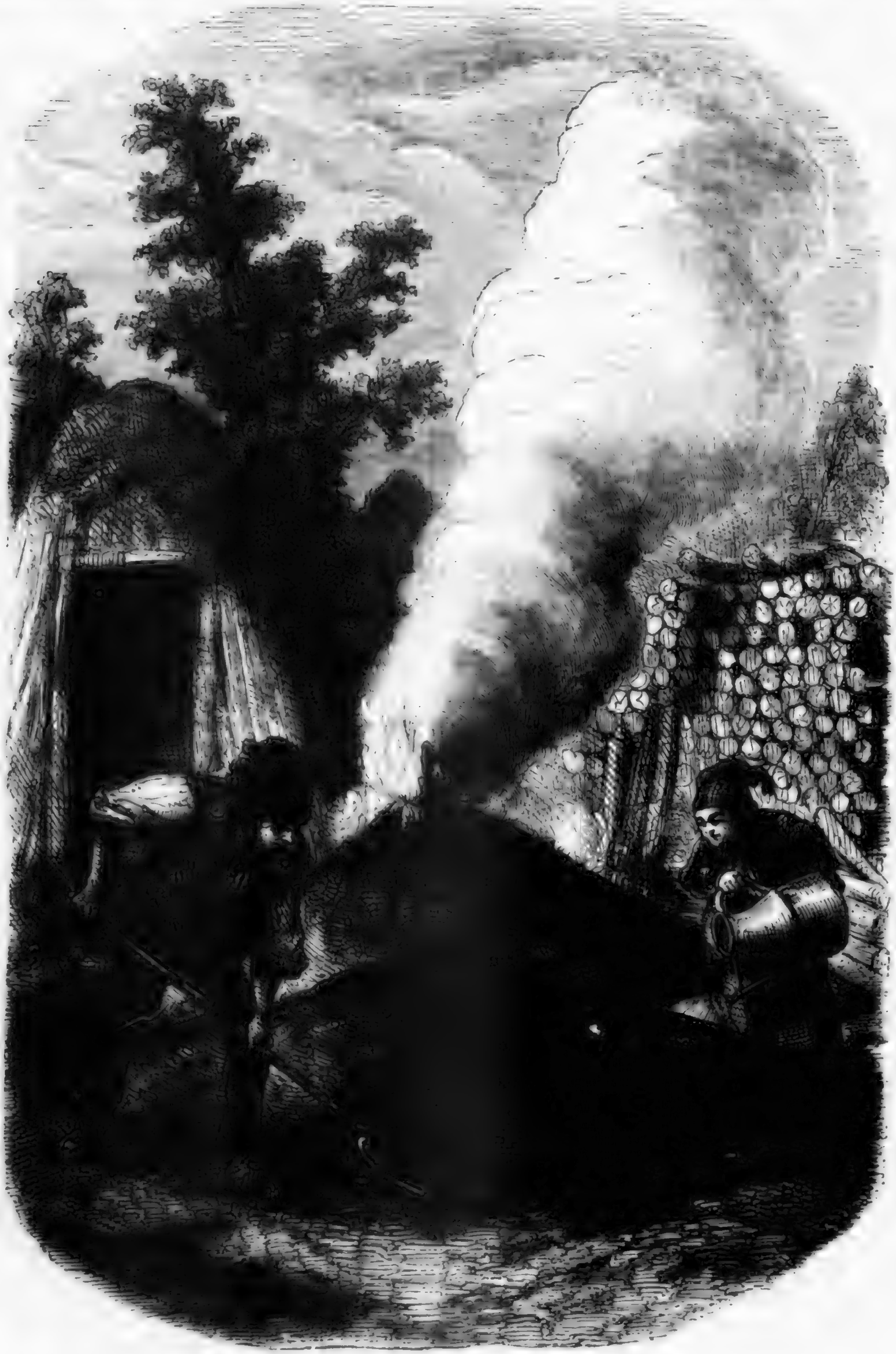


FIG. 4.—CHARCOAL-BURNING IN THE HARTZ—WETTING THE SODS.

For making charcoal crayons, the willow is the best wood that can be employed, as it is uniform in its texture, and degrees of hardness and softness.

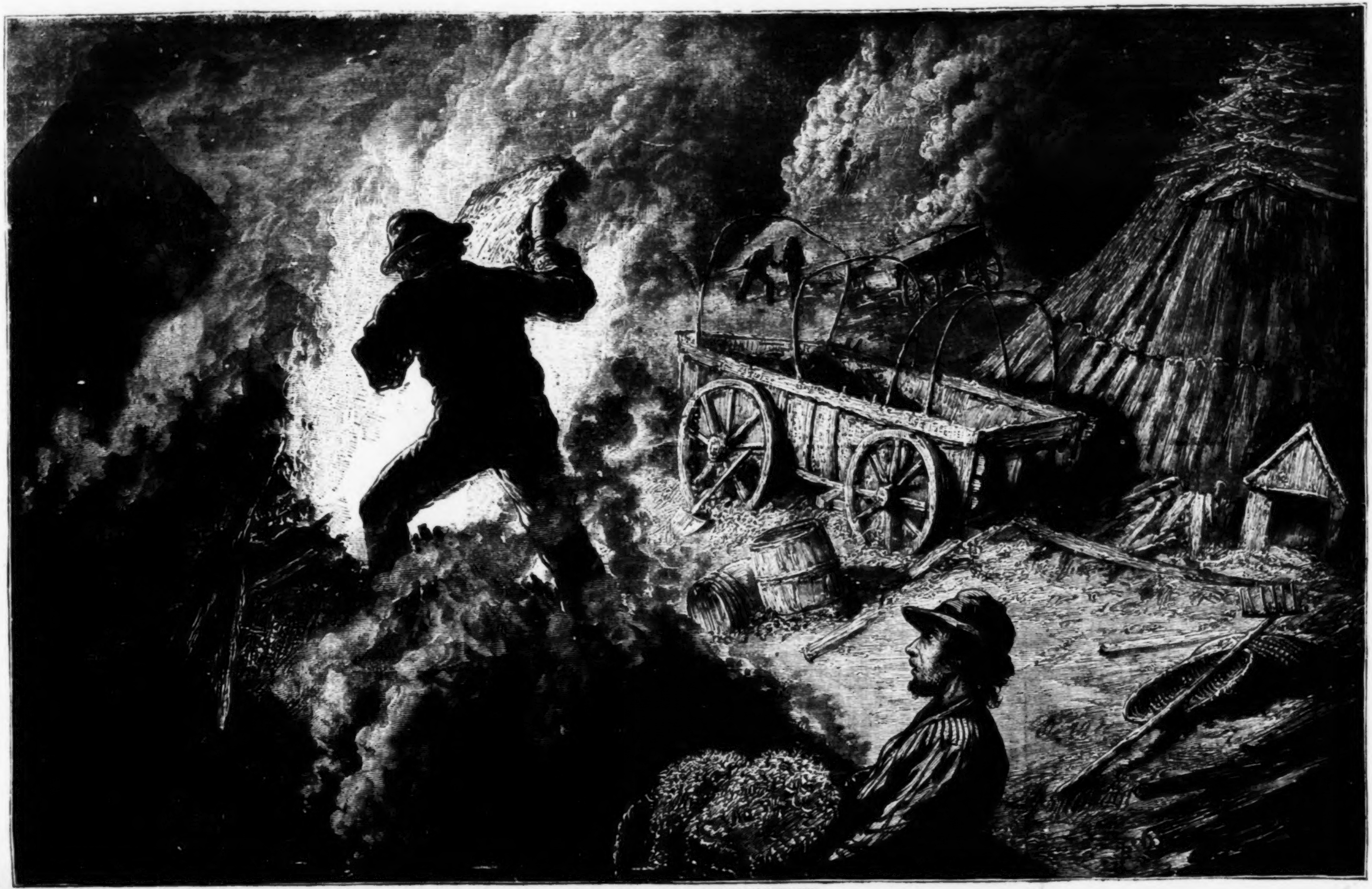


FIG. 5.—REPAIRING A BREAK IN THE PIT.

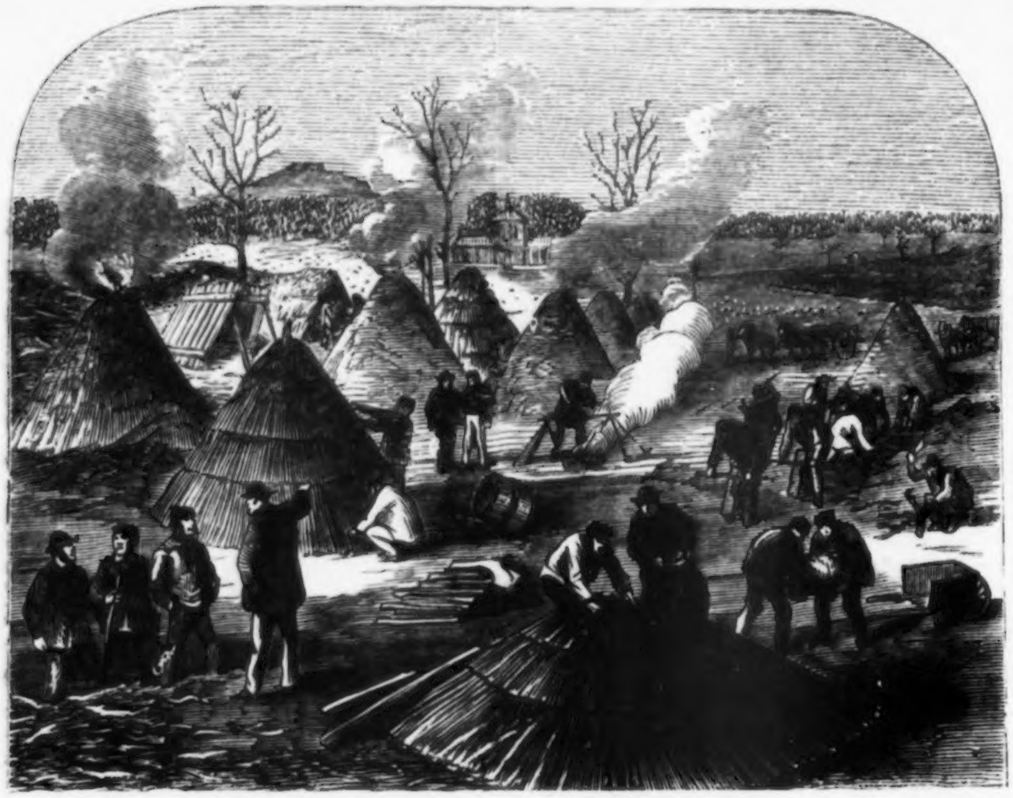


FIG. 6.—CHARCOAL PITS IN PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

The permanency and indestructibility of charcoal has been known from the earliest times. The Romans charred the stakes which were used for the construction of bridges, and after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, the remains of the woodwork in the foundations of the famous bridge built by Cæsar over the Rhine have been found to be perfectly well preserved.

Most of the houses in Venice stand on piles of wood, which have all been previously charred for their preservation. When charcoal is required for medicinal or chemical purposes it is re-calcined in a close vessel, washed with acids and water, and carefully dried and ground. In the manufacture of gunpowder, it is stamped to a fine powder before being mixed with sulphur and saltpetre. For this purpose the charcoal is usually specially prepared by the process of dry distillation. Charcoal is a poor conductor of heat; a small piece with one end aglow can be held in the hand without discomfort. It is readily ignited, and when consumed yields carbonic acid gas.

When wood is carbonized in carbon disulphide, the charcoal becomes so sonorous that bells can be made of it, as it has the clear ring of a metal. These are a few of, the properties of one of our most familiar products. Since the discovery of anthracite and bituminous coal the employment of charcoal in metallurgical works has largely diminished; but other applications have grown up, and it is made and used in large quantities everywhere, and bids fair to remain an important article of commerce to all time.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Topographical Survey of the State of New York.—This important work has been put into the hands of Mr. James T. Gardner, for a long time connected with the surveys of Western States and Territories. The first year has been devoted to the laying down of base lines and triangulations, to determine the position of certain important sites to be used as landmarks. Even in the short time devoted to the work, the director of the survey has discovered great inaccuracies in the existing maps of the State, and in the latitude and longitude assigned to several of our principal cities. It is doubtful if any State is so badly off in its maps and surveys as New York, and, considering its population and wealth, this state of affairs ought not to be permitted to continue very long. We hear, however, to our regret, that fears are entertained that the survey must be abandoned on account of the opposition of politicians who take the ground that the people do not want it, and that it is unnecessary. As the same logic would put an end to public schools, and veto internal improvements generally, it is to be hoped that the Legislature will follow the advice of enlightened citizens, and make the necessary appropriation.

Columbic Acid Minerals.—In the early part of this century a new elementary substance was found in the United States, near Middletown, Conn., and named by its discoverer Columbium, in honor of this country. Since that time very few specimens of the mineral containing it have been found. Professor J. Lawrence Smith, the accomplished chemist of Louisville, Ky., calls attention to the occurrence of columbic acid minerals at Marion, N. C., and also in the Amazon stone of Colorado. Columbic acid resembles stannic acid, and the metal would probably be found to possess many of the properties of tin, could it be prepared in any quantity. Should the North Carolina deposit prove to be a rich one, we may have a new metal upon which to experiment and apply in the arts.

The Sutro Tunnel.—First-rate work is being done in the Sutro Tunnel, and the progress is now very rapid. On the 22d of February it was found that 101 feet had been made during the week, being a total now excavated of 16,136 feet. There are sixty men at work, and the average progress is 94 feet per week, driven through the mountain, where, at times, the rock is almost of adamantine hardness. At this rate they will soon reach their destination, below the level of the great silver mines, and open up vast stores of wealth. It remains to be seen, however, whether the undertaking can be made to pay for the immense outlay of time and money it has cost.

Inconvenience of Living.—Science has made so much progress of late, that it has become positively dangerous to live. In order to decorate our rooms, we put on wall-paper, filled with arsenical colors, and breathing out poison at every pore. We draw on red stockings, only to have swollen feet, and dress in cloths and silks, dyed in deadly shades of aniline. A glass of wine is no longer dangerous on account of the worm we believed to be concealed in it, but from poisonous adulterations that have been introduced in its manufacture. It is not safe to take a book out of a circulating library, as such contagious diseases as the smallpox have been communicated in this way. Water we must not drink, as it is contaminated by lead or is full of "fungi scrub," and altogether unwholesome. In whatever direction we turn, we are confronted by some "modern inventions" that threaten to set us on fire, blow us up, smother us in our rooms, poison our food, infect our clothing, adulterate our beverages, and in general render life miserable and difficult to be borne.

American Scientific and Technical Journals.—In few ways has the recent progress of science been more conspicuously shown than in the increase in the number of illustrated technical journals. This class of publications has undergone an entire revolution of late years, and now presents an astonishing array of special serials for nearly every distinct department of technology. Every trade has its special organ, and not the least interesting part of these journals is the space devoted to illustrated advertisements. All kinds of machinery are now so admirably shown by wood-cuts, that the purchaser can have no difficulty in selecting exactly what he wants. Even the minor occupations have become scientific and literary, and the *Lumberman*, *Carpet Trade*, *Tobacco Plant*, and *The Hub*, add to the stores of our knowledge, and help to improve their respective trades.

The Applications of Physical Forces.—Mrs. Norman Lockyer has translated from the French of Guillemin, and J. Norman Lockyer has edited, a most valuable work on the applications of physics, consisting of 742 pp. royal 8vo., with colored plates and illustrations, and published by Macmillan & Co. The work is published in the best style of typography, paper, and illustrations, and in its editorial treatment popularizes many scientific applications which are of great value to mankind. The colored plates and pictures help to explain the text, and render the book not only attractive in appearance, but also of real value. All of the applications of sound, light, heat, magnetism and electricity are fully explained in a popular and intelligible form. Books of this character are of great value in simplifying abstruse topics, and disseminating accurate scientific information.

Glycerine in Tanning.—A mixture of glycerine with carbolic acid is recommended as an excellent preservative for untanned hides; it keeps them moist and green, and when required for the vat it is only necessary to thoroughly rinse them to free them of the acid and glycerine.

The Eye as a Photographic Apparatus.—One of the most extraordinary researches undertaken in recent times has just been published by Prof. Kühne, of Heidelberg. This learned physiologist has proved, by incontestable evidence, that the retina of the eye will retain the image last formed upon it for at least twenty-four hours after death. He took a rabbit, and fixed its head and one of its eyeballs at a distance of five feet from a square hole in a window-shutter. The head was covered for five minutes with a black cloth, and then the one eye was exposed to the light passing through the hole, for three minutes. The head was then instantly decapitated, and the exposed eyeball dissected by aid of the yellow light produced by salt and alcohol, and the ball immediately plunged into a 5 per cent. solution of alum. Two minutes after death, the second eyeball, without removal from the head, was subjected to exactly the same process as the first. On the following morning, the milk-white and now toughened retinæ of both eyes were carefully isolated, separated from the optic nerve and turned; they then exhibited on a beautiful rose-red ground a nearly square, sharp image of the hole in the shutter, with well-defined edges. The image taken on the living eye was roseate in hue and less sharply defined than the other. The experiment goes to prove that there is some foundation in the popular notion that the eye of a murdered person contains on its retinæ the image of the last object seen, and would afford incontrovertible evidence of who committed the crime, if it were examined in proper time. If a photograph of the small image formed on the eye could be taken, and subsequently enlarged, the work of recognition could be made complete. According to Professor Kühne, the eye is a photographic camera, giving instantaneous pictures, which remain long enough to become revealed to our senses and then pass away; and that even after death the organ does not lose this power until after the lapse of a few hours.

Salt Mines of Goderich, Canada.—Professor T. Sterry Hunt has recently published an interesting account of the salt mines of Goderich, Canada, where borings to a depth of 1517 feet have been made. At a depth of 876 feet, the salt-bearing structure was struck, and this formation was traced 641 feet downward, including 126 feet of solid rock-salt The rock-salt is represented as forming six beds, but the second and third, and also the fourth and fifth, might each be looked upon as forming but a single bed, divided in two by a few feet of rock. The salt of the different beds is not alike in purity, as some of it is discolored, while one of the beds is pure and white. The work of sinking a shaft will be commenced in the Spring, but the task of opening a mine at such a great depth can scarcely be completed in less than two years, and may require a longer time. The supply of salt would appear to be practically inexhaustible.

Analysis of the Sweet Potato.—Professor S. W. Johnson, of Yale College, has made an elaborate analysis of the sweet potato, and finds it to be composed as follows:

Water	73.39
Starch	15.06
Gum	1.08
Sugar	6 86
Cellulose	0.98
Albumen	1.28
Fat and Wax	28
Ash	1.07
Total	100.00

Spun Glass.—By spinning glass upon a rapidly revolving wheel, a thread is obtained which is very fine, and closely resembles floss silk. It can be woven into fabrics, made into brushes to be used on liquids which destroy organic tissue, for example, chromic acid, nitric acid, nitrate of silver, iodine, and the like. It is largely employed in laboratories for filtering acids and alkalies under conditions where paper will be inadmissible. The fabrics made from it can be used for non-conducting packing around steam-pipes and caloric engines, and would be valuable for incombustible theatrical sceneries and properties. The new fibre is now largely manufactured in Austria, and promises to prove valuable for many purposes.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Somebody writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked." Why, the same as short cows, of course!

A **New York** girl sang, "Darling, I am growing old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful, that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

Pat Maginnis has a very stubborn mule, which he calls "Old Musket." On being asked why he gave the mule that name, he said, "Because the stubborn beast won't go off without a kick."

"**Have** you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver and cried, "No insinerations here, young man! We're honest, here, and don't 'bone' nothin'!"

Above the Earth or Under the Earth, or Where?—A new candidate for novelistic honors thus makes his heroine "do" the picturesque: "Drawing the blind, her eye goes out over a scene the like of which is nowhere to be found on earth."

A **conceited** young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party of the day before, to which he had a card of invitation "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

Justice Willes was in the habit of interrupting counsel. A lawyer who was thus annoyed one day said to him, "Your lordship is even a greater man than your father. The Chief Baron used to understand me after I had done, but your lordship understands me before I begin."

A **coxcomb**, who often intruded in a library where he did not subscribe, one day had his dog turned out by a crusty old fellow, who gave him a tremendous kick, saying, "*You* are no subscriber, at any rate." The master took the hint, and never more annoyed the establishment by his presence.

"**Mr. Brown**," said a St. Louis landlady, as she put before the oldest boarder the remains of a tough rooster, "you needn't look so savage at that fowl; you can't make it quail." Brown mistook the joke for sauce, and growled back something like what they put across a river just above a saw-mill.

A **well-known** gunmaker received the following extensive order the other day: "Brig-o'-the-Burn, Desembr the 28. I bek to in Forme you that I Hav a gun neirely new only the Barl is bended and the stok is brokn. She recquir a new stok and the barl strackit and I want her done so reasnable as poeble.—**Dugald Macdonald.**"

Considerate—in the Way of Rejoinder.—Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, abhorred smoking. His Quaker Council, one day, observing him approach, laid down their pipes. "I am glad to see," said Penn, "that you are ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," returned a principal Friend; "we only laid them down lest we should offend a weak brother."

At a recent petty sessions held not one hundred miles from Holland House, a facetious Boniface is said to have presented petition for leave to alter the sign of his ale-house. "And what is the sign?" inquired the chairman. "Please your worship, it is 'The Gladstone'; but my customers wish me to call it by its old name." "And what was that?" asked the chairman. "Please your worship, 'The Magpie and Stump.'"

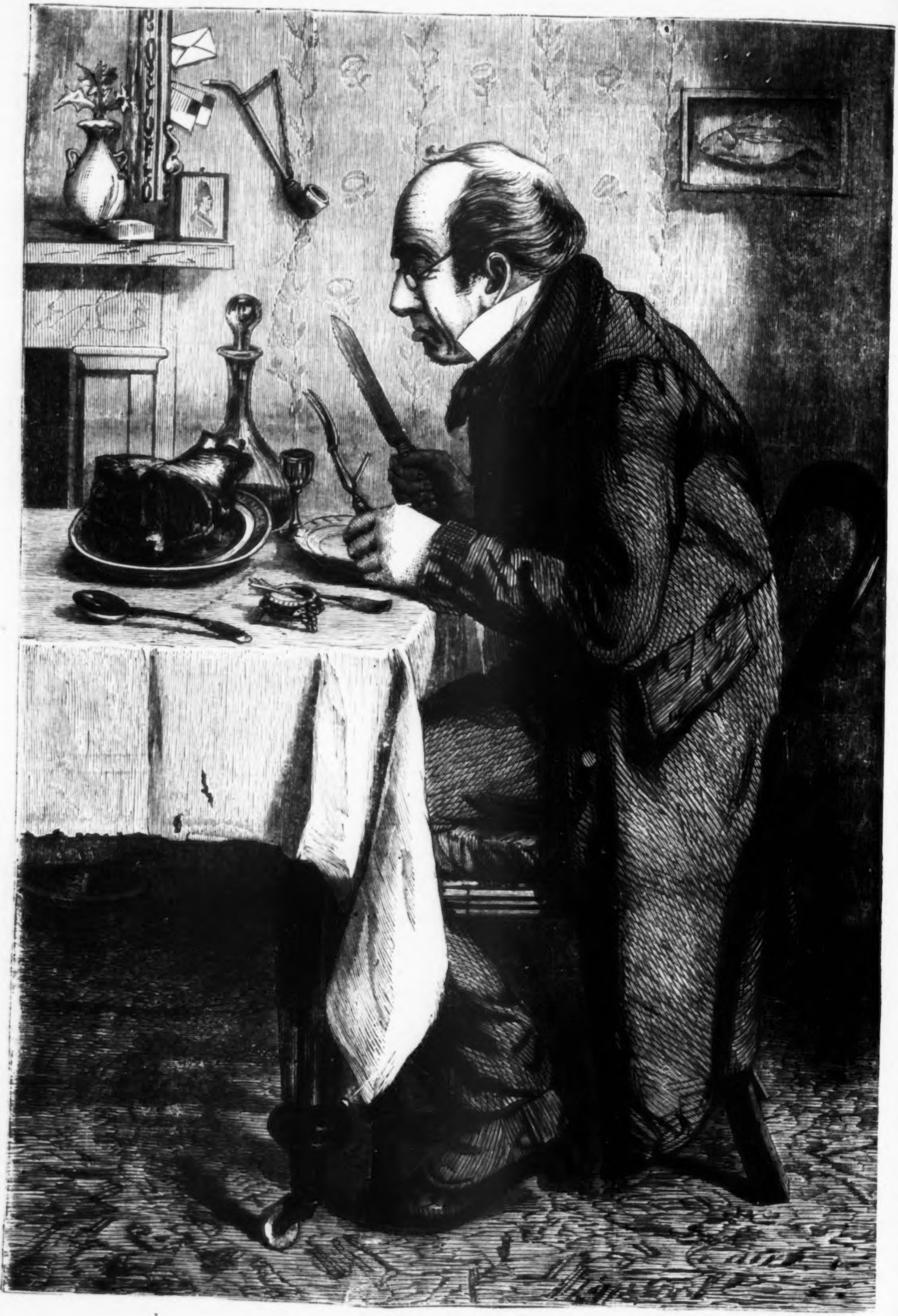
The two great wits, Foote and Macklin, once met at the Bedford Coffee-house when both were at a low ebb of fortune. Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand or up to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds, Mack, my watch is stopped!" Pooh, pooh," said the Irish wit; "never mind that, Sam. You may depend upon it that it will soon go!"

One of the Outer Circle.—"I once heard," says a writer in *Truth*, "the following refreshing remark from a mite of four years old. I had been compelled, having been injudiciously forestalled by a too-zealous nurse, to explain to her the orthodox view of the ultimate fate of the wicked, and was watching rather nervously for some expression of incredulity or alarm, when, turning to the cradle where her baby-brother slept, the child exclaimed, pointing to the infant, 'That's a bad job for him!'"

"**'Scuse the Writin'.**"—"Massa," said a black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you'd write a few lines for me to send to the old woman, 'cause I can't write." "Certainly," assented the good-natured skipper, taking his writing materials. "What shall I say?" Pompey told the story that he wished his wife to know, which his amanuensis faithfully recorded. "Is that all, Pomp?" asked the captain, preparing to seal the letter. "Yes, massa," replied he, showing his "ivories." "tank you; but, 'fore you close him, jist say, 'Please 'scuse bad spellin' and writin',' will ye?"

A **nervous** lady, who imagined herself sick unto death, while sojourning in a southern watering-place, sent for the vicar, a musical man, to administer spiritual comfort. It so happened that the reverend gentleman was also of a nervous disposition, and on entering the invalid's room he seated himself away from her couch, and appeared to be intensely interested in the opposite wall. For some seconds neither spoke, but at last the clergyman abruptly asked, "Who is your maker?" The lady, taken aback by this fundamental question, made no reply, and again silence reigned for a period. Presently the visitor repeated his query, "Who is your maker?" adding "Mine is 'Broadwood.'" It is perhaps needless to state that he referred to the piano, which seemed to him to afford an opening for and a congenial subject of conversation.

Two brothers, says the *Sporting Times*, equally enterprising and ignorant, at one time owned a hippodrome in London They ordered some statues for the vestibule from an eminent Italian in Covent Garden. The effigies of the heathen divinities arrived in due course, but one of the brothers, considering that, notwithstanding the unclad condition of his purchases, a little ornament would improve their personal appearance, had them liberally plastered with gold-leaf. The talented artist called shortly afterward to see the effect of his work in its new location. When he beheld Apollo and Venus, and other mythological celebrities, all begilt, he lifted his hands, and in an agony exclaimed to his patron, "If Michael Angelo were to see this sacrilege!" The brother, who was witness of the sculptor's distress, was equal to the occasion. "Don't take on about it," he said, soothingly; "you just bring your friend Mike round here some day—my brother George will make it right with him, you lay your life. What'll you drink, dear boy?"



THE OLD BACHELOR'S DINNER.